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THE
HISTORY
OF THE
VALOROUS and WITTY
Knight-Errant,
DON QUIXOTE
Of the MANCHA,

Written in *Spanish*
By MICHAEL CERVANTES.

Translated into *English*
By THOMAS SHELTON.
And now printed *Verbatim* from the Quarto Edition
of 1620.

*With a curious SET of CUTS from the French
of COYPEL.*

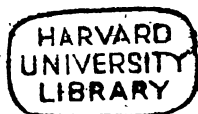
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The Delightful
H I S T O R Y
 Of the most Witty K N I G H T
Don QUIXOTE
 Of the M A N C H A.



BOOK IV.



C H A P. I.

Wherein is discoursed the new and pleasant Adventure, that happened to the Curate and Barber in Sierra Morena.



MOST happy and fortunate were those Times, wherein the thrice audacious and bold Knight Don *Quixote* of the *Mancha* was bestowed on the World ; by whose most honourable Resolution, to renew and revive in it the already worn-out, and well night deceased Exercise of Arms, we joy in this our so niggard and scant an Age of all Pastimes, not only the Sweetness of his true History, but also of the other Tales and Digressions contained there-

in, which are, in some respects, less pleasing, artificial, and true, than the History itself. The which prosecuting the carded, spun, and self-twined Thread of the Relation, says, That as the Curate began to bethink himself upon some Answer that might both comfort and animate *Cardenio*, he was hindered by a Voice which came to his Hearing, said very dolefully the Words ensuing:

O God! is it possible that I have yet found out the Place which may serve for a hidden Sepulchre to the Load of this loathsome Body, that I unwillingly bear so long? Yes, it may be, if the Solitariness of these Rocks do not elude me. Ah! unfortunate that I am! how much more grateful Companions will these Craggs and Thickets prove to my Designs, by affording me Leisure to communicate my Mishaps to Heaven with Complaints, than that if any mortal Man living, since there is none upon Earth from whom may be expected Counsel in Doubts, Ease in Complaint, or in Harms Remedy? The Curate and his Companions heard and understood all the Words clearly; and for as much as they conjectured (as indeed it was) that those Complaints were delivered very near unto them, they did all arise to search out the Plaintiff; and having gone some twenty Steps thence, they beheld a young Youth behind a Rock, sitting under an Ash-tree, and attired like a Country Swain, whom, by reason his Face was inclined, as he sat washing of his Feet in the clear Stream that glided that Way, they could not perfectly discern; and therefore approached towards him with so great Silence, as they were not descried by him, who only attended to the washing of his Feet, which were so white, as they properly resembled two Pieces of clear Chrystal, that grew among the other Stones of the Stream. The Whiteness and Beauty of the Feet amazed them, being not made, as they well conjectured, to tread Clods, or measure the Steps of lazy Oxen, and holding the Plough, as the Youth's Apparel would persuade them; and therefore the Curate, who went before the rest, seeing they were not yet espied, made Signs to the other two, that they should divert a little out of the Way, or hide them-

themselves behind some broken Cliffs that were near the Place: Which they did all of them, noting what the Youth did with very great Attention. He wore a little brown Capouch, girt very near to his Body with a white Towel; also a Pair of Breeches and Gamashoes of the same coloured Cloth, and on his Head a Clay-coloured Cap. His Gamashoes were lifted up half the Leg, which verily seemed to be white Alabaster. Finally, having washed his Feet, taking out a Linnen Kerchief from under his Cap, he dried them therewithal; and at the taking out of the Kerchief he held up his Face, and then those which stood gazing on him had Leisure to discern an unmatched Beauty, so surpassing great, as *Cardenio* rounding the Curate in the Ear, said, This Body, since it is not *Luscinda*, can be no human Creature, but a divine. The Youth took off his Cap at last, and shaking his Head to one and other Part, did dishevel and discover such beautiful Hairs, as those of *Phæbus* might justly emulate them; and thereby they knew the supposed Swain to be a delicate Woman, yea, and the fairest that ever the first two had seen in their Lives, or *Cardenio* himself, the lovely *Luscinda* excepted; for, as he after affirmed, no Feature, save *Luscinda's*, could contend with her's. The long and golden Hairs did not only cover her Shoulders, but did also hide her round about in such sort, as (her Feet excepted) no other Part of her Body appeared, they were so near and long. At this Time her Hands served for a Comb, which, as her Feet, seemed Pieces of Chrystal in the Water, so did they appear among her Hairs like Pieces of driven Snow. All which Circumstances did possess the three which stood gazing at her with great Admiration and Desire to know what she was; and therefore resolved to shew themselves: And with the Noise which they made when they arose, the beautiful Maiden held up her Head, and removing her Hairs from before her Eyes with both Hands, she espied those that had made it; and presently arising full of Fear and Trouble, she laid Hand on a Pacquet that was by her, which seemed to be of Apparel, and thought to fly away, without staying

to pull on her Shoes, or to gather up her Hair; but scarce had she gone six Paces, when her delicate and tender Feet, unable to abide the rough Encounter of the Stones, made her to fall to the Earth. Which the three perceiving, they came out to her, and the Curate arriving first of all, said unto her, Lady, whatsoever you be, stay, and fear nothing; for we which behold you here, come only with Intention to do you Service, and therefore you need not pretend so impertinent a Flight, which neither your Feet can endure, nor would we permit.

The poor Girl remained so amazed and confounded, as she answered not a Word; wherefore the Curate and the rest drawing near, he took her by the Hand, and then he prosecuted his Speech, saying, What your Habit concealed from us, Lady, your Hairs have bewrayed, being manifest Arguments, that the Causes were of no small Moment which have thus bemasked your singular Beauty under so unworthy Array, and conducted you to this ill-abandoned Desert; wherein it was a wonderful Chance to have met you, if not to remedy your Harms, yet at least to give you some Comfort, seeing no Evil can afflict and vex one so much, and plunge him in so deep Extrems (whilst it deprives not the Life) that will wholly abhor from listening to the Advice that is offered, with a good and sincere Intention; so that, fair Lady, or Lord, or what else you shall please to be termed, shake off your Affrightment, and rehearse unto us your good or ill Fortune; for you shall find in us jointly, or in every one apart, Companions to help you to deplore your Disasters.

Whilst the Curate made this Speech, the disguised Woman stood as one half asleep, now beholding the one, now the other, without once moving her Lip, or saying a Word; much like unto a rustick Clown, when rare and unseen Things to him before are unexpectedly presented to his View.

But the Curate insisting, and using other persuasive Reasons addressed to that Effect, won her at last to make a Breach on her tedious Silence, and with a profound Sigh blow open her Coral Gates, saying somewhat to this Effect:

Effect : Since the Solitariness of these Rocks hath not been potent to conceal me, nor the disheveling of my disordered Hairs licensed my Tongue to belie my Sex, it were in vain for me to feign that a-new, which, if you believed it, would be more for Courtesy's sake, than any other Respect ; which presupposed, I say, good Sirs, that I do gratify you highly for the liberal Offers you have made me ; which are such as have bound me to satisfy your Demand as near as I may ; altho' I fear the Relation which I must make to you of my Mishaps, will breed Sorrow at once with Compassion in you, by reason you shall not be able to find any Salve that may cure, comfort, or beguile them ; yet notwithstanding, to the end my Reputation may not hover longer suspended in your Opinions, seeing you know me to be a Woman, and view me young, alone, and thus attired, being Things all of them able, either joined or parted, to overthrow the best Credit, I must be enforced to unfold what I could otherwise most willingly conceal. All this she that appeared so comely spoke without Stop or staggering, with so ready Delivery, and so sweet a Voice, as her Discretion admired them no less than her Beauty. And renewing again their Compliments and Intreaties to her, to accomplish speedily her Promise, she setting all Coyness a-part, drawing on her Shoos very modestly, and winding up her Hair, sat her down on a Stone, and the other three about her, where she used no little Violence to smother Tears that strove to break forth without her Permission ; and with a reposed and clear Voice, she began the History of her Life in this Manner :

In this Province of *Andaluzia* there is a certain Town from whence a Duke derives his Denomination, which makes him one of those in *Spain* who are called *Grandees* : He hath two Sons, the elder is Heir of his States, and likewise, as may be presumed, of his Virtues ; the younger is Heir I know not of what, if it be not of * *Vellido* his Treacheries, or *Galalon's* Frauds. My Pa-

* One that murdered Sancho, King of Castile, as he was easing himself at the Siege of Camora.

rents are this Nobleman's Vassals, of humble and low Calling; but so rich, as if the Goods of Nature had equalled those of their Fortunes, then should they have had nothing else to desire, nor I feared to see myself in the Misfortunes wherein I am now plunged; for perhaps, my Mishaps proceed from that of theirs, in not being nobly descended. True it is, that they are not so base, as they should therefore shame their Calling, nor so high as may check my Conceit, which persuades me that my Disasters proceed from their Lowness. In Conclusion, they are but Farmers, and plain People, but without any Touch or Spot of bad Blood; and, as we usually say, old rusty Christians, yet so rusty and antient, as yet their Riches and magnificent Port gain them, by little and little, the Title of Gentility, yea, and of Worship also; altho' the Treasure and Nobility whereof they made most Price and Account was to have had me for their Daughter: And therefore, as well by reason that they had none other Heir than myself, as also because as affectionate Parents they held me most dear: I was one of the most made-of and cherished Daughters that ever Father brought up; I was the Mirror wherein they beheld themselves, the Staff of their old Age, and the Subject to which they addressed all their Desires; from which, because they were most virtuous, mine did not stray an Inch; and even in the same Manner that I was Lady of their Minds, so was I also of their Goods. By me were Servants admitted or dismissed; the Notice and Account of what was sowed or reaped pass'd thorough my Hands, of the Oil-mills, the Wine-presses, the Number of great and little Cattle, the Bee-hives; in fine, of all that which so rich a Farmer, as my Father was, had, or could have, I kept the Account, and was the Steward thereof, and Mistress, with such Care of my side, and Pleasure of theirs, as I cannot possibly endear it enough. The Times of Leisure that I had in the Day, after I had given what was necessary to the head Servants, and other Labourers, I did entertain in those Exercises which were both commendable and requisite

quisite for Maidens, to wit, in Sewing, making of Bone-lace, and many times handling the Distaff; and if sometimes I left those Exercises, to recreate my Mind a little, I would then take some godly Book in Hand, or play on the Harp; for Experience had taught me, that Musick ordereth disordered Minds, and doth lighten the Passions that afflict the Spirit. This was the Life which I led in my Father's House; the recounting whereof so particularly hath not been done for Ostentation, nor to give you to understand that I am rich, but to the end you may note how much, without mine own Fault, have I fallen from that happy State I have said, unto the unhappy Plight into which I am now reduced. The History therefore is this, that passing my Life in so many Occupations, and that with such Recollection as might be compared to a religious Life unseen, as I thought, by any other Person than those of our House; for when I went to Mass, it was commonly so early, and so accompanied by my Mother and other Maid-servants, and I myself so covered and watchful, as mine Eyes did scarce see the Earth whereon I trod: And yet notwithstanding, those of Love, or, as I may better term them, of Idleness, to which *Lynx's* Eyes may not be compared, did represent me to *Don Ferdinando's* Affection and Care; for this is the Name of the Duke's younger Son, of whom I spoke before. Scarce had she named *Don Ferdinando*, when *Cardenio* changed Colour, and began to sweat with such Alteration of Body and Countenance, as the Curate and Barber which beheld it, feared that the Accident of Frenzy did assault him, which was wont (as they had heard) to possess him at Times. But *Cardenio* did nothing else than sweat, and stood still, beholding now and then the Country Girl, imagining straight what she was; who, without taking Notice of his Alteration, followed on her Discourse in this Manner: And scarce had he seen me, when (as he himself after confessed) he abode greatly surpris'd by my Love, as his Actions did after give evident Demonstration.

But to conclude soon the Relation of these Misfortunes, which have no Conclusion, I will over-slip in Silence the Diligences and Practices of *Don Ferdinando*, used to declare unto me his Affection: He suborned all the Folk of the House; he bestowed Gifts and Favours on my Parents; every Day was a Holiday, and a Day of Sports in the Streets where I dwelled; at Night no Man could sleep for Musick; the Letters were innumerable that came to my Hands, without knowing who brought them, farced too full of amorous Conceits and Offers, and containing more Promises and Proteftations, than they had Characters: All which not only could not mollify my Mind, but rather hardened it as much as if he were my mortal Enemy; and therefore did construe all the Endeavours he used to gain my Good-will to be practised to a contrary End; which I did not as accounting *Don Ferdinando* ungente, or that I esteemed him too importunate; for I took a kind of Delight to see myself so highly esteemed and beloved of so noble a Gentleman; nor was I any thing offended to see his Papers written in my Praise; for, if I be not deceived in this Point, be we Women ever so foul, we love to hear Men call us beautiful: But mine Honesty was that which opposed itself unto all these Things, and the continual Admonitions of my Parents, which had by this plainly perceived *Don Ferdinando's* Pretence, as one that cared not all the World should know it. They would often say unto me, that they had deposited their Honours and Reputation in my Virtue alone, and Discretion, and bade me consider the Inequality that was between *Don Ferdinando* and me; and that I might collect by it how his Thoughts (did he ever so much affirm the contrary) were more addressed to compass his Pleasures than any Profit; and that if I feared any Inconvenience, might befall, to the end they might cross it, and cause him to abandon his so unjust a Pursuit, they would match me where I most liked, either to the best of that Town, or any other Town adjoining, saying, they might easily compass it, both by reason of their great Wealth, and my good Report. I fortified

tified my Resolution and Integrity with these certain Promises, and the known Truth which they told me ; and therefore would never answer to Don *Ferdinando* any Word, that might ever so far off argue the least Hope of condescending to his Desires. All which Cautions of mine, which I think he deemed to be Disdains, did inflame more his lascivious Appetite (for this is the Name wherewithal I entitle his Affection towards me) which, had it been such as it ought, you had not known it now ; for then the Cause of revealing it had not befallen me. Finally, Don *Ferdinando* understanding how my Parents meant to marry me, to the end they might make void his Hope of ever possessing me, or at least set more Guards to preserve mine Honour ; and this News, or Surmise, was an Occasion that he did what you shall presently hear.

For one Night, as I sat in my Chamber, only attended by a young Maiden that served me, I having shut the Doors very safe, for fear lest thro' any Negligence my Honesty might incur any Danger, without knowing or imagining how it might happen, notwithstanding all my Diligences used, and Preventions, and amidst the Solitude of this Silence and Recollection, he stood before me in my Chamber. At his Presence I was so troubled, as I lost both Sight and Speech, and by reason thereof could not cry, nor I think he would not, tho' I attempted it, permit me ; for he presently ran over to me, and taking me between his Arms (for, as I have said, I was so amazed, as I had no Power to defend myself) he spake such Things to me, as I knew not how it is possible that so many Lies should have Ability to feign Things resembling in Shew so much the Truth ; and the Traytor caused Tears to give Credit to his Words, and Sighs to give Countenance to his Intention.

I, poor Soul, being alone, amidst my Friends, and weakly practised in such Affairs, began, I know not how, to account his Leafings for Verities ; but not in such Sort as his Tears or Sighs might any wise move me to any Compassion that were not commendable :

And so the first Trouble and Amazement of my Mind being past, I began again to recover my defective Spirits, and then said to him, with more Courage than I thought I should have had: If, as I am, my Lord, between your Arms, I were between the Paws of a fierce Lion; and that I were made certain of my Liberty on Condition to do or say any Thing prejudicial to mine Honour, it would prove as impossible for me to accept it, as for that which once hath been, to leave off his Essence and Being; wherefore, even as you have ingirt my Middle with your Arms, so likewise have I tied fast my Mind with virtuous and forcible Desires that are wholly different from yours, as you shall perceive, if seeking to force me you presume to pass further with your inordinate Design. I am your Vassal, but not your Slave, nor hath the Nobility of your Blood Power, nor ought it to harden, to dishonour, stain, or hold in little Account the Humility of mine; and I do esteem myself, tho' a Country Wench and Farmer's Daughter, as much as you can yourself, tho' a Nobleman and a Lord: With me your Violence shall not prevail, your Riches gain any Grace, your Words have Power to deceive, or your Sighs and Tears be able to move; yet, if I shall find any of these Properties mentioned in him whom my Parents shall please to bestow on me for my Spouse, I will presently subject my Will to his, nor shall it ever vary from his Mind a Jot: So that if I might remain with Honour, altho' I rested void of Delights, yet would I willingly bestow on you that which you presently labour so much to obtain. All which I do say to divert your straying Thought from ever thinking, that any one may obtain of me ought, who is not my lawful Spouse. If the Let only consists therein, most beautiful *Dorotea* (for so I am called) answered the disloyal Lord, behold, I give thee here my Hand to be thine alone; and let the Heavens, from which nothing is concealed, and this Image of our Lady, which thou hast here present, be Witnesses of this Truth.

When

When *Cardenio* heard her say that she was called *Dorotea*, he fell again into his former Suspicion, and in the End confirmed his first Opinion to be true, but would not interrupt her Speech, being desirous to know the Success, which he knew wholly almost before; and therefore said only, Lady, is it possible that you are named *Dorotea*? I have heard Report of another of that Name, which perhaps hath run the like Course of your Misfortunes: But I request you to continue your Relation; for a Time may come, wherein I may recount unto you Things of the same Kind which will breed no small Admiration. *Dorotea* noted *Cardenio's* Words, and his uncouth and disastrous Attire, and then intreated him very instantly, if he knew any thing of her Affairs he would acquaint her therewithal; for if Fortune had left her any Good, it was on the Courage which she had to bear patiently any Disaster that might befall her, being certain in her Opinion, that no new one could arrive which might increase a whit those she had already.

Lady, I would not let slip the Occasion (quoth *Cardenio*) to tell you what I think, if that which I imagine were true; and yet there is no Commodity left to do it, nor can it avail you much to know it. Let it be what it list, said *Dorotea*; but that which after befell of my Relation was this, That Don *Ferdinando* took an Image that was in my Chamber for Witness of our Contract; and added withal most forcible Words, and unusual Oaths, promising unto me to become my Husband. Altho' I warned him, before he had ended his Speech, to see well what he did, and to weigh the Wrath of his Father, when he should see him married to one so base, and his Vassal; and that therefore he should take heed that my Beauty (such as it was) should not blind him, seeing he should not find therein a sufficient Excuse for his Error; and that if he meant to do me any Good, I conjured him by the Love that he bore unto me, to license my Fortunes to roll in their own Sphere, according as my Quality reached; for such unequal Matches do never please long, nor persevere with that Delight wherewithal they begun.

All the Reasons here rehearsed, I said unto him, and many more, which now are fallen out of Mind, but yet proved of no Efficacy to wean him from his obstinate Purpose, even like unto one that goeth to buy, with Intention never to pay for what he takes, and therefore never considers the Price, Worth, or Defect of the Stuff he takes to Credit. I at this Season made a brief Discourse, and said thus to myself; I may do this, for I am not the first which by Matrimony hath ascended from a low Degree to a high Estate; nor shall Don *Ferdinando* be the first whom Beauty, or blind Affection (for that is the most certain) hath induced to make Choice of a Consort unequal to his Greatness; then, since herein I create no new World, nor Custom, what Error can be committed by embracing the Honour wherewithal Fortune crowns me? Altho' it so befell, that his Affection to me endured no longer than till he accomplished his Will; for, before God, I certes shall still remain his Wife. And if I should disdainfully give him the Repulse, I see him now in such Terms, as perhaps, forgetting the Duty of a Nobleman, he may use Violence, and then I shall remain for ever dishonourable, and also without Excuse of the Imputations of the ignorant, which knew not how much without any Fault I have fallen into this inevitable Danger. For, what Reasons may be sufficiently forcible to persuade my Father and Mother, that this Nobleman did enter into my Chamber without my Consent? All these Demands and Answers did I in an Instant revolve in mine Imagination, and found myself chiefly forced (how, I cannot tell) to assent to his Petition, by the Witnesses he invoked, the Tears he shed, and finally, by his sweet Disposition and comely Feature, which, accompanied with so many Arguments of unfeigned Affection, were able to conquer and enthrall any other Heart, tho' it were as free and wary as mine own. Then called I for my Waiting-maid, that she might on Earth accompany the celestial Witnesses.

And then Don *Ferdinando* turned again to reiterate and confirm his Oaths, and added to his former, other

new Saints as Witnesses, and wish'd a thousand succeeding Maledictions to light on him, if he did not accomplish his Promise to me: His Eyes again wax'd moist, his Sighs encreas'd, and himself inwreath'd me more freightly between his Arms, from which he had never once loos'd me: And with this and my Maiden's departure I left to be a Maiden, and he began to be a Traitor and disloyal Man. The Day that succeeded to the Night of my Mishaps, came not (I think) so soon as *Don Ferdinando* desir'd it; for after a Man hath satisfied that which the Appetite covets, the greatest Delight it can take after, is, to apart itself from the Place where the Desire was accomplish'd. I say this, because *Don Ferdinando* did hasten his Departure from me, by my Maid's Industry, who was the very same that had brought him into my Chamber: He was got into the Street before Dawning, and at his Departure from me he said (altho' not with so great a Shew of Affection and Vehemency as he had us'd at his Coming) That I might be secure of his Faith, and, that his Oaths were firm and most true: And, for a more Confirmation of his Word, he took a rich Ring off his Finger, and put it on mine. In fine, he departed, and I remain'd behind; I cannot well say whether joyful or sad, but this much I know, that I rested confus'd and pensive, and also beside my self, for the late Mischance; yet either I had not the Heart, or else I forgot to chide my Maid for her Treachery committed by shutting up *Don Ferdinando* in my Chamber; for, as yet, I could not determine whether that which had befallen me was a Good or an Evil.

I said to *Don Ferdinando*, at his Departure, That he might see me other Nights, when he pleas'd, by the same Means he had come that Night, seeing I was his own, and would rest so, until it pleas'd him to let the World know that I was his Wife; but he never retur'd again, but the next Night following, could I see him after for the space of a Month, either in the Street or Church, so as I did but spend Time in vain to expect him, altho' I understood that he was still in Town, and rode every
other

other Day a Hunting, an Exercise to which he was much addicted:

Those Days were, I know, unfortunate and accursed to me, and those Hours sorrowful; for in them I began to doubt, nay, rather wholly to discredit *Don Ferdinando's* Faith; and my Maid did then hear loudly the Checks I gave unto her for her Presumption, ever until then dissembled: And I was moreover constrain'd to watch and keep good Guard on my Tears and Countenance, lest I should give Occasion to my Parents to demand of me the Cause of my Discontents, and thereby engage me to use Ambages and Untruths to cover 'em: But all this ended in an Instant, one Moment arriving whereon all these Respects stumbled, all honourable Discourses ended, Patience was lost, and my most hidden Secrets issued in publick; which was, when there was spread a certain Rumour throughout the Town, within a few Days after, that *Don Ferdinando* had married, in a City near adjoining, a Damsel of surpassing Beauty, and of very noble Birth, altho' not so rich as could deserve, by her Preferment or Dowry, so worthy a Husband. 'Twas also said, that she was named *Luscinda*, with many other Things that happen'd at their Spousals, worthy of Admiration. *Cardenio* hearing *Luscinda* named, did nothing else but lift up his Shoulders, bite his Lip, bend his Brows, and after a little while shed from his Eyes two Floods of Tears: But yet, for all that, *Dorothea* did not interrupt the File of her History, saying, This doleful News came to my hearing, and my Heart, instead of freezing thereat, was so inflam'd with Choler and Rage, as I had well nigh run out to the Streets, and with Outcries publish'd the Deceit and Treason that was done to me; but my Fury was presently asswaged by the Resolution which I made, to do what I put in execution the very same Night; and then I put on this Habit which you see, being given unto me by one of those, who among us Country-folk are call'd Swains, who was my Father's Servant, to whom I disclosed all my Misfortunes, and requested him to accompany me to the City, where I understood mine Enemy
sojourn'd

sojourn'd. He, after he had reprehended my Boldness, perceiving me to have an inflexible Resolution, made Offer to attend on me, as he said, unto the End of the World, and presently after I truss'd up in a Pillow-bier a Woman's Attire, some Money and jewels, to prevent Necessities that might befall, and in the silence of Night, without acquainting my treacherous Maid with my Purpose, I issued out of my House, accompany'd by my Servant and many Imaginations, and in that manner set on towards the City; and tho' I went on foot, was yet borne away flying, by my Desires to come, if not time enough to hinder that which was past, yet at least to demand of Don *Ferdinando*, that he would tell me with what Conscience or Soul he had done it. I arriv'd where I wish'd within two Days and a half, and at the Entry of the City I demanded where *Luscinda's* Father dwelt; and he, of whom I first demanded the Question, answer'd me more than I desir'd to hear: He shew'd me the House, and recounted to me all that befell at the Daughter's Marriage, being a Thing so publick, and known in the City, as Men made Meetings of purpose to discourse thereof.

He said to me, that the very Night wherein Don *Ferdinando* was espoused to *Luscinda*, after that she had given her Consent to be his Wife, she was instantly assail'd, by a terrible Accident that struck her into a Trance, and her Spouse approaching to unclasp her Bosom, that she might take the Air, found a Paper folded in it, written with *Luscinda's* own Hand, wherein she said and declar'd, that she could not be Don *Ferdinando's* Wife, because she was already *Cardenio's* who was, as the Man told me, a very principal Gentleman of the same City; and, that if she had given her Consent to Don *Ferdinando*, 'twas only done because she would not disobey her Parents. In conclusion, he told me, that the Paper made also mention how she had a Resolution to kill herself presently after the Marriage, and did also lay down therein the Motives she had to do it: All which, as they say, was confirm'd by a Poniard that was found hidden about her in her Apparel: Which Don *Ferdinando* per-

perceiving, presuming that *Luscinda* did flout him, and hold him in little account, he set upon her e'er she was come to herself, and attempted to kill her with the very same Poniard; and had done it, if her Father, and other Friends, which were present had not oppos'd themselves, and hinder'd his Determination. Moreover they reported, that presently after Don *Ferdinando* absented himself from the City, and, that *Luscinda* turn'd not out of her Agony until the next Day; and then recounted to her Parents, how she was verily Spouse to that *Cardenio* of whom she spake even now. I learn'd besides, that *Cardenio*, as 'tis rumour'd, was present at the Marriage; and, that as soon as he saw her married, being a Thing he never would have credited, departed out of the City in a desperate Mood, but first left behind him a Letter, wherein he shew'd at large the Wrong *Luscinda* had done to him; and, that he himself meant to go to some Place where People should never after hear of him. All this was notorious, and publicly bruited throughout the City, and every one spoke thereof; but most of all, having very soon after understood that *Luscinda* was missing from her Parents House and the City, for she could not be found in neither of both, for which her Parents were almost beside themselves, not knowing what Means to use to find her.

This News reduced my Hopes again to their Ranks, and I esteem'd it better to find Don *Ferdinando* unmarried than married, presuming that yet the Gates of my Remedy were not wholly shut, I giving my self to understand, that Heaven had peradventure set that Impediment on the second Marriage, to make him understand what he owed to the first; and to remember how he was a Christian, and, that he was more obliged to his Soul than to human Respects. I revolv'd all these Things in my Mind, and comfortless, did yet comfort my self by feigning large, yet languishing Hopes, to sustain that Life which I now so much abhor. And whilst I staid thus in the City, ignorant what I might do, seeing I found not Don *Ferdinando*, I heard a Crier go about publicly, promising great Rewards to any one
that

that could find me out, giving Signs of the very Age and Apparel I wore. And I likewise heard it was bruited abroad, that the Youth which came with me had carried me away from my Father's House: A Thing that touch'd my Soul very nearly, to view my Credit so greatly wreck'd, seeing that it was not sufficient to have lost it by coming away, without the addition of him with whom I departed, being a Subject so base, and unworthy of my loftier Thoughts. Having heard this Cry, I departed out of the City with my Servant, who even then began to give Tokens, that he faulter'd in the Fidelity he had promis'd to me; and both of us together enter'd the very same Night into the most hidden parts of this Mountain, fearing lest we might be found: But as 'tis commonly said, that *one Evil calls on another*, and, that *the End of one Disaster is the Beginning of a greater*, so prov'd it with me; for my good Servant, until then faithful and trusty, rather incited by his own Villany than my Beauty, thought to have taken the Benefit of the Opportunity which these uninhabitable Places offer'd, and solicited me of Love, with little Shame, and less Fear of God, or Respect of my self: And now, seeing that I answer'd his Impudencies with severe and reprehensive Words, leaving the Entreaties aside wherewithal he thought first to have compass'd his Will, he began to use his Force: But just Heaven, which seldom or never neglects the just Man's Assistance, did so favour my Proceedings, as with my weak Forces, and very little Labour, I threw him down a steep Rock, and there I left him, I know not whether alive or dead; and presently I enter'd in among these Mountains with more Swiftness than my Fear and Weariness requir'd, having therein no other Project or Design than to hide my self in them, and shun my Father, and others, which by his Entreaty and Means sought for me every where.

Some Months are past since my first coming here, where I found a Herdsman, who carried me to a Village seated in the midst of these Rocks, wherein he dwelt, and entertain'd me, whom I have serv'd as a Shepherd ever since, procuring as much as lay in me to abide still
in

in the Field, to cover these Hairs, which have now so unexpectedly betray'd me: Yet all my Care and Industry was not very beneficial, seeing my Master came at last to the Notice that I was no Man, but a Woman; which was an Occasion that the like evil Thought sprung in him, as before in my Servant. And as Fortune gives not always Remedy for the Difficulties which occur, I found neither Rock nor Downfal to cool and cure my Master's Infirmary, as I had done for my Man; and therefore I accounted it a less Inconvenience to depart thence, and hide my self again among these Desarts, than to adventure the Trial of my Strength or Reason with him: Therefore, as I say, I return'd to embosk my self, and search out some Place, where, without any Incumbrance, I might entreat Heaven with my Sighs and Tears to have Compassion on my Mishap, and lend me Industry and Favour, either to issue fortunately out of it, or else to die amidst these Solitudes, not leaving any Memory of a Wretch who hath minister'd Matter, altho' not thro' her own Default, that Men speak and murmur of her, both in her own and in other Countries.

CHAP. II.

Which treats of the Discretion of the beautiful Dorotea, and the artificial Manner used to dissuade the amorous Knight from continuing his Penance; and how he was gotten away: With many other delightful and pleasant Occurrences.

THIS is, Sirs, the true Relation of my Tragedy: See therefore now and judge, whether the Sighs you heard, the Words to which you listen'd, and the Tears that gush'd out at mine Eyes, have not had sufficient Occasion to appear in greater abundance; and having consider'd the Quality of my Disgrace, you shall per-

perceive all Comfort to be vain, seeing the Remedy thereof is impossible. Only I will request at your hands one Favour, which you ought, and may easily grant, and is, That you will address me unto some Place where I may live secure from the Fear and Suspicion I have to be found by those, which I know do daily travel in my pursuit: For tho' I am sure that my Parents great Affection towards me doth warrant me to be kindly receiv'd and entertain'd by them, yet the Shame is so great that possesseth me, only to think that I shall not return to their Presence in that State which they expect, as I account it far better to banish my self from their Sight for ever, than once to behold their Faces with the least Suspicion, that they again would behold mine divorced from that Honesty which while at home my modest Behaviour promis'd. Here she ended, and her Face suddenly over-run by a lovely Scarlet, perspicuously denoted the Feeling and Bashfulness of her Soul.

The Audients of her sad Story felt great Motions both of Pity and Admiration for her Misfortunes; and altho' the Curate thought to comfort and counsel her forthwith, yet was he prevented by *Cardenio*, who taking her first by the Hand, said at last, Lady, thou art the beautiful *Dorotea*, Daughter unto rich *Cleomardo*. *Dorotea* rested admir'd when she heard her Father's Name, and saw of how little Value he seem'd who had named him; for we have already recounted how raggedly *Cardenio* was clothed; and therefore she said unto him, And who art thou, Friend, that know'st so well my Father's Name, for until this Hour (if I have not forgotten my self) I did not once name him throughout the whole Discourse of my unfortunate Tale? I am (answer'd *Cardenio*) the unlucky Knight whom *Luscinda* (as thou saidst) affirm'd to be her Husband: I am the disastrous *Cardenio*, whom the wicked Proceeding of him that hath also brought thee to those Terms wherein thou art, hath conducted me to the State in which I am, and thou mayst behold ragged, naked, abandon'd by all human Comfort, and, what is worse, void of Sense, seeing I only enjoy it but at some few short times,
and

and that when Heaven pleaseth to lend it me: I am he, *Dorotea*, that was present at Don *Ferdinando's* unreasonable Wedding, and that heard the Consent which *Luscinda* gave him to be his Wife. I was he that had not the Courage to stay and see the end of her Trance, or what became of the Paper found in her Bosom; for my Soul had not Power or Sufferance to behold so many Misfortunes at once, and therefore abandon'd the Place and my Patience together, and only left a Letter with mine Host, whom I entreated to deliver it into *Luscinda's* own Hands, and then came into these Desarts, with Resolution to end in them my miserable Life, which since that Hour I have hated as my most mortal Enemy; but Fortune hath not pleas'd to deprive me of it, thinking it sufficient to have impair'd my Wit, perhaps reserving me for the good Success befallen me now, in finding of your self; for that being true (as I believe it is) which you have here discours'd, peradventure it may have reserv'd yet better Hap for us both in our Disasters than we do expect.

For presupposing that *Luscinda* cannot marry with Don *Ferdinando* because she's mine, nor Don *Ferdinando* with her, because yours, and that she hath declar'd so manifestly the same, we may hope that Heaven hath Means to restore to every one that which is his own, seeing it yet consists in not being made away or annihilated. And seeing this Comfort remains, not sprung from every remote Hope, nor founded on idle Surmises, I request thee, fair Lady, to take another Resolution in thine honourable Thought, seeing I mean to do it in mine, and let us accommodate our selves to expect better Success; for I do vow unto thee, by the Faith of a Gentleman and *Christian*, not to forsake thee until I see thee in Don *Ferdinando's* possession; and when I shall not by Reasons be able to induce him to acknowledge how far he rests indebted to thee, then I will use the Liberty granted to me, as a Gentleman, and with just Title challenge him to the Field, in respect to the Wrong he hath done unto thee; forgetting wholly mine own Inju-

Injuries, whose Revenge I will leave to Heaven, that I may be able to right yours on Earth.

Dorotea rested wonderfully admir'd, having known and heard *Cardenio*, and ignoring what competent Thanks she might return him in Satisfaction of his large Offers, she cast herself down at his Feet, to have kiss'd 'em, which *Cardenio* would not permit: And the Licentiate answer'd for both, praising greatly *Cardenio's* Discourse; and chiefly entreated, pray'd, and counsel'd them they would go with him to his Village, where they might fit themselves with such Things as they wanted, and also take Order how to search out *Don Ferdinando*, or carry *Dorotea* to her Father's House, or do else what they deem'd most convenient. *Cardenio* and *Dorotea* gratified his Courtesies, and accepted the Favour he proffer'd. The Barber also, who had stood all the while silent and suspended, made 'em a pretty Discourse, with as friendly an Offer of himself and his Service as Master Curate; and likewise did briefly relate the Occasion of their coming thither, with the extravagant kind of Madness which *Don Quixote* had, and how they expected now his Squire's Return, whom they had sent to search for him. *Cardenio* having heard him named, remember'd presently, as in a Dream, the Conflict pass'd between them both, and recounted it unto them, but could not in any wise call to mind the Occasion thereof.

By this time they heard one call for 'em, and knew by the Voice that it was *Sancho Panca*, who, because he found them not in the Place where he had left 'em, cry'd out for 'em as loudly as he might. They went to meet him, and demanding for *Don Quixote*, he answer'd, That he found him all naked to his Shirt, lean, yellow, almost dead for Hunger, and fighting for his Lady *Dulcinea*; and altho' he had told him how she commanded him to repair presently to *Toboso*, where she expected him, yet notwithstanding he answer'd, That he was determin'd never to appear before her Beauty until he had done Feats that should make him worthy of her gracious Favour. And then the Squire affirm'd, if that Humour pass'd on any further, he fear'd his
Lord

Lord would be in danger never to become an Emperor, as he was bound in Honour, no, nor a Cardinal, which was the least that could be expected of him. The Licentiate bid him be of good cheer, for they would bring him from thence whether he wou'd or no; and recounted to *Cardenio* and *Dorotea* what they had bethought for *Don Quixote's* Remedy, or at least for the carrying him home to his House. To that *Dorotea* answer'd, That she would counterfeit the distressed Lady better than the Barber, and chiefly seeing she had Apparel wherewithal to act it most naturally; and therefore desir'd them to leave to her Charge the representing of all that which should be needful for the achieving of their Design; for she had read many Books of Knighthood, and knew well the Stile that distressed Damsels used when they requested any Favour of Knights adventurous. And then need we nothing else, quoth the Curate, but only to put our Purpose presently in execution; for, questionless, good Success turns on our side, seeing it hath so unexpectedly begun already to open the Gates of your Remedy, and hath also facilitated for us that whereof we had most Necessity in this Exigent. *Dorotea* took forthwith out of her Pillow-bier a whole Gown of very rich Stuff, and a short Mantle of another green Stuff, and a Collar, and many other rich Jewels, out of a Box, wherewithal she adorn'd herself in a trice so gorgeously, as she seem'd a very rich and goodly Lady; all which, and much more, she had brought with her (as she said) from her House, to prevent what might happen, but never had any Use of 'em until then. Her Grace, Gesture, and Beauty liked them all extremely, and made them account *Don Fernando* to be a Man of little Understanding, seeing he condemn'd such Feature. But he which was most of all admir'd was *Sancho Pancha*, because, as he thought (and 'twas so indeed) that he had not in all the Days of his Life before seen so fair a Creature; and he requested the Curate very seriously to tell him who that beautiful Lady was, and what she sought among those Thorowfares. This fair Lady, Friend *Sancho* (answer'd the

the Curate) is (as if a Man said nothing, she is so great) Heir apparent, by direct Line, of the mighty Kingdom of *Micomicon*, and comes in search of your Lord, to demand a Boon of him, which is, that he will destroy and undo a great Wrong done unto her by a wicked Giant; and thro' the great Fame which is spread over all *Guinea* of your Lord's Prowess, this Princess is come to find him out. A happy Searcher, and a fortunate Finding (quoth *Sancho*!) and chiefly if my Master be so happy as to right that Injury, and redress that Wrong, by killing that, O! the mighty Lubber of a Giant whom you say: Yes, he will kill him, I'm very certain, if he can once but meet him, and if he be not a Spirit, for my Master hath no kind of Power over Spirits. But I must request one Favour of you, among others, most earnestly, good Mr. Licentiate, and it is, that to the end my Lord may not take an Humour of becoming a Cardinal (which is the Thing I fear most in this World) that you will give him Counsel to marry this Princess presently, and by that Means he shall remain incapable of the Dignity of a Cardinal, and will come very easily by his Empire, and I to the End of my Desires; for I have thought well of the Matter, and have found that it is in no wise expedient that my Lord should become a Cardinal, for I am wholly unfit for any Ecclesiastical Dignity, seeing I am a married Man; and therefore to trouble my self now with seeking of Dispensations to enjoy Church Livings, having, as I have, both Wife and Children, were never to end; that all my Good consists in that my Lord do marry this Princess instantly, whose Name yet I know not, and therefore I have not said it. She is high (quoth the Curate) the Princess *Micomicona*; for her Kingdom being call'd *Micomicon*, it is evident she must be termed so.

That's questionless, quoth *Sancho*, for I have known many to take their Denomination and Surname from the Place of their Birth, calling themselves *Peter* of *Alcala*, *Juan* of *Ubeda*, and *James* of *Valladolid*; and perhaps, in *Guinea*, Princes and Queens use the same

same Custom, and call themselves by the Names of their Provinces.

So I think, quoth the Curate; and as touching your Master's Marriage with her, I will labour therein as much as lies in my power. Wherewithal *Sancho* remain'd as well satisfied, as the Curate admir'd at his Simplicity, and to see how firmly he had fix'd in his Fancy the very Ravings of his Master, seeing he did believe without doubt that his Lord should become an Emperor. *Dorotea* in this space had gotten upon the Curate's Mule, and the Barber had somewhat better fitted, the Beard which he made of the Ox's Tail, on his Face, and did after entreat *Sancho* to guide them to the Place where Don *Quixote* was, and advertis'd him withal, that he should in no wise take any notice of the Curate or Barber, or confess in any sort that he knew 'em, for therein consisted all the Means of bringing Don *Quixote*, to the Mind to become an Emperor. Yet *Cardenio* would not go with 'em, fearing lest thereby Don *Quixote* might call to mind their Contention: And the Curate, thinking also that his Presence was not expedient, remain'd with him, letting the others go before, and these follow'd afar off, sail and softly on foot. And, e're they departed, the Curate instructed *Dorotea* anew what she should say; who bidding him to fear nothing, for she would discharge her Part to his satisfaction, and as Books of Chivalry requir'd and laid down.

They travel'd about three quarters of a League, as they 'spy'd the Knight, and at last they discover'd him among a number of intricate Rocks, all apparel'd, but not arm'd; and as soon as *Dorotea* beheld him, she struck her Palfrey, her well-bearded Barber following her; and as they approach'd Don *Quixote*, the Barber leap'd lightly down from his Mule, and ran towards *Dorotea*, to take her down between his Arms, who alighting, went with a very good Grace towards Don *Quixote*, and kneel'd before him; and altho' he striv'd to make her arise, yet she remaining still on her Knees, spake to him in this manner: I will not arise from hence, thrice
valorous

valorous and approved Knight; until your Bounty and Courtesy shall grant unto me one Boon, which shall much redound unto your Honour, and Prize of your Person, and to the Profit of the most disconsolate and wronged Damsel that the Sun had ever seen. And if it be so that the Valour of your invincible Arm be correspondent to the Bruit of your immortal Fame, you are obliged to succour this comfortless Wight, that comes from Lands so remote, to the Sound of your famous Name, searching you for to remedy her Mishaps.

I will not answer you a Word, fair Lady (quoth Don *Quixote*) nor hear a Jot of your Affair, until you arise from the Ground. I will not get up from hence, my Lord (quoth the afflicted Lady) if first, of your wonted Bounty, you do not grant to my Request. I do give and grant it (said Don *Quixote*) so that it be not a Thing that may turn to the Damage or Hindrance of my King, my Country, or of her that keeps the Key of my Heart and Liberty. It shall not turn to the Damage or Hindrance of those you have said, good Sir (replied the dolorous Damsel;) and as she was saying this, *Sancho Panca* rounded his Lord in the Ear, saying softly to him, Sir, you may very well grant the Request she asketh, for it is a Matter of nothing, it is only to kill a monstrous Giant; and she that demands it is the mighty Princess *Micomicona*, Queen of the great Kingdom of *Micomicon* in *Ethiopia*. Let her be what she will (quoth Don *Quixote*) for I will accomplish what I am bound, and my Conscience shall inform me conformable to the State I have professed: And then turning to the Damsel (he said) Let your great Beauty arise, for I grant to you any Boon which you shall please to ask of me. Why then (quoth the Damsel) that which I demand is, that your magnanimous Person come presently away with me, to the Place where I shall carry you, and do likewise make me a Promise, not to undertake any other Adventure or Demand, until you revenge me upon a Traytor who hath, against all Laws, both divine and human, usurped my Kingdom. I say, that grant you all that (quoth Don *Quixote*) and there-

Fore, Lady, you may cast away from this Day forward all the Melancholy that troubles you, and labour that your languishing and dismayed Hopes may recover again new Strength and Courage; for by the Help of God, and that of mine Arm, you shall see yourself shortly restored to your Kingdom, and enthronized in the Chair of your ancient and great Estate, in despite and maugre the Traytors that shall dare gainsay it: And therefore Hands to the Work, for they say, That Danger always follows Delay. The distressed Damsel strove with much ado to kiss his Hand: But Don *Quixote*, who was a most accomplished Knight for Courtesy, would never condescend thereunto, but making her arise, he embraced her with great Kindness and Respect; and commanded *Sancho* to saddle *Roxinante*, and help him to arm himself. *Sancho* took Down the Arms forthwith, which hung on a Tree like Trophies, and searching the Girts, armed his Lord in a moment, who seeing himself armed, said, Let us in God's Name depart from hence, to assist this great Lady. The Barber kneeled all this While, and could with much ado dissemble his Laughter, or keep on his Beard that threatned to fall off; whose Fall, perhaps, they should all have remained without bringing their good Purpose to pass: And seeing that the Boon was granted, and noted the Diligence wherewithal Don *Quixote* made himself ready to depart and accomplish the same, he arose and took his Lady by the Hand, and both of them together helped her upon her Mule; and presently after, Don *Quixote* leaped upon *Roxinante*, and then got upon his Beast, *Sancho* only remaining on Foot, where he afresh renewed the Memory of the Loss of his grey As, with the Want procured to him thereby. But all this he bore with very great Patience, because he supposed that his Lord was now in the Way, and next Degree to be an Emperor: For he made an infallible Account that he would marry that Princess, and at least be King of *Micomicon*: But it grieved him to think how that Kingdom was in the Country of the black Moors, and that therefore the Nation which should be given to him for his Vassals,

Vassals, should be all black: For which Difficulty his Imagination coined presently a good Remedy; and he discoursed with himself in this Manner; Why should I care, tho' my Subjects be all black Moors? Is there any more to be done, than to load them in a Ship, and bring them into *Spain*, where I may sell them, and receive the Price of them in ready Money? And with that Money may I buy some Title or Office, wherein I may after live at mine Ease all the Days of my Life? No! but sleep, and have no Wit, not Ability to dispose of Things; and to sell thirty or ten thousand Vassals in the Space that one would say, Give me those Straws. I will dispatch them all; they shall fly, the little with the great, or as I can best contrive the Matter. And be they ever so black, I will transform them into white or yellow ones; come near and see whether I cannot suck well my Fingers Ends. And thus he travelled so solicitous and glad, as he quite forgot 'his Pain of travelling on Foot. *Cardenio* and the Curate stood in the mean time, beholding all that passed from behind some Brambles, where they lay lurking, and weré in doubt what Means to use to issue and join in Company with them. But the Curate, who was an ingenious and prompt Plotter, devised instantly what was to be done, that they might attain their Desire; thus he took out of his Case a Pair of Shears, and cut off *Cardenio's* Beard therewithal in a trice, and then gave unto him to wear a riding Capouch which he himself had on, and a black Cloak; and himself walked in a Doublet and Hose. *Cardenio*, thus attired, looked so unlike that he was before, as he would not have known himself in a Looking-glass. This being finished, and the others gone on before whilst they disguised themselves, they sallied out with Facility to the Highway before *Don Quixote*, or his Company: For the Rocks, and many other bad Passages, did not permit those that were a Horse-back to make so speedy an End of their Journey as they; and when they had thoroughly pass'd the Mountain, they expected at the Foot thereof for the Knight and his Company. And when the Knight appeared, the Curate looked on him very earnestly for a

great Space, with inkling that he began to know ; and after he had a good while beheld him, he ran towards him with his Arms spread abroad, saying. In a good Hour be the Mirrour of all Knighthood found, and my noble Countryman Don Quixote of the Mancha, the Flower and the Cream of Gentility, the Shadow and Remedy of the afflicted, and the Quintessence of Knights-Errant ; and saying this, he held Don Quixote, his Left Thigh embraced : Who, admiring at that which he heard that Man to say and do, did also review him with Attention, and finally knew him, and all amazed to see him : Wherefore Don Quixote said, good Master Licentiate, permit me to alight, for it is in no sort decent that I be a Horse-back, and so reverend a Person as you go on Foot. I will never consent thereunto (quoth the Curate) your Highness must needs stay on Horse-back, seeing that thereon you are accustomed to atchieve the greatest Feats of Chivalry and Adventures, which were ever seen in our Age. For it shall suffice me, who am an unworthy Priest, to get up behind some one of these other Gentlemen that ride in your Company, if they will not take it in bad part ; yea, and I will make Account that I ride on *Pegasus*, or the * *Zebra* of the famous Moor *Muzarague*, who lives yet in the enchanted, in the steep Rock of *Culema*, near unto *Alcala* of *Henares*.

Truly, I did not think upon it, good Master Licentiate (answered Don Quixote) yet I presume that my Lady the Princess will be well appaid, for my sake, to command her Squire to lend you the Use of his Saddle, and to get himself on the Crupper, if so it be that the Beast will bear double. Yes, that it will (said the Princess) for ought I know ; and likewise I am sure it will not be necessary to command my Squire to alight, for he is of himself so courteous and courtly, as he will in no wise condescend that an Ecclesiastical Man should go a-foot, when he may help him to a Horse.

That is most certain (quoth the Barber) and saying so, he alighted, and intreated the Curate to take the Saddle ;

* *A strange Beast of Africk, that travels very swiftly.*

to which Courtesy he did easily condescend. But by evil Fortune, as the Barber thought to leap up behind him, the Mule, which was in effect a hired one (and that is sufficient to say it unhappy) did lift a little her hinder Quarters, and bestowed two or three Flings on the Air, which, had they hit on Master *Nicholas* his Breast, or Pate, he would have bequeathed the Quest of Don *Quixote* upon the Devil: But notwithstanding, the Barber was so affrighted, as he fell on the Ground with so little Heed of his Beard, as it fell quite off, and lay spread on the Ground; and perceiving himself without it, he had no other Shift, but to cover his Face with both his Hands, and complain that all his Cheek-teeth were struck out. Don *Quixote* beholding such a great Sheaf of a Beard fallen away, without Jaw or Blood from the Face (he said) I vow, this is one of the greatest Miracles that ever I saw in my Life; it hath taken, and pluck'd away his Beard, as smoothly as if it were done on purpose. The Curate beholding the Danger wherein their Invention was like to incur, if it were detected, went forthwith, and taking up the Beard, came to Master *Nicholas*, that lay still a playing, and with one Push, bringing his Head towards his own Brest, he set it on again, murmuring the while over him certain Words, which, he said, were a certain Prayer, appropriated to the setting on of fallen Beards, as they should soon perceive: And so having set it on handsomely, the 'Squire remained as well bearded and whole as ever he was in his Life; whereat Don *Quixote* rested marvellously admired, and requested the Curate to teach him that Prayer when they were at Leisure: For he supposed that the Virtue thereof extended itself farther than the fastening on of Beards, since it was manifest that the Place whence the Beard was torn, must have remained without Flesh, wounded and ill-dight; and seeing it cured all, it must of Force serve for more than the Beard. It is true (replied Master Curate) and then promised to instruct him with the Secret, with the first Opportunity that was presented.

Then they agreed that the Curate should ride first on the Mule, and after him the other two, each by turns,

until they arrived to the Inn, which was about some two Leagues thence. Three being thus mounted, to wit, Don *Quixote*, the Princess, and Curate, and the other three on Foot, *Cardenio*, the Barber, and *Sancho Panca*, Don *Quixote* said to the Damsel, Madam, let me intreat your Highness to lead me the Way that most pleaseth you: And before she could answer (the Licentiate said) Towards what Kingdom would you travel? Is it by Fortune to that of *Micomicon*? I suppose, it should be thitherwards, or else I know but little of Kingdoms. She, who knew very well the Curate's Meaning, and was herself no Babe, answered, saying, Ye, Sir, my Way lies towards that Kingdom. If it be so (quoth the Curate) you must pass thro' the Village where I dwell, and from thence direct your Course towards *Cartagena*, where you may luckily embark yourselves. And if you have a prosperous Wind, and a quiet and calm Sea, you may come within the Space of nine Years to the Sight of the Lake *Meona*, I mean *Meolidas*, which stands on this Side of your Highness's Kingdom, some hundred Days Journey, or more. I take you to be deceived, good Sir (quoth she) for it is not fully two Years since I departed from thence, and truly I never almost had any fair Weather; and yet notwithstanding, I have arrived, and come to see that which I so much longed for, to wit, the Presence of the worthy Don *Quixote* of the *Mancha*, whose Renown came to my Notice as soon as I touched the Earth of *Spain* with my Foot, and moved me to search for him, to commend myself to his Courtesy, and commit the Justice of my Cause to the Valour of his invincible Arm.

No more (quoth Don *Quixote*) I cannot abide to hear myself praised; for I am a sworn Enemy to all Adulation. And altho' this be not such, yet notwithstanding, the like Discourses do offend my chaste Ears. What I can say to you, fair Princess, is, that whether I have Valour, or not, that which I have, or have not, shall be employed in your Service, even to the very Loss of my Life. And so omitting that till this Time, let me intreat good Master Licentiate, to tell me the Occasion which hath

hath brought him here to these Quarters so alone, without Attendants, and so slightly attired, as it strikes me in no little Admiration? To this I will answer with Brevity (quoth the Curate) You shall understand that Master *Nicholas* the Barber, our very good Friend, and myself, travelled towards *Seville*, to recover certain Sums of Money, which a Kinsman of mine, who dwells this many-Years in the *Indies*, hath sent unto me. The Sum is not a little one, for it surmounted seventy thousand Ri-als of Eight, all of good Weight; see, if it was not a rich Gift. And passing Yesterday thorough this Way, we were set upon by four Robbers, which dispoiled us of all, even to our very Beards, and that in such sort, as the Barber was forced to set on a counterfeit one; and this young Man that goeth here with us (meaning *Cardenio*) was transformed by them anew. And the best of it is, that it is publickly bruited about this Com-marke, that those which surprised us, were Galley-slaves, who were set at Liberty, as it is reported, much about this same Place, by so valiant a Knight, as in despite of the Commissary and the Guard, he freed them all. And questionless, he either was Wood, or else as great a Knave as themselves, or some one that wanted both Soul and Conscience, seeing he let slip the Wolves amidst the Sheep, the Fox amongst the Hens, and Flies hard by Honey, and did frustrate Justice, rebel against his natural Lord and King; for he did so by oppugning his just Commandments, and hath deprived the Gallies of their Feet, and set all the *holy Brotherhood* in an Uproar, which hath reposed these many Years past; and finally, would do an Act, by which he should lose his Soul, and yet not gain his Body. *Sancho* had rehearsed to the Curate and Barber the Adventure of the Slaves, which his Lord had accomplished with such Glory; and therefore the Curate did use this Vehemency as he repeated it, to see what *Don Quixote* would say or do, whose Colour changed at every Word, and durst not confess that he was himself, and the Deliverer of that good People: And these (quoth the Curate) were they that have robbed us. And God of his infinite Mercy

pardon him who hindered their going to receive the Punishment they had so well deserved.

C H A P. III.

Of many pleasant Discourses passed between Don Quixote, and those of his Company, after he had abandoned the rigorous Place of his Penance.

SCARCE had the Curate finished his Speech thoroughly, when *Sancho* said, By my Faith, Master Licentiate, he that did that Feat, was my Lord; and that not for want of Warning, for I told him before-hand, and advised him, that he should see well what he did, and that it was a Sin to deliver them, because they were all sent to the Gallies for very great Villanies they had play'd.

You Bottle-head (replied Don *Quixote*, hearing him speak) it concerneth not Knights-Errant to examine whether the afflicted, and inchained, and oppressed, which they encounter by the Way, be carried in that Fashion, or are plunged in that Distress, thro' their own Default or Disgrace; but only are obliged to assist them as needy and oppressed, setting their Eyes upon their Pains, and not on their Crimes. I met with a Rosary, or Beads of inferted People, sorrowful and unfortunate, and I did for them that which my Religion exacts; as for the rest, let them verify it elsewhere; and to whosoever else, the holy Dignity and honourable Person of Master Licentiate excepted, it shall seem evil, I say, he knows but slightly what belongs to Chivalry; and he lies like a Whoreson, and a Villain born: And this will I make him know with the broad Side of my Sword. These Words he said, settling himself in his Stirrups, and addressing his Motion (for the Barber's Bason, which he accounted to be *Mambrino* his Helmet, he carried hanging at the Pummel of his Saddle, until he might have it repaired of the Grazings the Galley-slave

slave had wrought in it) *Dorotea*, who was very discreet and pleasant, and that was, by this, well acquainted with *Don Quixote's* faulty Humour, and saw all the rest make a Jest of him, *Sancho Panca* excepted, would also shew her Conceit to be as good as some others, and therefore said unto him, Sir Knight, remember yourself of the Boon you have promised unto me, whereunto conforming yourself, you cannot intermeddle in any other Adventure, be it ever so urgent. Therefore assuage your Stomach, for if Master Licentiate had known that the Galley-slaves were delivered by your invincible Arm, he would rather have given unto himself three Blows on the Mouth, and also bit his Tongue thrice, than have spoken any Word, whence might result your Indignation. That I dare swear (quoth the Curate) yea, and besides torn away one of my Mustaches.

Madam (said *Don Quixote*) I will hold my Peace, and suppress the just Choler already inkindled in my Breast, and will ride quietly and peaceably, until I have accomplished the Thing I have promised: And I request you, in Recompence of this my good Desire, if it be not displeasing to you, to tell me your Grievance, and how many, which, and what the Persons be, of whom I must take due, sufficient, and entire Revenge. I will promptly perform your Will herein (answered *Dorotea*) if it will not be irksome to you to listen to Discourses. In no sort, good Madam (said *Don Quixote*). To which *Dorotea* answered thus, Be then attentive to my Relation. Scarce had she said so, when *Cardenio* and the Barber came by her Side, desirous to hear how the discreet *Dorotea* would feign her Tale; and the same did *Sancho*, which was as much deceived in her Person as his Lord *Don Quixote*: And she, after dressing herself well in the Saddle, bethought and provided herself, whilst she coughed and used other Gestures, and then began to speak in this Manner:

First of all, good Sirs, I would have you to note, that I am called—And here she stood suspended a while, by reason she had forgotten the Name that the Curate had given unto her; but he presently occur'd to her

Succour, understanding the Cause, and said, It is no Wonder, great Lady, that you be troubled and stagger, whilst you recount your Misfortunes, seeing it is the ordinary Custom of Disasters, to deprive those whom they torment, and distract their Memory in such sort, as they cannot remember themselves, even of their own very Names, as now it proves done in your Highness, which forgets itself, that you are called the Princess *Micomicona*, lawful Inheritrix of the Kingdom of *Micomicon*; and with this note, you may easily reduce into your doleful Memory all that which you shall please to rehearse.

It is very true (quoth the Damsel) and from henceforth, I think it will not be needful to prompt me any more; for I will arrive into a safe Port, with the Narration of my authentick History; which is, That my Father, who was called the wise *Tinacrio*, was very expert in that which is called *Art magick*; and he knew, by his Science, that my Mother, who was called Queen *Xaramilla*, should die before he deceased; and that he should also pass from this Life within a while after, and leave me an Orphan: But he was wont to say, how that did not afflict his Mind so much, as that he was very certain, that a huge Giant, Lord of a great Island near unto my Kingdom, *Pandaflando of the dusky Sight*; because altho' his Eyes stand in their right Places, yet do they still look askint, which he doth to terrify the Beholders: I say, that my Father knew that this Giant, when he should hear of his Death, would pass with a main Power into my Land, and deprive me thereof, not leaving me the least Village, wherein I might hide my Head. Yet might all this be excused, if I would marry with him; but as he found out by his Science, he knew I would never condescend thereunto, or incline mine Affection to so unequal a Marriage. And herein he said nothing but Truth; for it never passed once my Thought, to espouse that Giant, nor with any other, were he ever so unreasonable, great, and mighty. My Father likewise added then, That after his Death, I should see *Pandaflando* usurp my Kingdom; and that I should in no wise stand to my Defence, for that would prove

prove my Destruction; but leaving to him the Kingdom freely without Troubles, if I mean to excuse mine own Death, and the total Ruin of my good and loyal Subjects; for it would be impossible to defend myself from the devilish Force of the Giant, I should presently direct my Course towards *Spain*, where I should find a Redress of my Harms, by encountering with a Knight-Errant, whose Fame should extend itself much about that Time throughout that Kingdom, and his Name should be, if I forget not myself, *Don Acote*, or *Don Gigote*.

Lady, you would say *Don Quixote* (quoth *Sancho Panca*, or, as he is called by another Name, *The Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face*.) You have Reason (replied *Dorotea*.) He said, moreover, that he should be high of Stature, have a withered Face, and that on the Right Side, a little under the Left Shoulder, or thereabouts, he should have a tawny Spot with certain Hairs like to Bristles. *Don Quixote* hearing this (said to his 'Squire') hold my Horse here, Son *Sancho*, and help me to take off mine Apparel, for I will see whether I be the Knight of whom the wise King hath prophesied. Why would you now put off your Cloaths (quoth *Dorotea*?) To see whether I have that Spot which your Father mentioned (answer'd *Don Quixote*.) You need not undo your Apparel for that Purpose (said *Sancho*) for I know already that you have a Spot, with the Tokens she named, on the very Ridges of your Back, and argues you to be a very strong Man. This is sufficient (quoth *Dorotea*) for we must not look too near, or be over-curious in our Friend's Affairs; and whether it be on the Shoulder or Ridge of the Back, it imports but little; for the Substance consists only in having such a Mark, and not wheresoever it shall be, seeing all is one and the self-same Flesh; and doubtless, my good Father did aim well at all, and I likewise in commending myself to *Don Quixote*; for surely he is the Man of whom my Father spoke, seeing the Signs of his Face agree with those of the great Renown that is spread abroad of this Knight, not only in *Spain*, but also in *Æthiopia*:

For I had no sooner landed in *Ofuna*, when I heard so many of his Prowesses recounted, as my Mind gave me presently, that he was the Man in whose Search I travelled. But how did you land in *Ofuna*, good Madam (quoth Don *Quixote*) seeing it is no Sea-town? Marry Sir (quoth the Curate, anticipating *Dorotea's* Answer) the Princess would say, that after she had landed in *Malaga*; but the first Place wherein she heard Tidings of you, was at *Ofuna*. So I would have said (quoth *Dorotea*.) And it may be very well (quoth the Curate) and I desire your Majesty to continue your Discourse. There needs no farther Continuation (quoth *Dorotea*) but that finally my Fortune hath been so favourable in finding of Don *Quixote*, as I do already hold and account myself for Queen and Lady of all mine Estate, seeing that he, of his wonted Bounty and Magnificence, hath promised me the Boon, to accompany me where-soever I shall guide him, which shall be to none other Place, than to set him before *Pandafiledo of the dusky Sight*, to the end you may slay him, and restore me to that which he hath so wrongfully usurped: For all will succeed in the twinkling of an Eye, as the wife *Tinacrio*, my good Father, hath foretold; who said, moreover, and also left it written in *Chaldaical* or *Greek* Characters (for I cannot read them) that if the Knight of the Prophecy, after having beheaded the Giant, would take me to Wife, that I should in no sort refuse him, but instantly admitting him for my Spouse, make him at once Possessor of myself and my Kingdom.

What thinkest thou of this, Friend *Sancho*? (quoth Don *Quixote* then) when he heard her say so: How liketh thou this Point? Did not I tell thee thus much before? See now, whether we have not a Kingdom to command, and a Queen whom we may marry? I swear as much (quoth *Sancho*) a Pox on the Knave that will not marry as soon as Master *Pandafiledo* his Wind-pipes are cut. Mount then, and see whether the Queen be ill, or no: I would to God all the Fleas of my Bed were turned to such. And saying so, he gave two or three
friskles

friskles in the Air with very great Signs of Contentment, and presently went to *Dorotea*, and taking her Mule by the Bridle, he with-held it; and laying himself down on his Knees before her, requested her very submissively to give him her Hands to kiss 'em, in sign that he receiv'd her for his Queen and Lady. Which of the Beholders could abstain from Laughter, perceiving the Master's Madness, and the Servant's Simplicity? To be brief, *Dorotea* must needs give them unto him, and promis'd to make him a great Lord in her Kingdom when Heaven became so propitious to her, as to let her once recover and possess it peaceably: And *Sancho* return'd her Thanks with such Words as made 'em all laugh anew.

This is my History, noble Sirs (quoth *Dorotea*) whereof only rests untold, that none of all the Train which I brought out of my Kingdom to attend on me is now extant, but this well-bearded Squire, for all of 'em were drowned in a great Storm that overtook us in the very Sight of the Harbour, whence he and I escaped, and came to Land by the help of two Planks, on which we laid hold, almost by Miracle; as also the whole Discourse and Mystery of my Life seems none other but a Miracle, as you might have noted: And if in any part of the Relation I have exceeded, or not observ'd a due *Decorum*, you must impute it to that which Master Licentiate said to the first of my History, that continual Pain, and Afflictions of Mind deprives them that suffer the like of their Memory. That shall not hinder me, O high and valorous Lady! (quoth *Don Quixote*) from enduring as many as I shall suffer in your Service, be they ever so great or difficult; and therefore I do anew ratifie and confirm the Promise I have made, and do swear to go with you to the end of the World, until I find out your fierce Enemy, whose proud Head I mean to slice off, by the help of God and my valorous Arm, with the Edge of this (I will not say a good) Sword, Thanks be to *Gines of Passamonte*, which took away mine own (this he said murmuring to himself, and then prosecuted, saying) and after I have cut it off, and left

left you peaceably in the possession of your State, it shall rest in your own Will to dispose of your Person as you like best ; for, as long as I have my Memory possess'd, and my Will captiv'd, and my Understanding yielded to her, I'll say no more ; 'tis not possible that ever I may induce myself to marry any other, altho' she were a *Phoenix*

That which Don *Quixote* had said last of all, of not marrying, disliked *Sancho* so much, as lifting his Voice with great Anger, he said, I vow and swear by my self that you are not in your right Wits, Sir Don *Quixote* ; for how is it possible that you can call the Matter of contracting so high a Principle as this is in doubt ? Do you think that Fortune will offer you at every Corner's end the like Hap of this which is now proffer'd ? Is my Lady *Dulcinea*, perhaps, more beautiful ? No certainly, nor half so fair ; nay, I am rather about to say, that she comes not to her Shoo that is here present.

In an ill Hour shall I arrived, to possess that unfortunate Earldom which I expect, if you go thus seeking for Mushrooms in the bottom of the Sea : Marry, marry your self presently ; the Devil take you for me, and take that Kingdom comes into your hands ; and, being a King, make me presently a Marquis or Admiral, and instantly after, let the Devil take all if he pleaseth. Don *Quixote*, who heard such Blasphemies spoke against his Lady *Dulcinea*, could not bear 'em any longer, and therefore lifting up his Javelin, without speaking any Word to *Sancho*, gave him therewithal two such Blows, as he overthrew him to the Earth, and had not *Dorotea* cried to him to hold his Hand, he had doubtlesly slain him in the Place.

Think'st thou (quoth he after a while) base Peasant, that I shall have always Leisure and Disposition to thrust my Hand into my Pouch, and that there be nothing else but thou still erring, and I pardoning ? And dost not thou think of it (excommunicated Rascal !) for certainly thou art excommunicated, seeing thou hast talk'd so broadly of the peerless *Dulcinea* ? And dost not thou know, base Slave, Vagabond, that if 'twere not for the
Va-

Valour she infuseth into mine Arm, that I should not have sufficient Forces to kill a Flea? Say, Scoffer, with the Viper's Tongue, who dost thou think hath gain'd this Kingdom, and cut the Head off this Giant, and made thee a Marquis (for I give all this for done already, and for a Matter ended and judg'd) but the Worths and Valour of *Dulcinea*, using mine Arm as the Instrument of her Act? She fights under my Person, and overcomes in me; and I live and breathe in her, and from her I hold my Life and Being. O whoreson Villain! how ungrateful art thou, that see'st thy self exalted out from the Dust of the Earth, to be a Nobleman, and yet dost repay so great a Benefit with detracting the Person that bestow'd it on thee!

Sancho was not so fore hurt, but that he could hear all his Master's Reasons very well; wherefore arising somewhat hastily, he ran behind *Dorotea* her Palfrey, and from thence said to his Lord, Tell me, Sir, if you be not determin'd to marry with this Princess, 'tis most clear that the Kingdom shall not be yours; and if it be not, what Favours can you be able to do to me? 'Tis of this that I complain me: Marry your self one for one with this Princess, now that we have her here, as 'twere rain'd us down from Heaven, and you may after turn to my Lady *Dulcinea*, for I think there be Kings in the World that keep Lemmans: As for Beauty, I will not intermeddle; for, if I must say the Truth, each of both is very fair, altho' I have never seen the Lady *Dulcinea*. How! hast thou not seen her, blasphemous Traytor? (quoth *Don Quixote*) as if thou didst but e'en now bring me a Message from her. I say (quoth *Sancho*) I have not seen her so leisurely, as I might particularly note her Beauty and good Parts one by one, but yet in a clap as I saw 'em, they liked me very well. I do excuse thee now (said *Don Quixote*) and pardon me the Displeasure which I have given unto thee, for the first Motions are not in our hands. I see that well (quoth *Sancho*) and that is the Reason why Talk is in me of one of those first Motions: And I cannot omit to speak once at least that which comes to my Tongue. For all that,

that, *Sancho* (reply'd *Don Quixote*) see well what thou speak'st, for *the Earthen Pitcher goes so oft to the Water*—I'll say no more.

Well then (answer'd *Sancho*) God is in Heaven, who seeth all these Guiles, and shall be one Day Judge of him that sins most; of me, in not speaking well, or of you by not doing well. Let there be no more (quoth *Dorotea*) but run, *Sancho*, and kiss your Lord's Hand, and ask him Forgiveness, and from henceforth take more heed how you praise or dispraise any body, and speak no Ill of that Lady *Toboso*, whom I do not know otherwise than to do her Service; and have Confidence in God, for thou shalt not want a Lordship, wherein thou may'st live like a King. *Sancho* went with his Head hanging downward, and demanded his Lord's Hand, which he gave unto him with a grave Countenance, and after he had kiss'd it, he gave him his Blessing, and said to him, That he had somewhat to say unto him, and therefore bid him to come somewhat forward, that he might speak unto him. *Sancho* obey'd, and both of 'em going a little aside, *Don Quixote* said unto him, I have not had Leisure after thy coming to demand of thee in particular, concerning the Embassage that thou carriedst, and the Answer that thou brought'st back; and therefore, now Fortune lends us some Opportunity and Leisure, do not deny me the Happiness which thou may'st give me by thy good News.

Demand what you Please (quoth *Sancho*) and I will answer you; and I request you, good my Lord, that you be not from henceforth so wrathful. Why dost thou say so, *Sancho* (quoth *Don Quixote*)? I say it (reply'd *Sancho*) because that these Blows, which you bestow'd now, were rather given in Revenge of the Dissention which the Devil stirred between us two t'other Night, than for any thing I said against my Lady *Dulcinea*, whom I do honour and reverence as a Relict, altho' she be none, only because she's yours. I pray thee, good *Sancho* (said *Don Quixote*) fall not again into those Discourses, for they offend me: I did pardon thee then, and thou know'st that a new Offence must have a new Penance.

As

As they talk'd thus, they espy'd a Gallant coming towards them, riding on an As; and when he drew near he seem'd to be an *Ægyptian*: But *Sancho Panca*, who, whenever he met any Ases, follow'd them with his Eyes and his Heart, as one that thought still on his own, had scarce ey'd him, when he knew that it was *Gines of Pafsamonte*, and by the Look of the *Ægyptian* found out the Fleece of his As, as in truth it was, for *Gines* came riding on his grey As, who, to the end that he might not be known, and also have Commodity to sell his Beast, attir'd himself like an *Ægyptian*, whose Language and many others he could speak as well as if they were his Mother-tongue. *Sancho* saw him, and knew him; and scarce had he seen and taken Notice of him, when he cry'd out aloud, Ah, Thief *Ginesillo*! leave my Goods behind thee, set my life loose, and do not intermeddle with my Ease; leave my As, leave my Comfort: Fly Villain! absent thyself, Thief! — and abandon that which is none of thine! He needed not to have used so many Words and Frumps, for *Gines* leap'd down at the very first, and beginning a Trot that seem'd rather to be a Gallop, he absented himself, and fled far enough from 'em in a Moment. *Sancho* went then to his As, and embracing him, said, How hast thou done hitherto, my Darling and Treasure, grey As of mine Eyes, and my dearest Companion? and with that stroked and kiss'd him as 'twere a reasonable Creature. The As held his Peace, and permitted *Sancho* to kiss and cherish him, without answering a Word. All the rest arriv'd, and congratulated with *Sancho* for the finding of his As, but chiefly *Don Quixote*, who said unto him, That notwithstanding that he found his As, yet would not he therefore annul his Warrant for the three Colts; for which *Sancho* return'd him very great Thanks.

Whilst they two travel'd together discoursing thus, the Curate said to *Dorotea*, that she had very discreetly discharg'd herself, as well in the History as in her Brevity and Imitation thereof, to the Phrase and Conceits of Books of Knighthood. She answer'd, That she did oftentimes read Books of that Subject, but that she knew not where the Provinces lay, nor Sea-ports; and therefore did

did only say at random, that she had landed in *Osuna*. I knew 'twas so (quoth the Curate) and therefore I said what you heard, wherewithal the Matter was solder'd : But is it not a marvellous Thing, to see with what Facility the unfortunate Gentleman believes all these Inventions and Lies, only because they bear the Stile and Manner of the Follies laid down in his Books ? It is (quoth *Cardenio*) and that so rare, and beyond all Conceit, as I believe, if the like were to be invented, scarce could the sharpest Wits devise such another.

There's yet (quoth the Curate) as marvellous a Matter as that ; for, leaving apart the Simplicities which this good Gentleman speaks concerning his Phrenzy, if you'll commune with him of any other Subject whatsoever, he will discourse on it with an excellent Method, and shew himself to have a clear and pleasing Understanding : So that, if he be not touch'd by Matters of Chivalry, there's no Man but will deem him to be of a sound and excellent Judgment.

Don *Quixote* on the other side prosecuted his conversing with the Squire, whilst the others talk'd together, and said to *Sancho*, Let us two, Friend *Panxa*, forget old Injuries, and say unto me now, without any Rancour or Anger, where, how, and when didst thou find my Lady *Dulcinea* ? What did she when thou camest ? What saidst thou to her ? What answer'd she ? What Countenance shew'd she as she read my Letter ? And who writ it out fairly for thee ? And every other Thing that thou shalt think worthy of Notice in this Affair, to be demanded or answer'd, without either Addition or Lying, or soothing Adulation ; And, on the other side, do not abbreviate it, lest thou shouldst defraud me thereby of expected Delight. Sir (answer'd *Sancho*) if I must say the Truth, none copy'd out the Letter for me, for I carried no Letter at all.

Thou say'st true (quoth Don *Quixote*) for I found the Tablets, wherein 'twas written, with myself, two Days after thy Departure, which did grieve me exceedingly, because I knew not what thou would do when thou didst perceive the want of the Letter ; and I always made full account that thou wouldst return again from the
Place

Place where thou shouldst first miss it. I had done so (quoth *Sancho*) if I had not borne it away in my Memory, when you read it to me, in such sort, as I said it to a Clerk of a Vestry, who did copy it out of my Understanding so point by point, as he said that he never, in all the Days of his Life, altho' he had read many a Letter of Excommunication, read or seen so fine a Letter as it was. And dost thou hold it yet in Memory, *Sancho*? quoth *Don Quixote*.

No, Sir, (said *Sancho*) for after I gave it, seeing it serv'd for no other Purpose, I did willingly forget it: And if I remember any thing, 'tis that of the *mouldy* (I would say *sovereign*) *Lady*; and the End, *Yours, until Death, the Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face*; and I put between these two Things, in the Letter, three hundred *Souls, and Lives, and Sweet-Eyes*.

CHAP. IV.

Of the pleasant Discourses continued between Don Quixote and his Squire Sancho Panca; with other Adventures.

ALL this liketh me well (said *Don Quixote*) therefore say on; Thou arrivest; and what was that *Queen of Beauty* doing then? I dare say that thou found'st her threading of Pearls, or embroidering some curious Device with *Venice Gold* for me her captive Knight. No, that I did not (quoth *Sancho*) but winnowing two Bushels of Wheat in the Yard of her House.

Why then (said *Don Quixote*) thou may'st make account that each Corn of that Wheat was a Grain of Pearl, seeing they were touch'd by her delicate Hand. And, Friend, didst thou note well what the Wheat was, whether of the best, or ordinary? 'Twas not, but read (said *Sancho*.) Well then, I assure thee (answer'd *Don Quixote*) that being sifted by her Hand, it must needs make very fair Bread, and white. But pass forward: When thou didst deliver my Letter, did she kiss it? Did she

she set it on her Head? Did she use any Ceremony worthy of such a Letter? Or, what did she? When I went to give it unto her (said *Sancho*) she was holding up of her Arms with a good quantity of Wheat that she had in her Sieve, and therefore said unto me, Friend, lay down that Letter there on the Sack, for I can't read it until I have winnow'd all that is here. O discreet Lady! (quoth Don *Quixote*) she surely did that because she might read it at leisure, and recreate herself therewithal. Forward, *Sancho*: And, as long as she was thus busied, what Discourses pass'd she with thee? What did she demand of thee concerning me? And thou, what didst thou answer? Say all, good *Sancho*, say all; recount to me every Particularity, and let not the least Immunity remain in the Inkhorn.

She demanded nothing of me (quoth *Sancho*) but I recounted unto her the State I had left you in, for her sake, doing of Penance all naked from the Girdle upward; among these Rocks, like a brute Beast, sleeping on the Ground, and eating your Bread without Table-cloths; and, that you never comb'd your Beard, but was weeping and cursing your Fortune. There thou saidst ill (quoth Don *Quixote*) for I do not curse my Fortune, but rather bless it, and will bless it as long as I live, seeing it hath made me worthy to merit the Love of so high a Lady as *Dulcinea of Toboso*. She's in good faith so high (answer'd *Sancho*) as she surpasseth me almost by a whole Cubit. Why how now, *Sancho* (said the Knight) hast thou measur'd thy self with her? I did measure my self with her in this manner (reply'd *Sancho*) that coming over to help her to lift up a Sack of Wheat on an Ass, we join'd so near, as I well perceiv'd that she was more than a great Span higher than my self. That is true (quoth Don *Quixote*) but think'st thou not the Tallness of her extended Stature is adorn'd with a thousand Millions of Graces and Endowments of the Soul? But, *Sancho*, thou canst not deny me one Thing; when thou didst thus approach her, didst thou not feel a most odoriferous Smell, an aromatical Fragrancy, I cannot tell what, so pleasing, as I know not how to term it? I say, such a Scent,

Scent, as if thou wert in some curious Perfumer's Shop? That which I know (quoth *Sancho*) is, that I felt a little unfavoury Scent, somewhat rammish and Man-like; and I think the Reason was, because she had sweat a little, doing of that Exercise. 'I was not so (quoth *Don Quixote*) but either thou hadst the Murrh, or else didst smell thy self; for I know very well how that Roses among Thorns doth scent, that Lilly of the Field, and that chosen Amber. It may well be (said *Sancho*) as you have said; for I have had many times such a Smell, as methought the Lady *Dulcinea* had then; and tho' she smelt so, 'twere no Marvel, for one Devil is like another.

And well (quoth *Don Quixote*) see here, she hath sifted her Corn, and sent it to the Mill; What did she after she had read the Letter? The Letter! (said *Sancho*) she read it not, for she said she could neither read nor write, and therefore she tore it into small pieces, and would have no Man to read it, lest those of the Village should know her Secrets, and say, that what I had told her by Word of Mouth of your Love and extraordinary Penance, which you remain'd doing for her sake, was sufficient. And finally she concluded, commanding me to say unto you, That she had her commended unto you; and, that she remain'd with greater Desire to see you, than to write unto you; and therefore she requested and will'd you, as you tender'd her Affection, that presently, upon sight hereof, you should abandon these shrubby Groves, leave off your Phrenzy, and take presently the Way of *Toboso*, if some Matter of greater importance did not occur, for she had very great Desire to see and talk with you. She laugh'd heartily when I told her that you named your self *The Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face*. I demanded of her, whether the beaten *Biscaine* came there; and she answer'd, that he did; and affirm'd withal, that he was a very honest Man. I ask'd also for the Galley-slaves, but she told me, that she had seen none of 'em as yet.

All goes well till this (said *Don Quixote*) but tell me, I pray thee, what Jewel did she bestow on thee at thy Departure, for Reward of the News thou carriedst unto her

her of me? for 'tis an usual ancient Custom among Knights and Ladies-Errant, to bestow on Squires, Damfels, or Dwarfs, which bring them any good Tidings of their Ladies or Servants, some rich Jewel, as a Reward and Thanks of their welcome News.

It may well be (quoth *Sancho*) and I hold it for a very laudable Custom; but, I think, 'twas only used in Times past, for I think the Manner of this our Age is, only to give a Piece of Bread and Cheese, for this was all that my Lady *Dulcinea* bestow'd on me, and that over the Yard-wall, when I took my Leave with her; and in sign thereof (welfare all good Tokens), this Cheese was made of Sheeps Milk. She is marvellous liberal (quoth Don *Quixote*) and if she gave thee not a Jewel of Gold, it was, without doubt, because she had none then about her; but *it is not lost, that comes at last*: I will see her, and then all things shall be amended. Know't thou, *Sancho*, whereat I wonder? 'Tis at this sudden Return, for it seems to me thou wast gone, and hast come back again in the Air, for thou hast been away but a little more than three Days, *Toboso* being more than Thirty thousand Leagues from hence; and therefore I do believe that the wise Enchanter, who takes care of mine Affairs, and is my Friend (for there is such a one of force, and there must be, under pain that I else should not be a good Knight-Errant.) I say, I verily-think that wise Man help'd thee to trample unawares of thy self, for there are wise Men of that condition, which will take a Knight-Errant sleeping in his Bed, and without Knowledge how, or in what manner, he will wake the next Day a thousand Leagues from that Place where he fell asleep: And were it not for this, Knights-Errant could not succour one another in their most dangerous Exigents, as they do now at every Step. For it oft-times befalls, that a Knight is fighting in the Mountains of *Armenia* with some devilish *Fauno*, some dreadful Shadow, or fierce Knight, where he's like to have the worst; and in this point of Death, when he least expects it, there appears there, on the top of a cloud, riding in a Chariot of Fire, another Knight, his Friend, who was but

but even then in *England*, and helps him, and delivers him from Death, and returns again that Night to his own Lodging, where he sups with a very good Appetite; and yet, for all that, is there wont to be two or three thousand Leagues from the one to the other Country; all which is compass'd by the Industry and Wisdom of those skilful Enchanters, that take care of the said valorous Knights.

So that, Friend *Sancho*, I am not hard of Belief in giving thee Credit, that thou hast gone and return'd in so short a time from this Place to *Toboso*, seeing, as I have said, some wise Man, my Friend, hath (belike) transported thee thither by stealth, and unaware of thy self. I easily think it (reply'd *Sancho*) for *Roxinante* travel'd in good faith as lustily as if he were an *Ægyptian's* Ass with Quicksilver in his Ears. And think'it thou not (quoth *Don Quixote*) that he had not Quicksilver in his Ears? Yes, and a Legion of Devils also to help it, who are Folk that do travel, and make others go as much as they list, without any Weariness.

But leaving all this apart, what's thine Opinion that I should do now, concerning my Lady's Commandment to go and see her? For altho' I know that I am bound to obey her Behests, yet do I find my self disabled at this time to accomplish them, by reason of the Grant I have made to the Princess that comes with us, and the Law of Arms doth compell me to accomplish my Word, rather than my Will: On the one side I am assaulted and urg'd by a Desire to go and see my Lady; on the other, my promis'd Faith, and the Glory that I shall win in this Enterprize, doth incite and call me away. But that which I resolve to do, is, to travel with all speed, that I may quickly arrive to the Place where that Giant is, and will cut off his Head at my coming; and when I have peaceably install'd the Princess in her Kingdom, will presently return to see the Light that doth lighten my Senses; to whom I will yield such forcible Reasons of my so long Absence, as she shall easily condescend to excuse my Stay, seeing all doth redound to her Glory and Fame: For all that I have gain'd, do
win

win, or shall hereafter atchieve by force of Arms in this Life, proceeds wholly from the Gracious Favour the pleaseth to bestow upon me, and my being hers.

O God! quoth *Sancho*, I perceive that you are greatly diseased in the Pate. I pray you, Sir, tell me whether you mean to go this long Voyage for nought, and let slip and lose so rich and so noble a Preferment as this, where the Dowry is a Kingdom, which is, in good faith as I have heard say, Twenty thousand Leagues in compass, and most plentifully stored with all things necessary for the sustaining of human Life; and, that it is greater than *Portugal* and *Castille* join'd together. Peace, for God's love, and blush at your own Words, and take my Counsel, and marry presently in the first Village that hath a Parish-Priest; and, if you will not do it there, can you wish a better Commodity than to have our own Master Licentiate, who will do it most excellently? And note, that I am old enough to give Counsel, and, that this which I now deliver is as fit for you as if 'twere expressly cast for you in a Mould; for a *Sparrow in the Fist is worth more than a flying Litter*.

*For he that can have Good, and Evil doth chuse,
For Ill that betides him, must not Patience lose.*

Why *Sancho* (quoth *Don Quixote*) if thou givest me Counsel to marry, to the end I may become a King after I have slain the Giant, and have Commodity thereby to promote thee, and give thee what I have promis'd, I let thee to understand, that I may do all that most easily without marrying myself; for, before I enter into the Battle, I will make this Condition, That when I come away Victor, altho' I marry not the Princess, yet shall a Part of the Kingdom be at my Disposition, to bestow upon whom I please: And when I receive it, upon whom wouldst thou have me bestow it but on thy self? That is manifest, said *Sancho*; but I pray you, Sir, have care to chuse that Part you would reserve towards the Sea-side, to the end that if the Living do not please me, I may embark my black Vassals, and
make

make the Benefit of them which I have said. And likewise I pray you not to trouble your Mind, thinking to go and see my Lady *Dulcinea* at this Time, but travel towards the Place where the Giant is, and kill him, and conclude that Business first: For I swear unto you, that I am of Opinion it will prove an Adventure of very great Honour and Profit. I assure thee, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, thou art in the right, and I will follow thy Counsel in rather going first with the Princess, than to visit *Dulcinea*. And I warn thee not to speak a Word to any body, no, not to those that ride with us, of that which we have here spoken and discoursed together: For since *Dulcinea* is so wary and secret, as she would not have her Thoughts discovered, it is no Reason, that I either by myself or any other should detect them.

If that be so, quoth *Sancho*, why then do you send all those which you vanquish by Virtue of your Arm, to present themselves to my Lady *Dulcinea*, seeing this is as good as Subsignation of your Hands Writing, that you wish her well, and are enamoured on her? and seeing that those which go to her, must forcibly lay them down on their Knees before her Presence, and say that they come from you to do her Homage, how then can the Thoughts of you both be hidden and concealed? Oh! how great a Fool art thou, and how simple? quoth *Don Quixote*. Dost thou not perceive, *Sancho*, how all this results to her greater Glory: For thou oughtest to wit, that in our Knightly Proceedings, it is great Honour, that one Lady alone may have many Knights-Errant for her Servitors, without extending their Thoughts any further than to serve her, only for her high Worths, without attending any other Reward of their many and good Desires, than that she will deign to accept them as her Servants and Knights. I have heard preach, said *Sancho*, that Men should love our Saviour with that kind of Love, only for his own sake, without being moved thereunto, either by the Hope of Glory, or the Fear of Pain; altho' for my part, I would love and serve him for what he is able to do. The Devil take thee for a Clown, quoth *Don Quixote*, how sharp and pertinently dost thou speak now and

then, able to make a Man imagine that thou hast studied? Now, by mine Honesty, quoth *Sancho*, I can neither read nor write.

Master *Nicholas* perceiving them drowned thus in their Discourses, cried out to them to stay, and drink of a little Fountain that was by the Way. Don *Quixote* rested, to *Sancho's* very great Contentment, who was already tired with telling him so many Lies, and was afraid his Master would entrap him in his own Words. For altho' he knew *Dulcinea* to be of *Toboso*, yet had he never seen her in his Life. And *Cardenio* had by this Time put on the Apparel *Dorotea* wore when they found her in the Mountains, which, tho' they were not very good, yet exceeded with great Advantage those which he had himself before. And alighting hard by the Fountain, they satisfied with the Provision the Curate had brought with him from the Inn, altho' it were but little, the great Hunger that pressed them. And whilst they took their Ease there, a certain young Stripling that travelled, passed by, who looking very earnestly on all those which sat about the Fountain, he ran presently after to Don *Quixote*, and embracing his Legs, he said, weeping downright, O my Lord, do not you know me? Look upon me, for I am the Youth, *Andrew*, whom you unloosed from the Oak whereunto I was tied. Don *Quixote* presently knew him; and taking him by the Hand, he return'd to those that were present, and said, Because you may see of how great Importance it is that there be Knights-Er-rant in the World, to undo Wrongs and Injuries that are committed in it by the insolent and bad Men which live therein, you shall wit that a few Days past, as I rode thorough a Wood, I heard certain lamentable Shrieks and Cries, as of some needful, and afflicted Person: I forthwith occur'd, born away by my Profession towards the Place from whence the lamentable Voice sounded, and I found tied to an oaken Tree, this Boy whom you see here in our Presence; for which I am marvellous glad, because if I shall not say the Truth, he may check me: I say, that he was tied to the Oak stark naked from the Middle upward, and a certain Clown was open-
ing

ing his Flesh with cruel Blows that he gave him with the Reins of a Bridle; which Clown, as I after understood, was his Master. And so, as soon as I saw him, I demanded the Cause of those cruel Stripes. The rude Fellow answered, that he beat him because he was his Servant, and that certain Negligencies of his proceeded rather from being a Thief, than of Simplicity. To which this Child answered, Sir, he whips me for no other Cause, but by reason that I demand my Wages of him. His Master replied, I know not now what Speeches and Excuses, the which altho' I heard, yet were they not by me admitted. In Resolution, I caused him to be loosed, and took the Clown's Oath, that he would take him Home, and pay him there his Wages, one Rial upon another, ay, and those also perfumed. Is it not true, Son *Andrew*? Didst not thou note with what a domineering Countenance I commanded it, and with what Humility he promised to accomplish all that I imposed, commanded and desired? Answer me; be not ashamed, nor stagger at all, but tell what passed to these Gentlemen, to the end it may be manifestly seen how necessary it is, as I have said, to have Knights-Errant up and down the Highways.

All that which you have said, quoth the Boy, is very true; but the End of the Matter succeeded altogether contrary to that which you imagined. How contrary? quoth *Don Quixote*. Why hath not the Peasant paid thee? He not only hath not paid me, answer'd the Boy, but rather as soon as you had passed the Wood, and that we remained both alone, he turned again and tied me to the same Tree, and gave afresh so many Blows, as I remained another *St. Bartholomew*, all flayed: And at every Blow he had some Jest or other in Derision of you; so that if I had not felt the Pain of the Stripes so much as I did, I could have found in my Heart to have laughed heartily. In fine, he left me in such pitiful Case, as I have been ever since curing myself in an Hospital of the Evil which the wicked Peasant did then unto me. And you are in the Fault of all this; for if you had ridden on your Way, and not come to the Place where you were

not fought for, nor intermeddled yourself in other Mens Affairs, perhaps my Master had contented himself with giving me a Dozen or two of Strokes, and would presently after have loosed me, and payed me my Wages. But by reason you dishonoured him so much without Cause, and said to him so many Villanies, his Choler was enflamed; and seeing he could not revenge it on you, finding himself alone, he disburdened the Shower on me so heavily, as I greatly fear that I shall never again be my own Man. The Hurt consisted in my Departure (quoth Don *Quixote*) for I should not have gone from thence, until I had seen thee paid. For I might have known, by many Experiences, that there is no Clown that will keep his Word, if he see the keeping of it any way can turn to his Damage. But yet, *Andrew*, thou dost remember how I swore that if he paid thee not, I would return and seek him out, and likewise find him, altho' he convey'd himself into a Whale's Belly. That's true, quoth *Andrew*, but all avails not. Thou shalt see whether it avails, or no, presently, quoth Don *Quixote*; and saying so, got up very hastily, and commanded *Sancho* to bridle *Roxinante*, who was feeding whilst they did eat. *Dorotea* demanded of him what he meant to do? He answered, that he would go and find out the Villain, and punish him for using such bad Proceedings, and cause *Andrew* to be paid the last *Denier*, in despite of as many Peasants as lived in the World. To which she answered, entreating him to remember that he could not deal with any other Adventure, according to his Promise, till her's was atchieved: And seeing that he himself knew it to be true better than any other, that he should pacify himself, until his Return from her Kingdom.

You have Reason, said Don *Quixote*; and therefore *Andrew* must have Patience *per Force*, until my Return (as you have said, Madam) and when I shall turn again, I do swear unto him, and likewise renew my Promise, never to rest until he be satisfied and paid. I believe not in such Oaths, quoth *Andrew*, but would have as much Money as might carry me to *Seville*, rather than all the Revenges in the World. Give me some Meat to eat, and carry
away

away with me, and God be with you and all other Knights-Errant; and I pray God that they may prove as erring to themselves as they have been to me.

Sancho took out of his Bag a Piece of Bread and Cheefe, and giving it to the Youth, said, Hold, Brother *Andrew*, for every one hath his Part of your Misfortune. I pray you what Part thereof have you, said *Andrew*? This Piece of Bread and Cheefe that I bestow upon thee, quoth *Sancho*; for God only knows whether I shall have Need of it again, or no; for thou must wit, Friend, that we 'Squires of Knights-Errant are very subject to great Hunger and evil Luck, yea, and to other Things which are bet er felt than told. *Andrew* laid hold on his Bread and Cheefe; and seeing that no body gave him any other Thing, he bowed his Head, and went on his Way. True it is, that he said to *Don Quixote*, at his Departure, For God's Love, good Sir Knight-Errant, if you shall ever meet me again in the Plight you have done, altho' you should see me torn in Pieces, yet do not succour or help me, but leave me in my Disgrace; for it cannot be so great, but that a greater will result from your Help, upon whom and all the other Knights-Errant that are born in the World, I pray God his Curse may alight. *Don Quixote* thought to arise to chastise him: But he ran away so swiftly, as no Man durst follow him; and our Knight remained marvellously ashamed at *Andrew's* Tale: Wherefore the rest with much ado suppressed their Desire to laugh, lest they should thoroughly confound him.

C H A P. V.

*Treating of that which befell all Don Quixote
his Train in the Inn.*

THE Dinner being ended, they saddled, and went to Horse presently, and travelled all that Day and the next, without encountering any Adventure of Price,

until they arrived at the only Bug and Scare-crow of *Sancho Panca*: And tho' he would full fain have excused his Entry into it, yet could he in no wise avoid it: The Inn-keeper, the Hostess, her Daughter, and *Maritorres*, seeing Don *Quixote* and *Sancho* return, went out to receive them with Tokens of great Love and Joy, and he entertained them with grave Countenance and Applause, and bid them to make ready a better Bed than the other, which they had given unto him the Time before. Sir, quoth the Hostess, if you would pay us better than the last Time, we would give you one for a Prince. Don *Quixote* answered that he would. They prepared a reasonable good Bed for him in the same wide Room where he lay before; and he went presently to Bed, by reason that he arrived much tired, and void of Wit. And scarce was he gotten into his Chamber, when the Hostess leaping suddenly on the Barber, and taking him by the Beard, said, Now by myself blessed, thou shalt use my Tail no more for a Beard, and thou shalt turn me my Tail; for my Husband's Comb goes thrown up and down the Floor, that it is a Shame to see it: I mean the Comb that I was wont to hang up in my good Tail. The Barber would not give it unto her for all her Drawing, until the Licentiate bid him to restore it; that they had now no more Use thereof, but that he might now very well discover himself and appear in his own Shape, and say to Don *Quixote*, that after the Galley-slaves had robbed him, he fled to that Inn: And if Don *Quixote* demanded by chance for the Princess her 'Squire, that they should tell him, how she had sent him before to her Kingdom, to give Intelligence to her Subjects that she returned, bringing with her him that should free and give them all Liberty. With this the Barber surrendered the Tail willingly to the Hostess, and likewise all the other borrowed Wares which she had lent for Don *Quixote's* Delivery. All those of the Inn rested wonderfully amazed at *Dorotea's* Beauty, and also at the Comeliness of the Shepherd *Cardenio*. Then the Curate gave Order to make ready for them such Meat as the Inn could afford: And the Inn-keeper,

in Hope of better Payment, did dress very speedily for them a reasonable good Dinner. Don *Quixote* slept all this While, and they were of Opinion to let him take his Rest, seeing Sleep was more requisite for his Disease than Meat. At the Table they discoursed (the Inn-keeper, his Wife, Daughter, and *Maritornes*, and all the other Travellers being present) of Don *Quixote's* strange Frenzy, and of the Manner wherein they found him. The Hostess's eistoons recounted what had happen'd there between him and the Carrier; and looking to see whether *Sancho* were present, perceiving that he was away, she told likewise all the Story of his canvassing; whereat they conceived no little Content and Pastime. And as the Curate said, that the original Cause of Don *Quixote's* Madnels proceeded from the reading of Books of Knighthood, the Inn-keeper answered:

I cannot conceive how that may be, for (as I believe) there is no Reading so delightful in the World; and I myself have two or three Books of that Kind, with other Papers, which do verily keep me alive, and not only me, but many other: For in the reaping Times, many of the Reapers repair to this Place in the Heat of Mid-day, and there is evermore some one or other among them that can read, who takes one of those Books in Hand, and then some thirty or more of us do compass him about, and do listen to him with such Pleasure, as it hinders a thousand hoary Hairs: For I dare say at least of myself, that when I hear tell of those furious and terrible Blows that Knights-Errant give, it inflames with a Desire to become such a one myself, and could find in my Heart to be hearing of them Day and Night. I am just of the same Mind, no more nor no less, said the Hostess, for I never had any quiet Hour in my House, but when thou art hearing those Books, whereon thou art so besotted, as then thou dost only forget to chide, which is thy ordinary Exercise at other Times. This is very true, said *Maritornes*: And I, in good sooth, do take great Delight to hear those Things, for they are very fine, and especially when they tell how such a Lady lies embraced by her Knight under an Orange-tree; and that a certain

Damsel keepeth Watch all the while, ready to burst for Envy that she hath not likewise her Sweetheart ; and very much afraid. I say, that all those Things are as sweet as Honey to me. And you, quoth the Curate to the Inn-keeper's Daughter, what do you think ? I know not, in good sooth, Sir, quoth she, but I do likewise give ear ; and in truth, altho' I understand it not, yet do I take some Pleasure to hear them ; but I mislike greatly those Blows, which please my Father so much, and only delights in the Lamentations that Knights make, being absent from their Ladies ; which, in sooth, do now and then make me weep, thro' the Compassion I take of them. Well then, quoth *Dorotea*, belike, fair Maiden, you would remedy them, if such Complaints were breathed for your own sake ? I know not what I would do, answered the Girl ; only this I know, that there are some of those Ladies so cruel, as their Knights call them *Tygers* and *Lions*, and a thousand other wild Beasts : And, good *Jesus*, I know not what unsouled Folk they be, and so without Conscience, that because they will not once behold an honourable Man, they suffer him either to die, or run mad : And I know not to what end serves all their Coynefs ; for if they do it for Honesty's sake, let them marry with them, for the Knights desire nothing more. Peace, Child, quoth the Hostess, for it seems that thou knowest too much of those Matters, and it is not decent that Maidens should know or speak so much. I speak, quoth she, by reason that this good Sir made me the Demand ; and I could not in Courtesy omit to answer him. Well, said the Curate, let me entreat you, good mine Host, to bring here those Books, for I would fain see them.

I am pleased, said the Inn-keeper : And then entering into his Chamber, he brought forth a little old Mallet shut up with a Chain ; and opening thereof, he took out three great Books and certain Papers written with a very fair Letter. The first Book he opened, was that of *Don Cirongilio of Thracia* ; the other *Felixmarte of Hircania* ; and the third, *The History of the great Captain Gonzalo Hernandez of Cordova*, with the Life of *Diego Garcia of Paredes*,

Paredes, adjoined. As soon as the Curate had read the Titles of the two Books, he said to the Barber, we have now great Want of our Friends, the old Woman and Niece. Not so much as you think, quoth the Barber, for I know also the Way to the Yard, or the Chimney, and, in good sooth, there is a Fire good enough for that Purpose. Would you then, quoth the Host, burn my Books? No more of them, quoth the Curate, but these first two of *Don Cirongilio* and *Felixmarte*, are my Books. Perhaps, quoth the Inn-keeper, heretical or flegmatical, that you would thus roughly handle them. Schismatical, thou wouldst have said, quoth the Barber, and not flegmatical. It is so, said the Inn-keeper; but if you will needs burn any, I pray you rather let it be that of the *great Captain*, and that of *Diego Garcia*, for I would rather suffer one of my Sons to be burned, than any one of those other two. Good Friend, these two Books are lying, full of Follies and Vanities, but that of the *great Captain* is true, and containeth the Arts of *Gonzalo Hernandez* of *Cordova*, who, for his sundry and noble Acts, merited to be termed by all the World *the great Captain*, a Name famous, illustrious, and only deserved by himself; and this other, *Diego Garcia* of *Paredes*, was a noble Gentleman, born in the City of *Truxillo* in *Esfiremandura*, and was a most valorous Soldier, and of so surpassing Force, as he would detain a Mill-wheel with one Hand from turning in the midst of the speediest Motion: And standing once at the End of a Bridge, with a two-handed Sword, defended the Passage against a mighty Army that attempted to pass over it: And did so many other Things, that if another, who were a Stranger and unpassionate, had written them, as he did himself, who was the Relater and Historiographer of his own Acts, and therefore recounted them with the Modesty of a Gentleman, and proper Chronicler, they would have drowned all the *Hectors*, *Achilles*, and *Rollands*, in Oblivion.

There is a Jest, quoth the Inn-keeper: Deal with my Father, I pray you: See at what you wonder: A wise Tale, at the with-holding of the Wheel of a Mill: I swear, you ought to read that which is in *Felixmarte* of *Hircania*,

who with one thwart Blow cut five mighty Giants in halves, as if they were of Beans, like to the little Friars that Children make of Bean-cods ; and set another Time upon a great and most powerful Army of more than a Million and six hundred thousand Soldiers, and overthrew and scattered them all like a Flock of Sheep. What then can you say to me of the Don *Cirongilio* of *Thracia*, who was so animous and valiant ? as may be seen in his Book ; wherein is laid down, that as he sailed along a River, there issued out of the midst of the Water a Serpent of Fire, and he, as soon as he perceived it, leaped upon her, and hanging by her scaly Shoulders, he wrung her Throat so straitly between both his Arms, that the Serpent perceiving herself to be well-nigh strangled, had no other Way to save herself, but diving down into the Deeps, carrying the Knight away with her, who would never let go his Gripe. And when they came to the Bottom, he found himself by a Palace, in such fair and pleasant Gardens, as it was a Wonder : And presently the Serpent turned into an old Man, which said to him such Things as there is no more to be desired. Two Figs for the great Captain, and that *Diego Garcia* of whom you speak.

Dorotea hearing speak thus, said to *Cardenio*, methinks our Host wants but little to make up a second Part of Don *Quixote*. So it seems to me likewise, replied *Cardenio* ; for, as we may conjecture by his Words, he certainly believes that every Thing written in those Books passed just as it is laid down, and bare-footed Friars would be scarce able to persuade him to the contrary. Know, Friend (quoth the Curate to the Innkeeper) that there never was any such Man as *Felixmarte* of *Hircania*, or Don *Cirongilio* of *Thracia*, nor other such Knights as Books of Chivalry recount ; for all is but a Device and Fiction of idle Wits that composed them, to the end that thou sayest, to pass over the Time, as your Readers do in reading them : For I sincerely swear unto thee, that there were never such Knights in the World, nor such Adventures and Raving happen'd in it. Cast that Bone to another Dog, quoth the Inn-keeper ; as tho' I knew not how many Numbers are Five, and where the Shoe wrests me
now.

now. I pray you, Sir, go not about to give me Pap, for by the Lord, I am not so white. Is it not a good Sport that you labour to persuade me, that all that which those good Books say, are but Ravings and Fables, they being printed by Grace and Privilege of the Lords of the Privy Council ; as if they were Folk that would permit so many Lies to be printed at once ; and so many Battles and Inchantments, as are able to make a Man run out of his Wits. I have told thee already, Friend (said the Curate) that this is done for the Recreation of our idle Thoughts : And so even as in well-govern'd Commonwealths, the Play at Chesse, Tennis, and Trucks, are tolerated for the Pastime of some Men which have none other Occupation, and either ought not, or cannot work ; even so such Books are permitted to be printed, presuming (as in truth they ought) that no Man would be found so simple and ignorant, as to hold any of these Books for a true History. And if my Leisure permitted, and that it were a Thing requisite for this Auditory, I could say many things concerning the Subject of Books of Knight-hood, to the end that they should be well contrived, and also be pleasant and profitable to the Readers : But I hope sometime to have the Commodity to communicate my Conceit with those that may redress it. And in the mean while you may believe, good mine Host, what I have said, and take to you your Books, and agree with their Truths or Leasings as you please, and much Good may it do you : And I pray God that you halt not in Time on the Foot that your Guest *Don Quixote* halteth. Not so quoth the Inn-keeper, for I will never be so wood as to become a Knight-Errant, for I see well, that what was used in the Times of these famous Knights, is now in no Use nor Request.

Sancho came in about the midst of this Discourse, and rested much-confounded and pensative of that which he heard them say, that Knights-Errant were now in no Request, and that the Books of Chivalry only contained Follies and Lies, and purposed with himself to see the End of that Voyage of his Lord's ; and that if it sorted not the wished Success which he expected, he resolved

to leave him, and return home to his Wife and Children, and accustomed Labour. The Inn-keeper thought to take away his Books and Budget; but the Curate withheld him, saying, Stay a while, for I would see what Papers are those which are written in so fair a Character. The Host took them out, and gave them him to read, being in Number some eight Sheets, with a Title written in Text Letters, which said, *The History of the curious Impertinent*. The curate read two or three Lines softly to himself, and said after, Truly, the Title of this History doth not mislike me, and therefore I am about to read it thorough. The Inn-keeper hearing him, said, Your Reverence may very well do it, for I assure you, that some Guest which have read it here as they have travelled, did commend it exceedingly, and have begg'd it of me as earnestly; but I would never bestow it, hoping some Day to restore it to the Owner of this Mallet, who forgot it here behind him, with these Books and Papers, for it may be that he will sometime return; and altho' I know that I shall have great Want of the Books, yet will I make to him Restitution; for altho' I am an Inn-keeper, yet God be thanked I am a Christian therewithal. You have great Reason, my Friend, quoth the Curate; but yet notwithstanding if the Taste like me, thou must give me Leave to take a Copy thereof. With all my Heart, replied the Host. And as they two talked, *Cardenio* taking the Book, began to read a little of it, and it pleasing him as much as it had done the Curate, he requested him to read in such a fort as they might all hear him. That I would willingly do, said the Curate, if the Time were not now more fit for Sleeping than Reading. It were sufficient Repose for me, said *Dorotea*, to pass away the Time listening to some Tale or other, for my Spirit is not yet so well quieted, as to afford me Licence to sleep, even then when Nature exacteth it. If that be so, quoth the Curate, I will read it, if it were but for Curiosity, perhaps it containeth some delightful Matter. Master *Nicholas* and *Sancho* entreated the same. The Curate seeing and knowing that he should therein do them all a Pleasure, and he him-

himself likewise receive as great, said, Seeing you will needs hear it, be all you attentive, for the History beginneth in this manner.

C H A P. VI.

Wherein is rehears'd the History of the curious Impertinent.

IN Florence, a rich and famous City of Italy, in the Province call'd *Tuscany*, there dwelt two rich and principal Gentlemen, call'd *Anselmo* and *Lothario*, which two were so great Friends, as they were named for Excellency, and by *Autonomasia*, by all those that knew 'em, *The two Friends*. They were both Batchelors, and much of one Age and Manners; all which was of force to make them answer one another with reciprocal Amity. True it is, that *Anselmo* was somewhat more inclined to amorous Dalliance than *Lothario*, who was altogether addicted to Hunting: But when Occasion exacted it, *Anselmo* would omit his own Pleasure to satisfy his Friend's; and *Lothario* likewise his, to please *Anselmo*: And by this Means both their Wills were so correspondent, as no Clock could be better order'd than were their Desires. *Anselmo* being at last deeply enamour'd of a principal and beautiful young Lady of the same City, called *Camila*, being so worthily descended, and she herself of such Merit therewithal, as he resolv'd (by the Consent of his Friend *Lothario*, without whom he did nothing) to demand her of her Parents for Wife, and did put his Purpose in execution. And *Lothario* himself was the Messenger, and concluded the Matter so to his Friend's Satisfaction, as he was shortly after put in possession of his Desires; and *Camila* so contented to have gotten *Anselmo*, as she ceased not to render Heaven and *Lothario* Thanks, by whose Means she had obtain'd so good a Match. The first Days, as all Marriage-days are wont to be merry, *Lothario* frequented, according to the Custom, his Friend *Anselmo*'s House, endeavouring to honour, feast, and recreate him all the

Ways

Ways he might possible: But after the Nuptials were finish'd, and the concourse of Strangers, Visitations, and Congratulations somewhat ceased, *Lothario* also began to be somewhat more slack than he wanted in going to *Anselmo's* House, deeming it (as 'tis reason that all discreet Men should) not so convenient to visit or haunt so often the House of his Friend after Marriage, as he would had he still remain'd a Batchelor; for altho' true Amity neither should nor ought to admit the least Suspicion, yet notwithstanding a married Man's Honour is so delicate and tender a Thing, as it seems it may be sometimes impair'd even by very Brethren, and how much more by Friends? *Anselmo* noted the Remisness of *Lothario*, and did grievously complain thereof, saying, That if he had wist by Marriage he should thus be depriv'd of his dearest Conversation, he would never have married; and, that since thro' the uniform Correspondency of them both being free, they had deserv'd the sweet Title of *The two Friends*, that he should not now permit (because he would be noted circumspect without any other Occasion) that so famous and pleasing a Name should be lost; and therefore he requested him (if 'twere lawful to use such a Term between them two) to return, and be Master of his House, and come and go as he had done before his Marriage, assuring him that his Spouse *Camila* had no other Pleasure and Will, than that which himself pleas'd she should have; and, that she, after having known how great was both their Friendships, was not a little amaz'd to see him become so strange.

To all these, and many other Reasons alledg'd by *Anselmo*, to persuade *Lothario* to frequent his House, he answer'd with so great Prudence, Discretion, and Wariness, as *Anselmo* remain'd satisfied of his Friend's good Intention herein; and they made an Agreement between them two, that *Lothario* should dine at his House twice a Week, and the Holidays besides. And altho' this Agreement had pass'd between them, yet *Lothario* purpos'd to do that only which he should find most expedient for his Friend's Honour, whose Reputation he tender'd much more dearly than he did his own; and was wont to say
very

very discreetly, That the married Man, unto whom Heaven had given a beautiful Wife, ought to have as much heed of the Friends which he brought to his House, as he should of the Women Friends that visited his Wife; for that which is not done nor agreed upon in the Church or Market, nor in publick Feasts or Stations (being Places that a Man cannot lawfully hinder his Wife from frequenting, sometimes at least) are oft-times facilitated and contriv'd in a Friend's or Kinswoman's House, whom perhaps we never suspected. *Anselmo* on the other side affirm'd, that therefore married Men ought, every one of 'em, to have some Friend, who might advertise them of the Faults escaped in their manner of proceeding; for it befalls many times, that thro' the great Love which the Husband bears towards the Wife, either he doth not take notice, or else he doth not advertise her, because he would not offend her, to do or omit to do certain Things, the doing or omitting whereof might turn to his Honour or Obloquy; to which Things, being advertis'd by his Friend, he might easily apply some Remedy. But where might a Man find a Friend so discreet, loyal, and trusty as *Anselmo* demands? I know not truly, if not *Lotbario*; for he it was that with all Sollicitude and Care regarded the Honour of his Friend; and therefore endeavour'd to clip and diminish the number of the Days promis'd, lest he should give Occasion to the idle Vulgar, or to Eyes of Vagabonds and malicious Men to judge any sinister thing, viewing so rich, comely, noble, and qualified a young Man as he was, to have free Access into the House of a Woman so beautiful as *Camila*: For tho' his Virtues and modest Carriage were sufficiently able to set a Bridle to any malignant Tongue, yet notwithstanding he would not have his Credit, nor that of his Friend's, call'd into any question; and therefore would spend most of the Days that he had agreed to visit his Friend in other Places and Exercises, yet feigning Excuses so plausible, as his Friend admitted 'em for very reasonable. And thus the Time pass'd on in Challenges of Unkindness of the one side, and lawful Excuses of the other.

It so fell out, that as both the Friends walk'd on a Day together in a Field without the City, *Anselmo* said to *Lothario* these Words ensuing; I know very well, Friend *Lothario*, that among all the Favours which God of his Bounty hath bestow'd upon me, by making me the Son of such Parents, and giving to me with so liberal a Hand both the Goods of Nature and Fortune, yet I cannot answer him with sufficient Gratitude for the Benefits already receiv'd, so I do find my self most highly bound unto him above all others, for having given me such a Friend as thou art, and so beautiful a Wife as *Camila*, being both of you such Pawns, as if I esteem you not in the Degree which I ought, yet do I hold you as dear as I may: And yet possessing all those Things which are wont to be the all and sum that are wont and may make a Man happy, I live notwithstanding the most sullen and discontented Life of the World, being troubled, I know not since when, and inwardly wrested with so strange a Desire, and extravagant from the common Use of others, as I marvel at my self, and do condemn and rebuke my self when I am alone, and do labour to conceal and cover my own Desires; all which have serv'd me to as little effect, as if I had proclaim'd my own Errors purposely to the World. And seeing that it must finally break out, my Will is, that it be only communicated to the Treasury of thy Secret, hoping that by it, and mine own Industry, which (as my true Friend) thou wilt use to help me, I shall be quickly freed from the Anguish it causeth, and by thy Means my Joy and Contentment shall arrive to the Pass that my Discontents have brought me thro' mine own Folly.

Lothario stood suspended at *Anselmo's* Speech, as one that could not imagine to what so prolix a Prevention and Preamble tended; and altho' he revolv'd and imagin'd sundry things in his Mind, which he deem'd might afflict his Friend, yet did he ever shoot wide from the Mark which in truth it was. And, that he might quickly escape that Agony wherein the Suspension held him, he said, That his Friend did notable Injury to their Amity, in searching out Wreathings and Ambages
in

n the discovery of his most hidden Thoughts to him, seeing he might assure himself certainly either to receive Counsels of him how to entertain, or else Remedy and Means how to accomplish 'em.

'Tis very true, answer'd *Anselmo*, and with that Confidence I let thee understand, Friend *Lothario*, that the Desire which vexeth me is, as longing to know whether my Wife *Camila* be as good and perfect as I do account her: And I cannot wholly rest satisfied of this Truth, by making Trial of her, in such sort, as it may give manifest Argument of the Degree of her Goodness, as the Fire doth shew the Value of Gold; for I am of Opinion (O Friend!) that a Woman is of no more Worth or Virtue than that which is in her after she hath * been solicited; and, that she alone is strong who cannot be bow'd by the Promises, Gifts, Tears, and continual Importunities of importunate Lovers: For what Thanks is it, quoth he, for a Woman to be good, if no body say or teach her ill? What Wonder that she be retired and timorous, if no Occasion be minister'd to her of Dissolution, and chiefly she that knows she hath a Husband ready to kill her, for the least Argument of Lightness? So that she which is only good for Fear, or want of Occasion, will I never hold in that Estimation that I would the other solicited and pursued, who notwithstanding comes away crown'd with the Victory. And therefore, being mov'd as well by these Reasons as by many other, which I could tell you, which a-credit and fortifie mine Opinion, I desire that my Wife *Camila* do also pass thro' the Pikes of those Proofs and Difficulties, and purifie and refine her self in the Fire of being requested, solicited, and pursued, and that by one whose Worths and Valour may deserve Acceptance in her Opinion: And if she bear away the Palm of the Victory, as I believe she will, I shall account my Fortune matchless, and may brag that my Desires are in their height; and will say, that a strong Woman hath fallen to my

* *Castâ est quam nemo rogavit.*

Lot, of whom the wise Man said, *Who shall find her?* And when it shall succeed contrary to mine Expectation, I shall, with the Pleasure that I will conceive to see how rightly it jumps with mine Opinion, bear very indifferent the Grief which in all Reason this so costly a Trial must stir in me. And presupposing that nothing which thou shalt say to me shall be available to hinder my Design, or dissuade me from putting my Purpose in execution; I would have thyself, dear Friend *Lothario*, to provide thee to be the Instrument that shall labour this Work of my liking, and I will give thee Opportunity enough to perform the same, without omitting any thing that may further thee in the solicitation of an honest, noble, wary, retired, and passionless Woman.

And I am chiefly mov'd to commit this so hard an Enterprize to thy Trust, because I know that if *Camila* be vanquish'd by thee, yet shall not the Victory arrive to the last Push and Upshot, but only to that of accounting a Thing to be done, which shall not be done for many good Respects: So shall I remain nothing offended, and mine Injury conceal'd in the Virtue of thy Silence; for I know thy Care to be such, in Matters concerning me, as it shall be eternal, like that of Death. And therefore if thou desirest that I may lead a Life deserving that Name, thou must forthwith provide thyself to enter into this amorous Conflict, and that not languishing or slothfully, but with that Courage and Diligence which my Desire expecteth, and the Confidence I have in our Amity assureth me.

These were the Reasons used by *Anselmo* to *Lothario*; to all which he was so attentive, as, until he ended, he did not once unfold his Lips to speak a Word, save those which we have above related: And seeing that he spoke no more, after he had held him a good while, as a Thing that he had never before, and did therefore strike him into Admiration and Amazement, he said, Friend *Anselmo*, I cannot persuade myself that the Words you have spoken to be other than Jest; for had I thought that thou wert in Earnest, I would not have suffer'd thee to pass on so far, and by lending thee no Ear, would have

I have excused this tedious Oration: I do verily imagine that either thou dost not know me, or I thee; but not so, for I know thee to be *Anselmo*; and thou, that I am *Lothario*: The Damage is, that I think thou art not the *Anselmo* thou wast wont to be, and perhaps thou deem'st me not to be the accus'd *Lothario* that I ought to be; for the Things which thou hast spoken are not of that *Anselmo* my Friend; nor those which thou seek'st ought to be demand'd of that *Lothario* of whom thou hast Notice; for true Friends ought to prove and use their Friends, as the Poet said, *usque ad aras*; that is, that they should in no sort employ them, or implore their Assistance, in Things offensive unto God: And if a *Gentile* was of this Opinion in Matters of Friendship, how much greater reason is it that a *Christian* should have that Feeling, especially knowing that the Celestial Amity is not to be lost for any human Friendship whatsoever? And when the Friend should throw the Bars so wide, as to set Heavenly Respects apart for to compliment with his Friend, it must not be done on light Grounds, or for Things of small moment, but rather for those whereon his Friend's Life and Honour wholly depends. Then tell me now, *Anselmo*, in which of these two Things art thou in danger, that I may adventure my Person to do thee a Pleasure, and attempt so detestable a Thing as thou dost demand? None of 'em, truly; but rather dost demand, as I may conjecture, that I do industriously labour to deprive thee of thine Honour and Life together; and in doing so, I likewise deprive my self of them both: For if I must labour to take away thy Credit, 'tis most evident that I despoil thee of Life, for a Man without Reputation is worse than a dead Man: And I being the Instrument (as thou desirest that I should be) of so great Harm unto thee, do not I become likewise thereby dishonour'd, and by the same Consequence also without Life? Hear me, Friend *Anselmo*, and have Patience not to answer me until I have said all that I think concerning that which thy Mind exacteth of thee, for we shall have after Leisure enough, where-

wherein thou may'st reply, and I have Patience to listen unto thy Reasons.

I am pleas'd, quoth *Anselmo*, say what thou likest. And *Lotbario* prosecuted his Speech in this manner: Methinks, *Anselmo*, that thou art now of the *Moor's* Humours, which can by no Means be made to understand the Error of their Sect, neither by Citations of the Holy Scripture, nor by Reasons which consist in Speculations of the Understanding, or that are founded in the Articles of the Faith, but must be won by palpable Examples, and those easie, intelligible, demonstrative, and doubtless, by Mathematical Demonstrations, which cannot be deny'd; even as when we say, *If from two equal Parts we take away two Parts equal, the Parts that remain are also equal.* And when they cannot understand this, as in truth they do not, we must demonstrate it to them with our Hands, and lay it before their Eyes; and yet, for all this, nought can avail to win them in the end to give Credit to the Verities of our Religion: Which very Terms and Manner of proceeding I must use with thee, by reason that the Desire which is sprung in thee doth so wander and stray from all that which bears the Shadow only of Reason, as I doubt much that I shall spend my Time in vain which I shall bestow to make thee understand thine own Simplicity; for I give it no other Name at this present: And, in good earnest, I was almost perswaded to leave thee in thine Humour, in punishment of thine inordinate and unreasonable Desire, but that the Love which I bear towards thee doth not consent I use to thee such Rigour, or leave thee in so manifest Danger of thine own Perdition. And that thou may'st clearly see it, tell me, *Anselmo*, hast not thou said unto me, that I must sollicite one that stands upon her Reputation, persuade an honest Woman, make Proffers to one that is not passionate or engaged, and serve a discreet Woman? Yes, thou has said all this. Well then, if thou know'st already that thou hast a retir'd, honest, unpassionate, and prudent Wife, what seek'st thou more? And if thou think'st that she will resist victorious after all mine Assaults, as doubtless she will, what

What better Titles wouldst thou after bestow upon her, than those she possesseth already? Either it proceeds because thou dost not think of her as thou say'st, or else because thou know'st not what thou demandest: If thou dost not account her such as thou praisest her, to what End wouldst thou prove her, but rather as an evil Person, use her as thou likest best? But if she be as good as thou believest, 'twere an impertinent thing to make trial of Truth itself; for after 'tis made, yet it will still rest only with the same Reputation it had before. Wherefore 'tis a concluding Reason, that to attempt Things whence rather Harm may after result unto us than Good, is the Part of rash and discourteous Brains, and principally when they deal with those Things whereunto they are not compel'd or driven, and that they see, even afar off, how the attempting the like is manifest Folly. Difficult Things are undertaken for God, or the World, or both: Those that are done for God, are the Works of the Saints, endeavouring to lead Angels Lives in frail and Mortal Bodies: Those of the World, are the Travels and Toils of such as cross such immense Seas, travel thro' so adverse Regions, and converse with so many Nations, to acquire that which we call *the Goods of Fortune*: And the Things acted for God and the World together, are the worthy Exploits of resolute and valorous martial Men, which scarce perceive so great a Breach in the Adversary-wall, as the common Bullet is wont to make, when, leaving all Fear apart, without making any Discourse, or taking Notice of the manifest Danger that threatens 'em, borne away by the Wings of Desire and Honour to serve God, their Nation, and Prince, do throw themselves boldly into the Throat of a thousand menacing Deaths which expect 'em.

These are Things wont to be practis'd, and 'tis Honour, Glory and Profit to attempt 'em, be they never so full of Inconveniences and Danger: But that which thou say'st thou wilt try and put in practice shall never gain thee God's Glory, the Goods of Fortune, or Renown among Men: For, suppose that thou bring'st it to pass according to thine own Fancy, thou shalt remain

no-

nothing more contented, rich, or honourable than thou art already: And if thou dost not, then shalt thou see thy self in the greatest Miserie of any Wretch living; for 'twill little avail thee then, to think that no Man knows the Disgrace befallen thee, it being sufficient both to afflict and dissolve thee, that thou know'st it thy self. And, for greater confirmation of this Truth, I will repeat unto thee a Stanza of the famous Poet *Ludovico Transilo*, in the end of his first Part of *St. Peter's Tears*, which is,

THE Grief encreaseth, and withal the Shame,
In Peter when the Day it self did show;
And tho' he no Man sees, yet doth he blame
Himself, because he had offended so.

*For Breasts magnanimous not only tame,
 When that of others they are seen they know;
 But of themselves asham'd they often be,
 Tho' none but Heaven and Earth their Error see.*

So that thou canst not excuse thy Grief with Secrecy, be it never so great, but rather shalt have continual Occasion to weep, if not watery Tears from thine Eyes, at least Tears of Blood from thy Heart, such as that simple Doctor wept, of whom our Poet makes mention, who made trial of the Vessel, which the prudent *Reynaldos*, upon maturer Discourse, refus'd to deal withal: And altho' it be but a Poetical Fiction, yet doth it contain many hidden Morals worthy to be noted, understood, and imitated; how much more, seeing that by what I mean to say now, I hope thou shalt begin to conceive the great Error which thou wouldst wittingly commit.

Tell me, *Anselmo*, if Heaven or thy Fortunes had made thee Lord and lawful Possessor of a most precious Diamond, of whose Goodness and Quality all the Lapidarists that had view'd the same would rest satisfied, and that all of 'em would jointly and uniformly affirm, that it arriv'd in Quality, Goodness, and Fineness to all that to which the Nature of such a Stone might extend itself,
 and

and that thou thy self didst believe the same, without witting any thing to the contrary, would it be just that thou shouldst take a Humour to set that Diamond between an Anvil and a Hammer, and to try there, by very force of Blows, whether it be so hard and so fine as they say? And farther, when thou didst put thy Design in execution, put the Case that the Stone made any resistance to thy foolish Trial, yet wouldst thou add thereby no new Value or Esteem to it? And if it did break, as it might befall, were not then all lost? Yes, certainly; and that leaving the Owner, in all Men's Opinion, for a poor ignorant Person. Then, Friend *Anselmo*, make account that *Camila* is a most precious Diamond, as well in thine as in other Men's Estimation; and it is no Reason to put her in contingent danger of breaking, seeing that altho' she remain in her Integrity, she cannot mount to more Worth than she hath at the present; and if she faulter'd, or did not resist, consider even at this present what State you would be in then, and how justly thou might'st then complain of thy self, for being Cause of her Perdition and thine own. See how there is no Jewel in the World comparable to the modest and chaste Woman; and, that all Women's Honour consists in the good Opinion that's had of 'em: And seeing that of thy Spouse is so great, as it arrives to that sum of Perfection which thou know'st, why wouldst thou call this Verity in question? Know, Friend, that a Woman is an imperfect Creature, and should therefore have nothing cast in her Way, to make her stumble and fall, but rather to clear and do all Incumbrances out of it, to the end she may, without Impeachment, run with a swift course to obtain the Perfection she wants, which only consists in being virtuous.

The Naturalists recount, that the *Ermin* is a little Beast that hath a most white Skin, and, that when the Hunters would chase him, they use this Art to take him: As soon as they find out his Haunt, and Places where he hath recourse, they thwart 'em with Mire and Dirt, and after, when they descry the little Beast, they pursue him towards those Places which are defiled; and the *Ermin* espy-

espying the Mire, stands still, and permits himself to be taken and captiv'd in exchange of not passing thro' the Mire, or staining of his Whiteness, which it esteems more than either Liberty or Life. The honest and chaste Woman is an *Ermin*, and the Virtue of Chastity is whiter and purer than Snow, and he that would not lose it, but rather desires to keep and preserve it, must proceed with a different Stile from that of the *Ermin*; for they must not propose and lay before her the Mire of the Passions, Flatteries, and Services of importunate Lovers, for perhaps she shall not have the natural Impulse and Force, which commonly, thro' proper Debility, is wont to stumble, to pass over those Incumbrances safely; and therefore 'tis requisite to free the Passage, and take 'em away, and lay before her the Clearness of Virtue, and the Beauty compriz'd in good Fame. The Good Woman is also like unto a bright and clear Mirrour of *Ghrystal*, and therefore is subject to be stain'd and dimmed by every Breath that toucheth it. The Honest Woman is to be used as Relicks of Saints, to wit, she must be honour'd, but not touch'd. The Good Woman is to be kept and priz'd like a fair Garden full of sweet Flowers and Roses that's held in Estimation, whose Owner permits no Man to enter and trample, or touch his Flowers, but holds it to be sufficient that they standing afar off, without the Rails, may enjoy the delightful Sight and Fragrancy thereof. Finally, I will repeat certain Verses unto thee that have now come to my Memory, the which were repeated of late in a new Play, and seem to me very fit for the Purpose of which we treat. A prudent old Man did give a Neighbour of his that had a Daughter, Counsel to keep and shut her up, and among other Reasons he used these:

T *Ruly Woman is of Glasse,
Therefore no Man ought to try,
If she broke, or not, might be,
Seeing all might come to pass.*

*Yet to break her 'tis more easie,
And it is no Wit to venture
A Thing of so brittle Temper,
That to solder is so queasie.*

*And I would have all Men dwell
In this Truth, and Reasons ground,
That if Danaes may be found,
Golden Showers are found as well.*

All that which I have said to thee, *Anselmo*, until this Instant, hath been for that which may touch thy self; and 'tis now high time that somewhat be heard concerning me; and if by chance I shall be somewhat prolix, I pray thee to pardon me, for the Labyrinth wherein thou hast enter'd, and out of which thou would'st have me to free thee, requires no less. Thou hold'st me to be thy Friend, and yet goest about to despoil me of mine Honour, being a Thing contrary to all Amity; and dost not only pretend this, but dost likewise endeavour that I should rob thee of the same. That thou would'st deprive me of mine, is evident; for when *Camila* shall perceive that I sollicite her as thou demand't, 'tis certain that she will esteem of me as of one quite devoid of Wit, and indiscreet, seeing I intend and do a Thing so repugnant to that which the being him that I am, and thine Amity, do bind me unto. That thou wouldst have me rob thee thereof, is as manifest; for *Camila* seeing me thus to court her, must imagine that I have noted some Lightness in her, which lent me Boldness thus to discover unto her my depraved Desires; and she holding herself to be thereby injur'd and dishonour'd, her Disgrace must also concern thee, as a principal Part of her: And hence springs that which is commonly said, That the Husband of the adulterous Wife, altho' he know nothing of her Lewdness, nor hath given any Occasion to her to do what she ought not, nor was able any way to hinder by Diligence, Care, or other Means, his Disgrace, yet is entitul'd with a vituperous and vile Name, and is in a manner beheld by those that know his Wife's Malice with the Eyes of Contempt; whereas they should indeed regard him ra-

ther with those of Compassion, seeing that he falls into that Misfortune, not so much thro' his own Default, as thro' the light Fantasie of his wicked Consort: But I'll shew thee the Reason why a bad Woman's Husband is justly dishonour'd and contemn'd, altho' he be ignorant and guiltless thereof, and cannot prevent, nor hath given to it any Occasion: And be not griev'd to hear me, seeing the Benefit of the Discourse shall redound unto thy self.

When God created our first Parent in the terrestrial Paradise, the Holy Scripture saith, that *God infused Sleep into Adam*, and that being asleep; he took a Rib out of his left Side, of which he form'd our Mother *Eve*, and as soon as *Adam* awaked and beheld her, he said, *This is Flesh of my Flesh, and Bone of my Bone*: And God said, *For this Cause shall a Man leave his Father and his Mother, and they shall be two in one Flesh*. And then was the Divine Ordinance of Matrimony first instituted, with such indissoluble Knots, as only may be by Death dissolv'd. And this marvellous Ordinance is of such Efficacy and Force, as it makes two different Persons to be one very Flesh, and yet operates farther in good married Folk; for altho' they have two Souls, yet it makes them to have but one Will: And hence it proceeds, that by reason the Wife's Flesh is one and the very same with her Husband's, the Blemish or Defects that taint it do also redound into the Husband's, altho' he (as we have said) have minister'd no Occasion to receive that Damage: For as the whole Body feels any Pain of the Foot, Head, or any other Member, because 'tis all one Flesh, and the Head smarts at the Grief of the Ankle, altho' it hath not caus'd it, so is the Husband Participant of his Wife's Dishonour, because he's one and the self-same with her. And by reason that all the Honours and Dishonours of the World are, and spring from Flesh and Blood, and those of the bad Woman be of this kind, 'tis forcible that part of 'em fall to the Husband's share, and that he be accounted dishonourable, altho' he wholly be ignorant of it. See then, *Anselmo*, to what Peril thou dost thrust thy self, by seeking to disturb the Quietness and Repose wherein thy Wife lives;

lives: And for how vain and impertinent Curiosity thou wouldst stir up the Humours which are now quiet in thy chaste Spouse's Breast? Note how the Things thou dost adventure to gain are of small moment, but that which thou shalt lose so great, that I must leave it in his point, having no Words sufficiently able to endear it: But if all that I have said be not able to move thee from thy bad Purpose, thou may'st well seek out for some other Instrument of thy Dishonour and Mishaps, for I mean not to be one, altho' I should therefore lose mine Amity, which is the greatest Loss that might any way befall me.

Here the prudent *Lotbario* held his peace, and *Anselmo* remain'd so confounded and melancholy, as he could not answer a Word to him for a very great while; but in the end he said, I have listned, Friend *Lotbario*, to all that which thou hast said unto me, with the Attention which thou hast noted, and have perceiv'd in thy Reasons, Examples and Similitudes, the great Discretion therewithal thou art endow'd, and the Perfection of Amity that thou hast attain'd; and do confess and see, that if I follow not thine Advice, but should lean unto mine own, I do but shun the Good, and pursue the Evil; yet ought'st thou likewise to consider, how herein I suffer the Disease which some Women are wont to have, that long to eat Earth, Lime, Coals, and other far worse and loathsome Things, even to the very Sight, and much more to the Taste; so that it is behoveful to use some Art by which I may be cured: And this might be easily done, by beginning only to sollicite *Camila*, altho' you did it but weak and feignedly, for I know she will not be so soft and pliable, as to dash her own Honesty about the Ground at the first Encounters, and I will rest satisfied with this Commencement alone; and thou shalt herein accomplish the Obligation thou owest to our Friendship, by not only restoring me to Life, but also by persuading me not to dispoil my self of mine Honour: And thou art bound to do this for one Reason that I shall alledge, to wit, that I being resolv'd, as indeed I am, to make this Experience, thou ought'st not to permit, being my Friend,

that I should bewray my Defect herein to a Stranger, whereby I might very much endanger my Reputation, which thou labour'st so much to preserve; and tho' thy Credit may lose some Degrees in *Camila's* Opinion, whilst thou dost sollicite her, it matters not very much, or rather nothing; for very shortly, when we shall spy in her the Integrity that we expect, thou may'st open unto her sincerely the Drift of our Practice, by which thou shalt again recover thine impair'd Reputation. Therefore seeing the Adventure is little, and the Pleasure thou shalt do me by the enterprizing thereof so great, I pray thee do it, tho' ever so many Incumbrances represent themselves to thee; for (as I have promis'd) with only thy beginning I will rest satisfied, and account the Cause concluded.

Lothario perceiving the firm Resolution of *Anselmo*, and nothing else occurring forcibly dissuasive, nor knowing what other Reasons to use that might hinder this his precipitate Resolution; and noting withal how he threaten'd to break the Matter of this his indiscreet Desires to a Stranger, he determin'd, to avoid greater Inconveniences, to give him Satisfaction, and perform his Demand, with Purpose and Resolution to guide the Matter so discreetly, as, without troubling *Camila's* Thoughts, *Anselmo* should rest contented; and therefore entreated him not to open his Mind to any other, for he himself would undertake that Enterprize, and begin it whensoever he pleas'd. *Anselmo* embraced him very tenderly and lovingly, and gratified him as much for that Promise as if he had done him some very great Favour: And there they accorded between 'em, that he should begin the Work the very next Day ensuing, for he would give him Place and Leisure to speak alone with *Camila*, and would likewise provide him of Money, Jewels, and other Things to present unto her. He did also admonish him to bring Musick under her Windows by Night, and write Verses in her Praise; and, if he would not take the Pains to make them, he himself would compose 'em for him. *Lothario* promis'd to perform all himself, yet with an Intention far wide from *Anselmo's*.
And

And with this Agreement they return'd to *Anselmo's* House, where they found *Camila* somewhat sad and careful, expecting her Husband's Return, who had stay'd longer abroad that Day than his Custom. *Lothario* leaving him at his House, return'd to his own, as penfive as he had left *Anselmo* contented, and knew not what Plot to lay to issue out of that impertinent Affair with prosperous Success: But that Night he bethought himself of a Manner how to deceive *Anselmo* without offending *Camila*; and so the next Day ensuing he came to his Friend's House to Dinner, where *Camila*, knowing the great Goodwill her Husband bore towards him, did receive and entertain him very kindly with the like. Dinner being ended; and the Table taken up, *Anselmo* requested *Lothario* to keep *Camila* company until his Return; for he must needs go about an Affair that concern'd him greatly, but would return again within an Hour and a Half: *Camila* entreated her Husband to stay, and *Lothario* proffer'd to go and keep him company, but nothing could prevail with *Anselmo*, but rather he importun'd his Friend *Lothario* to remain and abide there till his Return, because he must go to treat of a Matter of much Consequence. He also commanded *Camila* not to leave *Lothario* alone until he came back. And so he departed, leaving *Camila* and *Lothario* together at the Table, by reason that all the Attendants and Servants were gone to Dinner.

Here *Lothario* saw that he was enter'd into the Lists which his Friend so much desir'd, with his Adversary before him, who was with her Beauty able to overcome a whole Squadron of arm'd Knights: See then if *Lothario* had not reason to fear himself? But that which he did at the first Onset was, to lay his Elbow on the Arm of his Chair, and his Hand on his Cheek, and desiring *Camila* to bear with his Respectfulness therein, he said, He would repose a little whilst he attended *Anselmo's* coming. *Camila* answer'd, That she thought he might take his Ease better on the Cushions of State, and therefore pray'd him he would enter into the Parlour and lie on them: But he excus'd himself, and so remain'd

asleep in the same Place until *Anselmo's* Return; who coming in, and finding his Wife in her Chamber, and *Lothario* asleep, made full account that, by reason of his long Stay, they had Time enough both to talk and repose, and therefore expected very greedily the Hour wherein his Friend should awake, to go out with him, and learn what Success he had. All succeeded as he wish'd, for *Lothario* arose, and both of 'em went abroad; and then he demanded of him what he desir'd; and *Lothario* answer'd, That it seem'd not to him so good to discover all his Meaning at the first, and therefore had done no other Thing at that time than speak a little of her Beauty and Discretion; for it seem'd to him that this was the best Preamble he could use, to gain by little and little some Interest and Possession in her Acceptance, to dispose her thereby to give ear again to his Words more willingly, imitating therein the Devil's Craft, when he means to deceive any one that's vigilant and careful, for then he translates himself into an Angel of Light, being one of Darkness, and laying before him apparent Goods, discovers what he is in the end, and brings his Intention to pass, if his Guiles be not at the beginning detected. All this did greatly like *Anselmo*, who said, That he would afford him every Day as much Leisure, altho' he did not go abroad, for he would spend the Time so at home, as *Camila* should never be able to suspect his Drift.

It therefore befell that many Days passed, which *Lothario* did willingly overslip, and said nothing to *Camila*, yet did he ever looth *Anselmo*, and told him that he had spoken to her, but could never win her to give the least Argument of Flexibility, or make way for the feeblest Hope that might be, but rather affirm'd, that she threatened him, that if he did not repell his impertinent Desires, she would detect his indirect Proceedings to her Husband. 'Tis well, quoth *Anselmo*: Hitherto *Camila* hath resisted Words, 'tis therefore requisite to try what Resistance she'll make against Works: I will give thee to-morrow Four thousand Crowns in Gold, to the end thou may'st offer, and also bestow them on her; and
thou

thou shalt have as many more to buy Jewels wherewithal to bait her, for Women are naturally inclin'd, and especially if they be fair (be they ever so chaste) to go brave and gorgeously attired; and if she can overcome this Temptation, I will remain pleas'd, and put thee to no more Trouble. *Lothario* answer'd, That seeing he had begun, he would bear his Enterprize on to an end, altho' he made full account that he should depart from the Conflict before tried and vanquish'd. He receiv'd the Four thousand Crowns the next Day, and at once with them Four thousand Perplexities, for he knew not what to invent, to lye anew; but concluded finally to tell to his Friend, how *Camila* was as inflexible at Gifts and Promises as at Words; and therefore 'twou'd be in vain to travel any more in her pursuit, seeing he should do nothing else but spend the Time in vain.

But Fortune, which guided these Affairs in another manner, so disposed, that *Anselmo* having left *Lothario* and *Camila* alone, as he was wont, enter'd secretly into a Chamber, and thro' the Crannies and Chinks did listen and see what they would do, where he perceiv'd that *Lothario*, in the space of half an Hour, spoke not a Word to *Camila*; nor yet would he have spoken, tho' he had remain'd there a whole Age; and thereupon surmised strait, that all that which his Friend had told him of *Camila*'s Answers, and his own Speech, were but Fictions and Untruths; and, that he might the more confirm himself, and see whether it were so, he came forth, and calling *Lothario* apart, he demanded of him what *Camila* had said, and in what Humour she was at the present: *Lothario* answer'd, That he meant not ever any more to found her in that Matter; for she reply'd to him so untowardly and sharply, as he durst not attempt any more to speak unto her of such Things.

O, quoth *Anselmo*, *Lothario! Lothario!* how evil dost thou answer to the Affection thou owest me, or to the Confidence I did repose in thee? I have stood beholding thee all this while thro' the Hole of that Lock, and saw how thou never spokest one Word to her: Whereby I do also collect, that thou hast not yet once accosted

her: And if it be so, as undoubtedly it is, say, why dost thou deceive me? or, why goest thou about fraudulently to deprive me of those Means whereby I may obtain my Desires? *Anselmo* said no more, yet what he said was sufficient to make *Lothario* confused and ashamed, who taking it to be a Blemish to his Reputation to be found in a Lye, swore to *Anselmo*, that he would from thenceforward so endeavour to please his Mind, and tell him no more Leafings, as he himself might perceive the Success thereof, if he did again curiously lie in watch for him; a Thing which he might well excuse, because his most serious Labour to satisfy his Desire should remove all Shadow of Suspicion. *Anselmo* believ'd him; and, that he might give him the greater Commodity, and less Occasion of Fear, he resolv'd to absent himself from his House some eight Days, and go to visit a Friend of his, that dwelt in a Village not far from the City; and therefore dealt with his Friend that he should send a Messenger to call for him very earnestly, that under that Pretext he might find an Excuse to *Camila* for his Departure.

O unfortunate and inconsiderate *Anselmo*! what is that which thou dost? what dost thou contrive? or what is it that thou goest about? Behold, thou work'st thine own Ruin, laying Plots of thine own Dishonour, and giving Order to thy proper Perdition: Thy Wife *Camila* is good; thou dost possess her in quiet and peaceable manner; no Man surpriseth thy Delights; her Thoughts transgress not the Limits of her House; thou art her Heaven on Earth, and the Goal to which her Desires aspire. Thou art the Square by which she measureth and directeth her Will, adjusting wholly with thine, and with that of Heaven. Since then the Mines of her Honour, Beauty, Modesty, and Recollection, bountifully afford thee, without any Toil, all the Treasures contain'd in them, or thou canst desire, why wouldst thou dig the Earth, and seek out new Veins, and new-seen Treasures, exposing thyself to the Danger, that thy Labours may turn to Wreck, seeing, in fine, that they are only sustain'd by the weak Supporters of her frail Nature? Remember
how

how he that seeks the impossible may justly be refus'd
of that which is possible, according unto which the Poet
faith,

I *N* Death for Life I seek,
Health in Infirmary:
For Issue in a Dungeon deep;
In Goals for Liberty;
And a Traytor Loyalty.

*But envious Fate, which still
Conspires to work mine Ill,
With Heaven hath thus decreed,
That easie Things should be to me deny'd
'Cause I crave th' impossible.*

Anselmo departed the next Day following to the Village, telling *Camila* at his Departure, that whilst he were absent his Friend *Lothario* would come and see to the Affairs of his House, and to eat with her, and desir'd her therefore to make as much of him as she would do of his own Person. *Camila*, like a discreet and modest Woman, was griev'd at the Order her Husband did give her, and requested him to render how indecent it was that any one should possess the Chair of his Table, he being absent; and if he did it, as doubting her Sufficiency to manage Household Affairs, that at least he should make trial of her that one Time, and should clearly perceive how she was able to discharge Matters of far greater consequence. *Anselmo* reply'd, That what he commanded was his Pleasure, therefore she had nothing else to do but hold down the Head, and obey it. *Camila* answer'd, That she would do so, altho' it was very much against her Will. In fine, her Husband departed, and *Lothario* came the next Day following to the House, where he was entertain'd by *Camila* very friendly, but would never treat with *Lothario* alone, but evermore was compass'd by her Servant and Waiting-maidens, but chiefly by one, call'd *Leonela*, whom she lov'd dearly; as one that had been brought up with her in her Father's House, even from their Infancy; and when she did marry *Anselmo*, she brought her from thence in her Company.

The first three Days *Lotbario* spoke not a Word, altho' he might when the Tables were taken up, and that the Folk of the House went hastily to Dinner, for so *Camila* had commanded, and did give *Leonela* Order besides to dine before her self, and, that she should still keep by her Side : But the Girl, which had her Fancy otherwise employ'd, in Things more pleasing her Humour, and needed those Hours and Times for the accomplishing of 'em, did not always accomplish so punctually her Lady's Command, but now and then would leave her alone, as if that were her Lady's Behest : But the honest Presence of *Camila*, the Gravity of her Face, and the Modesty of her Carriage, was such, as it serv'd as a Bridle to restrain *Lotbario's* Tongue : But the Benefit of *Camila's* many Virtues setting Silence to *Lotbario's* Speech, resulted afterward to both their Harms ; for tho' the Tongue spoke not, yet did his Thoughts discourse, and had Leisure afforded them to contemplate, part by part, all the Extreams of Worth and Beauty that were accumulated in *Camila*, potent to enflame a Statue of frozen Marble ; how much more an Heart of Flesh ? *Lotbario* did only behold her in the Time and Space he should speak unto her, and did then consider how worthy she was to be loved : And this Consideration did by little and little give Assaults to the Respects which he ought to have borne towards his Friend *Anselmo* ; a thousand times did he determine to absent himself from the City, and go where *Anselmo* should never see him, nor he *Camila* ; but the Delight he took in beholding her, did again withhold and hinder his Resolutions. When he was alone, he would condemn himself of his mad Design, and term himself a bad Friend, and worse Christian : He made Discourses and Comparisons between himself and *Anselmo*, all which did finish in this Point, That *Anselmo's* Foolhardiness and Madness was greater than his own Infidelity ; and, that if he might be as easily excused before God for that he meant to do, as he would be before Men, he needed not to fear any Punishment should be inflicted on him for the Crime. Finally, *Camila's* Beauty and Worths, assisted by the Occasion which the ignorant

rant Husband had thrust into his Fists, did wholly ruin and overthrow *Lothario's* Loyalty; and therefore, without regarding any other Thing than that to which his Pleasure conducted him, about three Days after *Anselmo's* Departure (which Time he had spent in a continual Battle and Resistance of his contending Thoughts) he began to sollicit *Camila*, with such Trouble of the Spirits, and so amorous Words, as she was stricken almost beside herself with Wonder, and made him no other Answer, but arising from the Table, flung away in a Fury into her Chamber. But yet, for all this Dryness, *Lothario's* Hope (which is wont evermore to be born at once with Love) was nothing dismay'd, but rather accounted the more of *Camila*; who perceiving that in *Lothario*, which she never durst before to imagine, knew not what she might do; but it seeming unto her to be a Thing neither secure nor honest, to give him Occasion or Leisure to speak unto her again, determin'd to send one unto her Husband *Anselmo* the very same Night, as indeed she did, with a Letter to recall him home to her House. The Subject of her Letter was this:

CHAP. VII.

Wherein is prosecuted the History of the Curious Impertinent.

EVEN as 'tis commonly said, that an Army seems not well without a General, or a Castle without a Constable, so do I affirm, that it is much more indecent to see a young married Woman without her Husband, when he is not justly detain'd away by necessary Affairs. I find my self so ill-dispos'd in your Absence, and so impatient and impotent to endure it longer, as, if you do not speedily return, I shall be constrain'd to return back unto my Father, altho' I should leave your House without any keeping: For the Guard you appointed for me, if it be so that he may deserve that Title, looks more, I believe, to his own Pleasure than to that which concerns you. Therefore seeing you have Wit enough, I will say no more, nor ought I to say more in Reason.

Anselmo receiv'd the Letter, and by it understood that *Lothario* had began the Enterprize, and that *Camila* had answer'd him according as he had hoped ; and marvellous glad at the News, he answer'd his Wife by Word of Mouth, That she should not remove in any wise from her House, for he would return with all Speed. *Camila* was greatly admir'd at his Answer, which struck her into a greater Perplexity than she was at the first, being afraid to stay at home, and also to go to her Father ; for, by staying, she endangers her Honesty ; by going, she should transgress her Husband's Command : At last she resolv'd to do that which was worst, which was, to remain at home, and not to shun *Lothario's* Presence, lest she should give her Servants Occasion of Suspicion. And now she was griev'd to have written what she did to her Husband, fearful lest he should think that *Lothario* had noted in her some Tokens of Lightness, which might have mov'd him to lose the Respect which otherwise was due unto her ; but, confident in her Innocency, she cast her Hopes in God, and her good Thoughts, wherewithal she thought to resist all *Lothario's* Words, and by holding her silent, without making him any Answer, without giving any further Account of the Matter to her Husband, lest thereby she might plunge him in new Difficulties and Contention with his Friend, she did therefore bethink how she might excuse *Lothario* to *Anselmo*, when he should demand the Occasion that mov'd her to write unto him that Letter. With these more honest than profitable or discreet Resolutions, she gave ear the second Day to *Lothario*, who charg'd her with such Resolution, as her Constancy began to stagger, and her Honesty had enough to do, recurring to her Eyes, to contain them, lest they should give any Demonstration of the amorous Compassion which *Lothario's* Words and Tears had stirr'd in her Breast. *Lothario* noted all this, and it inflam'd him the more. Finally, he thought that it was requisite, the Time and Leisure which *Anselmo's* Absence afforded him, to lay closer Siege to that Fortrefs ; and so he assaulted her presumptuously with the Praises of her Beauty ; for there

there is nothing which with such Facility doth render and raze to the Ground the proudly-crested Turrets of Womens Vanity, than the same Vanity being dilated on by the Tongue of Adulation and Flattery. To be brief, he did with all Diligence undermine the Rock of her Integrity with so warlike Engines, as altho' *Camila* were made of Brass, yet would she be overthrown. For *Lothario* wept, entreated, promised, flatter'd, persisted, and feigned so feelingly, and with such Tokens of Truth, as traversing *Camila's* Care of her Honour, he came in the End to triumph over that which was least suspected, and he most desired; for she render'd herself, even *Camila* render'd herself. But what Wonder if *Lothario's* Amity should stand on Foot? A clear Example, plainly demonstrating, that the amorous Passion is only vanquished by shunning it; and that no body ought to adventure to wrestle with so strong an Adversary: For heavenly Forces are necessary for him that would confront the Violence of that Passion, altho' human. None but *Leonela* knew the Weakness of her Lady; for from her the two bad Friends and new Lovers could not conceal the Matter; nor yet would *Lothario* discover to *Camila* her Husband's Pretence, or that he had given him wittingly the Opportunity whereby he arrived to that Pass, because she should not imagine that he had gotten her lightly, and by chance, and did not purposely solicit her.

A few Days *Anselmo* arrived to his House, and did not perceive what wanted therein, to wit, that which it had lost, and he most esteemed. From thence he went to see his Friend *Lothario*, whom he found at home; and embracing one another, he demanded of him the News of his Life, or of Death. The News which I can give thee, Friend *Anselmo*, quoth *Lothario*, are, that thou hast a Wife, who may deservedly be the Example and Garland of all good Women: The Words that I have spoke unto her, were spent on the Air, my Proffers contemned, and my Gifts repulsed; and besides, she hath mocked me notably for certain feigned Tears that I did shed. In Resolution, even as *Camila* is the Pattern of
all

all Beauty; so is she the Treasury wherein Modesty resides, Courtesy and Wariness dwell, and all the other Virtues that may beautify an honourable Woman, or make her fortunate. Therefore, Friend, take back thy Money, for here it is ready, and I never had Occasion to employ it: For *Camila's* Integrity cannot be subdued with so base Things as are Gifts and Promises. And, *Anselmo*, content thyself now with the Proofs made already, without attempting to make any farther Tryal. And seeing thou hast passed over the Sea of Difficulties and Suspicions with a dry Foot, which may and are wont to be had of Women, do not estoons enter into the profound Depths of new Inconveniencies, nor take thou any other Pilot to make Experience of the Goodness and Strength of the Vessel that Heaven hath allotted to thee, to pass therein thorough the Seas of this World; but make Account that thou art harbour'd in a safe Haven, and there hold thyself fast with the Anchors of good Consideration, and rest thee until Death to demand his Debt, from the Payment whereof no Nobility or Privilege whatsoever can exempt us. *Anselmo* rested singularly satisfied at *Lotbario's* Discourse, and did believe it as firmly as it were delivered by an Oracle, but did entreat him notwithstanding to prosecute his Attempt, altho' it were only done for Curiosity, and to pass away the Time; yet not to use so efficacious Means, as he hitherto practised; and that he only desired him to write some Verses in her Praise, under the Name of *Clori*, for he would make *Camila* believe, how that he was enamoured of a certain Lady, to whom he did appropriate that Name, that he might celebrate her Praises with the Respect due to her Honour; and that if he would not take the Pains to invent them, that he himself would willingly compose them. That is not needful, quoth *Lotbario*, for the *Muses* are not so alienated from me, but that they visit me sometimes in the Year. Tell you unto *Camila* what you have devised of my Loves; and as for the Verses, I will make them myself, if not so well as the Subject deserves, yet, at the least, as artificially as I may devise them. *The impertinent*

gent curious Man, and his treacherous Friend, having thus agreed, *Anselmo* returned to his House, he demanded of *Camila* that which she marvelled he had not asked before, that she should tell unto him the Occasion why she sent unto him the Letter? *Camila* made Answer, Because it seemed unto her, that *Lotbario* beheld her somewhat more immodest than when he was at home; but that now she did again dissuade herself, and believed that it was but a light Surmise, without any Ground, because that she perceived *Lotbario* to loath her Presence, or be by any Means alone with her. *Anselmo* told her, that she might very well live secure for him, for that he knew *Lotbario's* Affections were bestowed elsewhere, and that upon one of the noblest Damsels in the City, whose Praises he solemnized under the Name of *Clori*; and that altho' he were not, yet was there no Cause to doubt of *Lotbario's* Virtue, or the Amity that was between them both. Here, if *Camila* had not been premonished by *Lotbario*, that the Love of *Clori* was but feigned, and that he himself had told it to *Anselmo* to blind him, that he might with less Difficulty celebrate her own Praises under the Name of *Clori*, she had without doubt fallen into the desperate Toils of Jealousy; but being already advertised, she posted over that Assault lightly. The Day following, they three sitting at Dinner together, *Anselmo* requested *Lotbario* to repeat some one of the Verses that he had made to his beloved *Clori*; for seeing that *Camila* knew her not, he might boldly say what he pleased. Altho' she knew her, quoth *Lotbario*, yet would I not therefore suppress any Part of her Praises: For when any Lover praiseth his Lady for her Beauty, and doth withal tax her of Cruelty, her Credit incurs no Danger. But befall what it list, I composed Yesterday a Sonnet of the Ingratitude of *Clori*, and is this ensuing.

A SONNET.

A Midst the Silence of the darkeſt Night,
 When ſweeteſt Sleep invadeth mortal Eyes :
 I poor Account, to Heaven and Clori bright,
 Give of the richeſt Harms which ever riſe.

*And at the Time, we Phœbus may deviſe,
 Shine thro' the roſal Gates of th' Orient bright,
 With deep Accents and Sighs in wonted Guiſe,
 I do my Plaints renew with main and might.*

*And when the Sun'down from his ſtarry Seat
 Direſteſt Rays toward the Earth doth ſend,
 My Sighs I double, and my ſad Regret ;
 And Night returns, but of my Woes no End.*

*For I find always in my mortal Strife,
 Heav'n without Cares, and Clori likewise deaf.*

Camila liked the Sonnet very well, but *Anſelmo* beſt of all ; for he praiſ'd, and ſaid, that Lady muſt be very cruel, that would not answer ſuch perſpicuous Truths with reciprocal Affection. But then *Camila* answered, Why then (belike) all that which enamour'd Poets ſay is true ? In as much as Poets, quoth *Lothario*, they ſay not Truth : But as they are enamour'd, they remain as ſhort as they are true. That is queſtionleſs, quoth *Anſelmo* ; all to under-prop and give *Lothario* more Credit with *Camila*, who was as careleſs of the Cauſe her Husband ſaid ſo, as ſhe was enamour'd of *Lothario*, and therefore with the Delight ſhe took in his Compoſitions, but chiefly knowing that his Deſires and Labours were addreſs'd to herſelf, who was the true *Clori*, ſhe entreated him to repeat ſome other Sonnet or Ditty, if he remember'd any : Yes, that I do, quoth *Lothario* ; but I believe that is not ſo good as the firſt, as you may well judge, for it is this :

A SONNET.

I Die; and if I cannot be believ'd,
 My Death's more certain, as it is most sure,
 To see me at thy Feet, of Life depriv'd,
 Rather than grieve this Thraldom to endure.

*Well may I in obliuious Shades obscure
 Of Glory, Life, and Favour be deny'd;
 And yet even there shall in my Bosom pure,
 The Shape of thy fair Face engrav'd be ey'd.*

*For that's a Relict, which I do reserve
 For the last Trances my Contentions threaten,
 Which 'midst thy Rigour doth itself preserve:
 O woe's the Wight that is by Tempests beaten.*

*By Night, in unknown Seas, in Danger rise,
 For want of North, or Haven, to lose his Life.*

Anselmo commended also this second Sonnet as he had done the first, and added by that Means one Link to another in the Chain wherewith he entangled himself, and forged his own Dishonour: Seeing when *Lothario* dishonoured him most of all, he said unto him then that he honoured him most. And herewithal *Camila* made all the Links, that verily served only to abase her down to the Center of Contempt, seem to mount her, in her Husband's Opinion, up to the Height of Virtue and good Fame.

It befell soon after, that *Camila* finding herself alone with her Maiden, said unto her, I am ashamed, Friend *Leonela*, to see how little I knew to value myself, seeing that I made not *Lothario* spend some Time at least in the purchasing the whole Possession of me, which I with a prompt Will bestowed upon him so speedily. I fear me that he will impute my Hastiness to Lightness, without considering the Force he used toward me, which wholly hinder'd and disabled my Resistance. Let not

not that afflict you, Madam, quoth *Leonela*, for it is no sufficient Cause to diminish Estimation, that that be given quickly, which is to be given, if that in effect be good that is given, and be in itself worthy of Estimation ; for it is an old Proverb, *That he that gives quickly, gives twice*. It is also said as well, quoth *Camila*, *That that which costeth little, is less esteemed*. That Reason hath no Place in you, quoth *Leonela*, forasmuch as Love, according as some have said of it, doth sometimes fly, other times it goes ; it runs with this Man, and goes leisurely with the other ; it makes some key-cold, and inflames others ; some it wounds, and some it kills ; it begins the Carreer of his Desires in an Instant, and in the very same concludes it likewise ; it is wont to lay Siege to the Fortrefs in the Morning, and at Night it makes it to yield ; for there's no Force able to resist it : Which being so, what do you wonder, or what is it that you fear, if the same hath befallen *Lothario*, seeing that Love made of my Lord's Absence an Instrument to vanquish us ? And it was forcible, that in it we should conclude on it, which Love had before determined, without giving Time itself any Time to lead *Anselmo* that he might return, and with his Presence leave the Work imperfect : For Love hath none so officious or better a Minister to execute his Desires, than is Occasion : It serves itself of occasion in all his Acts, but most of all at the Beginning. And all this that I have said, I know rather by Experience than Hearsay, as I will some Day let you to understand ; for, Madam, I am likewise made of Flesh and lusty young Blood. And as for you, Lady *Camila*, you did not give up and yield yourself presently, but stayed until you had first seen in *Lothario's* Eyes, his Sighs in his Discourses, in his Promises and Gifts all his Soul, in which, and in his Perfections, you might read how worthy he is to be loved. And seeing this is so, let not these Scruples and nice Thoughts assault or further disturb your Mind, but persuade yourself, that *Lothario* esteems you as much as you do him, and lives with Content and Satisfaction, seeing it was your Fortune to fall into the amorous Snare ; that it was his good Luck to catch you with his Valour and
Deserts ;

Deferts; who not only hath the four S's, which they say every good Lover ought to have, but also the whole A, B, C, which if you will not credit, do but listen to me awhile, and I will repeat it to you by rote: He is, as it seems, and as far as I can judge; amiable, bountiful, courteous, dutiful, enamour'd, firm, gallant, honourable, illustrious, loyal, mild, noble, honest, prudent, quiet, rich, and the S's, which they say, and besides true, valorous. The X doth not quader well with him, because it sounds harshly. Y, he is young; and the Z, he is zealous of thine Honour. *Camila* laughed at her Maiden's A, B, C, and accounted her to be more practick in Love-matters, than she herself had confess'd, as indeed she was; for then she revealed to her Mistress, how she and a certain young Man, well born of the City, did treat of Love one with another: Hereat her Mistress was not a little troubled in Mind, fearing that her Honour might be greatly endanger'd by that Means; she demanded whether her Affections had pass'd farther than Words; and the Maid answer'd very shamelessly and freely, that they did. For it is more certain, that this kind of wretched Mistresses do also make their Maidens careless and impudent; who, when they perceive their Ladies to falter, are commonly wont to halt likewise themselves, and care not that the World do know it. *Camila* seeing this Error past Remedy, could do no more, but entreat *Leonela* not to reveal any thing of her Affairs to him she said was her Sweetheart; and that she should handle her Matters discreetly and secretly, lest they might come to *Anselmo* or *Lothario's* Notice. *Leonela* promised to perform her Will; but did accomplish her Promise in such sort, as she did confirm *Camila's* Fears, that she should lose her Credit by her Means; for the dishonest and bold Girl, after that she had perceiv'd that her Mistress's Proceedings were not such as they were wont, grew so hardy, as she gave Entrance, and brought her Lover into her Master's House, presuming that altho' her Lady knew it, yet would she not dare to discover it. For this, among other Harms, follow the Sins of Mistresses, that it makes them Slaves to their own Servants, and doth

doth oblige them to conceal their dishonest and base Proceedings, as it fell out in *Camila*, who, altho' she espy'd *Leonela*, not once only, but sundry times together, with her Lover in a certain Chamber of the House, she not only dared not to rebuke her for it, but rather gave her Opportunity to hide him, and would remove all Occasions out of her Husband's Way, whereby he might suspect any such Thing.

But all could not hinder *Lothario* from spying him once, as he departed out of the House at the Break of the Day : Who, not knowing him, thought at the first that it was a Spirit ; but when he saw him pass away, and cast his Cloak over his Face, lest he should be known, he, abandoning his simple Surmise, fell into a new Suspicion which had overthrown them all, were it not that *Camila* did remedy it. For *Lothario* thought that he whom he had seen issue out of *Anselmo's* House at so unreasonable an Hour, had not enter'd into it for *Leonela's* sake, nor did he remember then that there was such a one as *Leonela* in the World ; but only thought, that as *Camila* was lightly gotten by him, so belike she was won by some other. For the Wickedness of a bad Woman bringeth usually all these Additions, that she loseth her Reputation even with him to whom, pray'd and perswaded, she yieldeth herself ; and he believeth that she will as easily, or with more Felicity, consent to others, and doth infallibly credit the least Suspicion which thereof may be offer'd.

And it seems that *Lothario* in this Instant was wholly depriv'd of all reasonable Discourse, and quite despoil'd of his Understanding, for without pondering of the Matter, impatient and kindled by the jealous Rage that inwardly gnawed his Bowels, fretting with Desire to be reveng'd on *Camila*, who had never offended him, he came to *Anselmo* before he was up, and said to him, know, *Anselmo*, that I have had these many Days a civil Conflict within myself whether I should speak, or no, and I have used as much Violence as I might to myself, not to discover a Thing unto you, which now it is neither just nor reasonable I should conceal. Know that *Camila's*

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Fortress is render'd, and subject to all that I please to command; and I have been somewhat slow to inform thee of this Truth, it was because I would first see whether it proceeded of some light Appetite in her, or whether she did it to try me, and see whether that Love was still constantly continued which I first began to make unto her by thy Order and Licence: I did also believe, that if she had been such as she ought to be, and her that we both esteemed her, she would have by this Time acquainted you with my Importunacy; but seeing that she lingers therein, I presume that her Promises made unto me are true, that when you did again absent yourself out of Town, she would speak with me in the Wardrobe (and it was true, for there *Camila* was accustomed to talk with him) yet would not I have thee run rashly to take Revenge, seeing the Sin is not yet otherwise committed than in Thought, and perhaps between this and the Opportunity she might hope to put it in Execution, her Mind would be chang'd, and she repent herself of her Folly: And therefore seeing that thou hast even followed mine Advices, partly or wholly, follow and keep one Counsel that I will give unto thee now, to the end that thou may'st after with careful Assurance, and without Fraud, satisfy thine own Will, as thou likest best. Feign thyself to be absent two or three Days as thou art wont, and then convey thyself cunningly into the Wardrobe, where thou may'st very well hide thyself behind the Tapestry, and then thou shalt see with thine own Eyes, and I with mine, what *Camila* will do; and if it be that Wickedness which rather ought to be fear'd, than hop'd for, thou may'st with Wisdom, Silence, and Discretion, be the proper Executioner of so injurious a Wrong.

Anselmo remain'd amazed, and almost besides himself hearing his Friend *Lothario* so unexpectedly to acquaint him with those Things in a Time when he least expected them; for now he esteemed *Camila* to have escaped Vict'ries from the forged Assaults of *Lothario*, and did himself triumph for Glory of her Victory: Suspended thus and troubled, he stood silent a great while, looking
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on the Earth, without once removing his Eyes from it ; and finally, turning towards his Friend, he said, *Lothario*, thou hast done all that which I could expect from so entire Amity, and I do therefore mean to follow thine Advice in all Things precisely ; do therefore what thou pleasest, and keep that secret which is requisite in so weighty and unexpected an Event. All that I do promise, quoth *Lothario* ; and so departed wholly repented for that he had told to *Anselmo*, seeing how foolishly he had proceeded, since he might have revenged himself on *Camila* very well, without taking a Way so cruel and dishonourable. There did he curie his little Wit, and abased his light Resolution, and knew not what Means to use to destroy what he had done, or give it some reasonable and contrary Issue. In the end he resolved to acquaint *Camila* with the whole Matter ; and by reason that he never missed of Opportunity to speak unto her, he found her alone the very same Day ; and she seeing likewise that she had fit Time to speak unto him, said, Know, Friend *Lothario*, that a certain Thing doth pinch my Heart in such manner, as it seems ready to burst in my Breast, as doubtlessly I fear me that in Time it will, if we cannot set a Remedy to it : For such is the Immodesty of *Leonela*, as she shuts up a Lover of her's every Night in this House, and remains with him until Day-light ; which so much concerns my Credit, as it leaves open a spacious Field to him that sees the other go out of the House at so unreasonable Times, to judge of me what he pleaseth ; and that which most grieves me, is, that I dare not punish or rebuke her for it ; for she being privy to our Proceedings, sets a Bridle on me, and constrains me to conceal her's ; and hence, I fear me, will bad Success befall us. *Lothario* at the first suspected that *Camila* did speak thus, to make him believe that the Man whom he espied, was *Leonela*'s Friend, and none of her's : But seeing her to weep indeed, and be greatly afflicted in Mind, he began at last to give Credit unto the Truth ; and believing it, was greatly confounded and grieved for that he had done. And yet notwithstanding he answer'd *Camila*, that she should not trouble or vex herself any more, for he would
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take such Order, as *Leonela's* Impudence should be easily cross'd and suppress'd: And then did recount unto her all that he said to *Anselmo*, spurr'd on by the furious Rage of jealous Indignation, and how her Husband had agreed to hide himself behind the Tapestry of the Ward-robe, that he might from thence clearly perceive the little Loyalty she kept towards him, and demanded Pardon of her for that Folly, and Counsel to redress it, and come safely out of the intricate Labyrinth, whereinto his weak-ey'd Discourse had conducted him.

Camila having heard *Lothario's* Discourse, was afraid and amazed, and with great Anger, and many and discreet Reasons did rebuke him, reviling the Baseness of his Thoughts, and the simple and little Consideration that he had. But as Women have naturally a sudden Wit, for good or bad, much more prompt than Men, altho' when indeed they would make Discourses, it proves defective, so *Camila* found in an Instant a Remedy for an Affair in Appearance so irremediable and helpless; and therefore bade *Lothario* to induce his Friend *Anselmo* to hide himself the next Day ensuing; for she hoped to take Commodity out of his being there, for them both to joy one another with more Security than ever they had before: And without wholly manifesting her Proverb to him, she only advertised him to have Care, that after *Anselmo* were hidden, he should presently come when *Leonela* called for him, and that he should answer her as directly to every Question she proposed, as if *Anselmo* were not in Place. *Lothario* did urge her importunately to declare her Design unto him, to the end he might with more Security and Advice observe all that was necessary: I say, quoth *Camila*, there is no other Observance to be had, than only to answer me directly to what I demand. For she would not give him Account before-hand of her Determination, fearful that he would not conform himself to her Opinion, which she took to be so good, or else, lest he would follow or seek any other, that would not prove after so well. Thus departed *Lothario*; and *Anselmo*, under Pretext that he would visit his Friend out of Town, departed,

parted, and returned covertly back again to hide himself; which he could do the more commodiously, because *Camila* and *Leonela* did purposely afford him Opportunity. *Anselmo*, having hidden himself, with the Grief that may be imagined one would conceive, who did expect to see with his own Eyes an Anatomy made of the Bowels of his Honour, and was in danger to lose the highest Felicity that he accounted himself to possess in his beloved *Camila*. *Camila* and *Leonela* being certain that he was hidden within the Wardrobe, enter'd into it; wherein scarce had *Camila* set her Foot, when breathing forth of a deep Sigh, she spoke in this manner:

Ah! Friend *Leonela*, were it not better, that before I put in Execution, that which I would not have thee to know, lest thou shouldst endeavour to hinder it, that thou takest *Anselmo's* Poynard that I have fought of thee, and pass this infamous Breast of mine through and through? But do it not, for it is no Reason that I should suffer for other Men's Faults. I will know first of all, what the bold and dishonest Eyes of *Lothario* noted in me, that should stir in him the Presumption to discover unto me so unlawful a Desire, as that which he hath revealed, so much in Contempt of his Friend, and to my Dishonour: Stand at that Window, *Leonela*, and call him to me, for I do infallibly believe that he stands in the Street, awaiting to effect his wicked Purpose. But first my cruel, yet honourable Mind, shall be first performed. Alas, dear Madam (quoth the wise and crafty *Leonela*) what is it you mean to do with that Poynard? Mean you perhaps to deprive either your own or *Lothario's* Life therewithal? For which soever of these Things you do, shall redound to the Loss of your Credit and Fame: It is much better that you dissemble your Wrong, and give no Occasion to the bad Men now to enter into this House, and find us here in it alone: Consider, good Madam, how we are but weak Women, and he is a Man, and one so resolute, and by reason that he comes blinded by his bad and passionate Intent, he may, peradventure, before you be able to put yours in Execution, do somewhat that would be worse for you, than to deprive you

you of your Life. Evil befall my Master *Anselmo*, that ministers so great Occasion to Impudency, thus to discover her Visage in our House; and if you should kill him by chance, Madam, as I suspect you mean to do, what shall we do after with the dead Carcase? What, said *Camila*? we would leave him here, that *Anselmo* might bury him; for he must in all Equity esteem that Labour for Ease which he shall pass in the interring of his own Infamy. Make an end then, and call him, for methinks that all the Time which I spend untaking due Revenge of my just Disdain, turns into the Prejudice of the Loyalty which I owe to my Spouse.

Anselmo listen'd very attentively all the while, and at every Word that *Camila* said his Thoughts chang'd; but when he understood that she was resolv'd to kill *Lothario*, he was about to come out and discover himself, to the end that such a Thing should not be done; but the Desire that he had to see wherein so brave and honest a Resolution would end with-held him, determining then to sally out when his Presence should be needful to hinder it. *Camila* about this time began to be very weak and dismay'd, and casting herself, as if she had fallen into a Trance, upon a Bed that was in the Room, *Leonela* began to lament very bitterly, and to say, Alas, Wretch that I am! how unfortunate should I be, if the Flower of the World's Honesty, the Crown of good Women, and the Pattern of Chastity, should die here between my Hands! Those, and such other Things, she said so dolefully, as no one could hear her that would not deem her to be one of the most esteem'd and loyal Damsels of the World, and take her Lady for another new and persecuted *Penelope*. Soon after, *Camila* return'd to herself, and said presently, Why goest thou not, *Leonela*, to call the most disloyal Friend of a Friend that ever the Sun beheld, or the Night conceal'd? Make an end, run, make haste, and let not the Fire of my Choler be thro' thy Stay consum'd and spent, nor the just Revenge, which I hope to take, pass over in Threats or Maledictions. I go to call him, Madam, quoth *Leonela*; but first of all you must give me that Poniard, lest you should do with it in mine

Absence somewhat, that would minister Occasions to us your Friends to deplore you all the Days of our Lives. Go away boldly, Friend *Leonela*, said *Camila*, for I shall do nothing in thine Absence; for altho' I be in thine Opinion both simple and bold enough to turn for mine Honour, yet mean I not to be so much as the celebrated *Lucretia*, of whom 'tis recorded that she slew herself, without having committed any Error, or slain him first who was the principal Cause of her Disgrace: I will die, if I must needs die, but I'll be satisfied and reveng'd on him that hath given me Occasion of coming into this Place to lament his Boldness, sprung without any Default. *Leonela* could scarcely be entreated to go and call *Lothario*; but at last she went out, and in the mean time *Camila* remain'd speaking to herself these Words: Good God! had not it been more Discretion to have dismiss'd *Lothario*, as I did many times before, than thus to possess him as I have done, with an Opinion that I am an evil and dishonest Woman, at least all the while that passeth, until mine Acts shall undeceive him, and teach him the contrary! It had been doubtlessly better, but then should not I be reveng'd, nor my Husband's Honour satisfied, if he were permitted to bear away so clearly his Maliginity, or escape out of the Snare wherein his wicked Thoughts had involv'd him. Let the Traytor pay with his Life's Defrayment that which he attempted with so lascivious a Desire: Let the World know (if it by chance shall come to know it) that *Camila* did not only conserve the Loyalty due to her Lord, but also took Revenge of the intended Spoil thereof. But yet I believe that it were best to give *Anselmo* first Notice thereof; but I did already touch it to him, in the Letter which I wrote to him to the Village; and I believe that his not concurring to take Order in this so manifest an Abuse, proceeds of his too sincere and good Meaning, which would not, nor cannot believe that the like kind of Thought could ever find Entertainment in the Breast of so firm a Friend, tending so much to his Dishonour: And what marvel if I myself could not credit it for a great many Days together? Nor would I ever have thought it, if his Insolency had

had not arriv'd to that pass, which the manifest Gifts, large Promises, and continual Tears he shed to give Testimony. But why do I now make these Discourses? Hath a Gallant Resolution perhaps any need of Advice? No verily; therefore avant treacherous Thoughts, here we must use Revenge. Let the false Man come in, arrive, die, and end, and let after befall what can befall. I enter'd pure and untouch'd to his Possession whom Heaven bestow'd on me for mine, and I'll depart from him purely; and if the worst befall, I shall only be defiled by mine own chaste Blood, and the impure Gore of the falsest Friend that ever Amity saw in the World. And saying of this, she pranced up and down in the Room with the Poniard naked in her Hand, with such long and unreasonable strides, and making withal such Gestures, as she rather seem'd defective of Wit, and a desperate Ruffian, than a delicate Woman.

All this *Anselmo* perceiv'd very well from behind the Arras that cover'd him, which did not a little admire him; and he thought that what he had seen and heard was a sufficient Satisfaction of far greater Suspicions than he had; and could have wish'd with all his heart that the Trial of *Lothario's* coming might be excus'd, fearing greatly some sudden bad Success: And as he was ready to manifest himself, and to come out and embrace, and dissuade his Wife, he withdrew himself, because he saw *Leonela* return, bringing *Lothario* in by the Hand. And as soon as *Camila* beheld him, she drew a great Stroke with the Poniard, athwart the Wardrobe, saying, *Lothario*, note well what I mean to say unto thee, for if by chance thou be'st so hardy as to pass over this Line which thou seest, e're I come as far as it, I will in the very same Instant stab my self into the Heart with this Poniard, which I hold in my Hand: And before thou dost speak, or answer me any Word, I would first have thee to listen to a few of mine, for after thou may'st say what thou plearest. First of all, I would have thee, O *Lothario*! to say whether thou know'st my Husband *Anselmo*, and what Opinion thou hast of him: And next, I would have thee to tell me if thou know'st my self: Answer to this without Delay,

nor do not stand long thinking on what thou art to answer, seeing they are no deep Questions which I propose unto thee. *Lothario* was not so much ignorant, but that from the very beginning, when *Camila* requested him to persuade her Husband to hide himself behind the Tapestry, he had not fallen on the Drift of her Invention, and therefore did answer her Intention so aptly and discreetly, as they made that Untruth pass between them for a more than manifest Verity; and so he answer'd to *Camila* in this form: I did never conjecture, beautiful *Camila*, that thou wouldst have call'd me here to demand of me Things so wide from the Purpose for which I come: If thou dost it to defer yet the promis'd Favour, thou might'st have entertain'd it yet farther off, for the Good desir'd afflicteth so much the more, by how much the Hope to possess it is near: But because thou may'st not accuse me for not answering to thy Demands, I say, that I know thy Husband *Anselmo*, and both of us know one another, even from our tender Infancy; and I will not omit to say that which thou also know'st of our Amity, to make me thereby a Witness against my self of the Wrong which Love compels me to do unto him; yet Love is a sufficient Excuse and Excuser of greater Errors than are mine. Thee do I likewise know, and hold in the same possession that he doth; for, were it not so, I should never have been won by less Perfections than thine, to transgress so much that which I owe to myself, and to the holy Laws of true Amity, now broken and violated by the Tyranny of so powerful an Adversary as Love hath prov'd. If thou dost acknowledge that, reply'd *Camila*, O mortal Enemy of all that which justly deserveth Love! with what Face darest thou then appear before that which thou know'st to be the Mirrour wherein he looks, in whom thou also ought'st to behold thyself, to the end thou might'st perceive upon how little Occasion thou dost wrong him? But, unfortunate that I am! I fall now in the Reason which hath mov'd thee to make so little account of thine own Duty, which was perhaps some negligent or light Behaviour of mine, which I will not call Dishonesty, seeing that, as I presume, it hath

hath not proceeded from me deliberately, but rather thro' the Carelesness that Women, which think they are not noted, do sometimes unwittingly commit. If not, say, Traytor, when did I ever answer thy Prayers with any Word or Token that might awake in thee the least shadow of Hope to accomplish thine infamous Desires? When were not thine amorous Entreaties reprehended and dispers'd by the Roughness and Rigour of mine Answers? When were thy many Promises, and largers Gifts, even believ'd or admitted? But forasmuch as I am persuaded that no Man can persevere long time in the amorous Contention, who hath not been sustain'd by some Hope, I will attribute the Fault of thine Impertinence to my self; for, doubtlesly, some Carelesness of mine hath hitherto sustain'd thy Care, and therefore I will chastise and give to my self the Punishment which thy Fault deserveth: And because thou might'st see that I, being so inhuman towards my self, could not possibly be other than cruel to thee, I thought fit to call thee to be a Witness of the Sacrifice which I mean to make to the offended Honour of my most honourable Husband, tainted by thee with the blackest Note that thy Malice could devise, and by me, thro' the Negligence that I used to shun the Occasion, if I gave thee any, thus to nourish and canonize thy wicked Intentions: I say again, that the Suspicion I have that my little Regard hath engender'd in thee these distracted Thoughts, is that which afflicteth me most, and that which I mean to chastise most with mine own Hands; for if another Executioner punish'd me, then should my Crime become more notorious: But before I do this, I dying will kill and carry him away with me, that shall end and satisfy the greedy Desire of Revenge, which I hope for; and I have, seeing before mine Eyes wheresoever I shall go, the Punishment which disengag'd Justice shall inflict, it still remaining unbow'd or suborn'd by him, which hath brought me to so desperate Terms.

And having said these Words, she flew upon *Letbario* with incredible Force and Lightness, and her Poniard naked, giving such Arguments and Tokens that she meant

to stab him, as he himself was in doubt whether her Demonstrations were false or true; wherefore he was driven to help himself by his Wit and Strength, for to hinder *Camila* from striking of him; who did so lively act her strange Guile and Fiction, as, to give it Colour, she would give it a Blush of her own Blood; for perceiving, or else feigning, that she could not hurt *Lothario*, she said, Seeing that adverse Fortune will not satisfy thoroughly my just Desires, yet at least it shall not be potent wholly to cross my Designs: And then striving to free the Dagger-hand, which *Lothario* held fast, she snatch'd it away, and directing the Point to some Place of her Body which might hurt her, but not very grievously, she stabb'd herself, and hid it in her Apparel, near unto the left Shoulder, and fell forthwith to the Ground, as if she were in a Trance. *Lothario* and *Leonela* stood amaz'd at the unexpected Event, and still rested doubtful of the Truth of the Matter, seeing *Camila* to lie on the Ground bath'd in her Blood. *Lothario* ran, all wan and pale, very hastily to her, to take out the Poniard, and seeing how little Blood follow'd, he lost the Fear that he had conceiv'd of her greater Hurt, and began anew to admire the cunning Wit and Discretion of the beautiful *Camila*; but yet that he might play the Part of a Friend, he began a long and doleful Lamentation over *Camila's* Body, even as she were dead, and began to breathe forth many Curses and Execrations, not only against himself, but also against him that had employ'd him in that unfortunate Affair; and knowing that his Friend *Anselmo* did listen unto him, he said such Things as would move a Man to take more Compassion of him than of *Camila* herself altho' they accounted her dead. *Leonela* took her up between her Arms, and laid her on the Bed, and entreated *Lothario* to go out; and find some one that would undertake to cure her secretly. She also demanded of him his Advice, touching the Excuse they might make to *Anselmo* concerning her Mistress her Wound, if he came to Town before 'twas fully cured. He answer'd, That they might say what they pleas'd, for he was not in an Humour of giving any Counsel worth the following; and only

only said this, That she should labour to stanch her Lady's Blood, for he meant to go there, whence they should hear no News of him ever after; and so departed out of the House with very great Tokens of Grief and Feeling. And when he was alone, in Place where no body perceiv'd him, he bless'd himself a thousand times to think of *Camila's* Art, and the Gestures so proper and accommodated to the Purpose, used by her Maid *Leonela*. He consider'd how assur'd *Anselmo* would remain, that he had a second *Porcia* to Wife, and desir'd to meet him, that he might celebrate together the Fiction, and the best dissembled Truth that could be ever imagin'd. *Leonela*, as he said, stanch'd her Lady's Blood, which was just as much as might serve to colour her Invention, and no more, and washing the Wound with some Wine, she ty'd it up the best that she could, saying such Words whilst she cur'd her as were able, tho' nothing had been done before, to make *Anselmo* believe that he had an Image of Honesty in *Camila* to the Complaints of *Leonela*. *Camila* added others, terming her self a Coward of base Spirit, since she wanted Time (being a Thing so necessary) to deprive her Life, which she hated so mortally. She demanded Counsel of her Maiden, whether she should tell or conceal all that Success to her belov'd Spouse; and she answer'd, That it was best to conceal it, lest she should engage her Husband to be reveng'd on *Lotbario*, which could not be done without his very great Peril; and, that every good Wife was bound not to give Occasion to her Husband of quarrelling, but rather to remove from him as many as was possible. *Camila* answer'd, that she allow'd of her Opinion, and would follow it; and, that in any sort they must study some Device to cloak the Occasion of her Hurt from *Anselmo*, who could not chuse but 'spy it. To this *Leonela* answer'd, That she herself knew not how to lie, no, not in very Jest itself. Well Friend, quoth *Camila*, and I, what do I know? for I dare not to forgo or report an Untruth if my Life lay on it; and if we know not how to give it a better Issue, 'twill be better to report the naked Truth, than to be overtaken in a Learing. Do not trouble your self, Madam, quoth *Leonela*, for I will be-

think my self of somewhat between this and to-morrow Morning, and perhaps the Wound may be conceal'd from him, by reason that is in the place where 'tis, and Heaven perhaps may be pleas'd to favour our so just and honourable Thoughts: Be quiet, good Madam, and labour to appease your Alteration of Mind, that my Lord at his Return may not find you perplex'd, and leave all the rest to God's and my Charge, who doth always assist the Just.

With highest Attention stood *Anselmo* listening and beholding the Tragedy of his dying Honours, which the Personages thereof had acted with so strange and forcible Effects, as it verily seem'd that they were transform'd into the opposite Truth of their well-contriv'd Fiction. He long'd greatly for the Night, and Leisure to get out of his House, that he might go and congratulate with his good Friend *Lothario*, for the precious Jewel that he had found in this last Trial of his Wife. The Mistress and Maiden has as great Care to give him the Opportunity to depart; and he, fearing to lose it, issued out in a trice, and went presently to find *Lothario*; who being found, 'tis not possible to recount the Embracements he gave unto him, the Secrets of his Contentment that he reveal'd, or the Attributes and Praises he gave to *Camila*: All which *Lothario* heard, without giving the least Argument of Love, having represented to his Mind, at that very time, how greatly deceiv'd his Friend liv'd, and how unjustly he himself had injur'd him: And altho' that *Anselmo* noted that *Lothario* took no Delight at his Relation, yet he believed that the Cause of his Sorrow proceeded from having left *Camila* wounded, and he himself given the Occasion thereof. And therefore among many other Words, said unto him, That there was no Occasion to grieve at *Camila's* Hurt, it doubtlessly being but light, seeing she and her Maid had agreed to hide it from him; and that, according unto this, there was no great Cause of Fear, but that from thenceforward he should live merrily and contentedly with him, seeing that by his Industry and Means, he found himself rais'd to the highest Felicity that might
be

He desir'd, and therefore would from thenceforth spend his idle Times in writing of Verses in *Camila's* Praise, that he might eternize her Name, and make it famous in ensuing Ages. *Lothario* commended his Resolution therein, and said, That he, for his part, would also help to raise up so noble an Edifice. And herewithal *Anselmo* rested the most soothingly and contentedly deceiv'd that could be found in the World; and then himself took by the Hand to the House (believing that he bore the Instrument of his Glory) the utter Perdition of his Fame. *Camila* entertain'd him with a frowning Countenance, but a cheerful Mind. The Fraud rested unknown awhile, until, at the end of certain Months, Fortune turn'd the Wheel, and the Wickedness that was so artificially cloak'd, issued to the publick Notice of the World; and *Anselmo's* impertinent Curiosity cost him his Life.

C H A P. VIII.

Wherein is ended the History of the curious Impertinent; and likewise recounted the rough Encounter and Conflict pass'd between Don Quixote and certain Bags of red Wine.

A Little more of the Novel did rest unread, when *Sancho Panca*, all perplex'd, ran out of the Chamber where his Lord repos'd, crying as loud as he could, Come, good Sirs, speedily and assist my Lord, who is engaged in one of the most terrible Battles that ever mine Eyes have seen: I swear that he hath given such a Blow to the Giant, my Lady Princess *Micomicona* her Enemy, as he hath cut his Head quite off, as round as a Turnip.

What say'st thou, Friend, quoth the Curate (leaving off at that Word to prosecute the reading of his Novel) art thou in thy Wits, *Sancho*? What a Devil, Man, how can that be, seeing the Giant dwells at least two thousand Leagues from hence? By this they heard a marvellous great Noise within the Chamber, and that *Don Quixote* cry'd out aloud, Stay, false Thief, Robber, stay, for since

thou art here, thy Scymitar shall but little avail thee : And therewithal it seem'd that he struck a number of mighty Blows on the Walls. And *Sancho* said, There's no need to stand thus listening abroad, but rather that you go in and part the Fray, or else assist my Lord ; altho' I think it be not very necessary, for the Giant is questionless dead by this, and giving Account for the ill Life he led ; for I saw his Blood run all about the House, and his Head cut off, which is as great as a great Wine-bag. I am content to be hewn into Pieces, quoth the Inn-keeper hearing of this, if Don *Quixote*, or Don *Devil*, have not given some Blow to one of the Wine-bags that stood fill'd at his Bed's Head, and the Red Wine must needs be that which seems Blood to this good Man. And saying so, he enter'd into the Room, and all the rest follow'd him, where they found Don *Quixote* in the strangest Guise that may be imagin'd : He was in his Shirt, the which was not long enough before to cover his Thighs, and 'twas six Fingers shorter behind : His Legs were very long and lean, full of Hair, and horrible dirty : He wore on his Head a little red very greasy Night-cap, which belong'd to the Inn-keeper : He had wreath'd on his left Arm the Coverlet of his Bed, on which *Sancho* look'd very often and eagerly, as one that knew well the Cause of his own Malice to it ; and in his right Hand he griped his naked Sword, wherewithal he laid round about him many a Thwack, and withal spake, as if he were in Battle with some Giant . And the best Sport of all was, that he held not his Eyes open, for he was indeed asleep, and dreaming that he was in Fight with the Giant ; for the Imagination of the Adventure which he had undertaken to finish, was so bent upon it, as it made him to dream that he was already arriv'd at the Kingdom of *Micomicon* ; and, that he was then in combate with his Enemy : And he had given so many Blows on the Wine-bags, supposing them to be the Giant, as all the whole Chamber flow'd with Wine ; which being perceiv'd by the Host, all inflam'd with Rage, he set upon Don *Quixote* with dry Fists, and gave unto him so many Blows, that if *Gardenio* and the

the

the Curate had not taken him away, he would doubtless have finish'd the War of the Giant; and yet with all this did not the poor Knight awake, until the Barber brought in a great Kettle full of cold Water from the Well, and threw it all at a clap upon him; and therewithal Don *Quixote* awaked, but not in such sort as he perceiv'd the Manner wherein he was. *Dorotea* seeing how short and how thin her Champion was array'd, would not go in to see the Conflict of her Combatant and his Adversary.

Sancho went up and down the Floor searching for the Giant's Head, and seeing that he could not find it, he said, Now do I see very well that all the Things of this House are Enchantments, for the last time that I was here, in this very same Room, I got many Blows and Buffets, and knew not who did strike me, nor could I see any body; and now the Head appears not which I saw cut off with mine own Eyes, and yet the Blood ran as swiftly from the Body as Water would from a Fountain. What Blood, or what Fountain, dost thou tattle of here, thou Enemy of God and his Saints, quoth the Inn-keeper? Thou Thief, dost not thou see that the Blood and the Fountain is no other Thing than these Wine bags which are slash'd here, and the Wine red that swims up and down this Chamber? And I wish that I may see his Soul swimming in Hell which did bore 'em. I know nothing, reply'd *Sancho*, but this, that if I cannot find the Giant's Head, I shall become so unfortunate, as my Earldom will dissolve like Salt cast into Water. And certainly *Sancho* awake was in worse case than his Master sleeping, so much had his Lord's Promises distracted him. The Inn-keeper on the other side was at his Wits end, to see the Humour of the Squire, and Unhappiness of his Lord, and swore that it should not succeed with them now as it had done the other time, when they went away without Payment; and, that now the Privileges of Chivalry should not avail him, but he should pay both the one and the other; yea, even for the very Patches that were to be set on the bored Wine-bags.

The Curate held fast Don *Quixote* by the Hands, who believing that he had atchiev'd the Adventure, and was after it come into the Princess *Micomicona* her Presence, he laid himself on his Knees before the Curate, saying, Well may your Greatness, high and famous Lady, live from henceforth secure from any Danger that this unfortunate Wretch may do unto you; and I am also freed, from this Day forward, from the Promise that I made unto you, seeing I have, by the Assistance of the Heavens, and thro' her Favour by whom I live and breathe, so happily accomplish'd it. Did not I say so, quoth *Sancho*, hearing of his Master; yea, I was not drunk. See if my Master hath not powder'd the Giant by this? The Matter is questionless, and the Earldom is mine own. Who would not laugh at these raving Fits of the Master and Man? All of 'em laugh'd, save the Inn-keeper, who gave himself for Anger to the Devil more than a hundred times. And the Barber, *Cardenio*, and the Curate, got Don *Quixote* to Bed again, not without much ado, who presently fell asleep with Tokens of marvellous Weariness: They left him sleeping, and went out to comfort *Sancho Pancha* for the Grief he had because he could not find the Giant's Head; but yet had more ado to pacifie the Inn-keeper, who was almost out of his Wits for the unexpected and sudden Death of his Wine-bags.

The Hostess, on the other side, went up and down whining and saying, In an ill Season and an unlucky Hour did this Knight-Errant enter into my House, alas! and I would that mine Eyes had never seen him, seeing he cost me, so dear: The last time that he was here he went away scotfree for his Supper, Bed, Straw, and Barley, both for himself and his Man, his Horse, and his Ass, saying, That he was a Knight-adventurous (and God gave him ill Venture, and to all the other Adventures of the World) and was not therefore bound to pay any thing, for so 'twas written in the Statutes of Chivalry. And now for his Cause came the other Gentleman, and took away my Tail, and hath return'd it me back, with two quarters of Damage, for all the Hair is fallen off, and it cannot stand my Husband any
more

more in stead for the Purpose he had it. And for an End and Conclusion of all, to break my Wine-bags, and shed my Wine! I wish I may see as much of his Blood shed, and do not think otherwise; for, by my Father's old Bones, and the Life of my Mother, they shall pay me every *Doit*, one Quart or another, or else I will never be called as I am, nor be mine own Father's Daughter.

These, and such-like Words, spake the Inn-keeper's Wife, with very great Fury, and was seconded by her good Servant *Maritornes*. The Daughter held her Peace, and would now and then smile a little: But Master Parson did quiet and pacify all, by promising to satisfy them for the Damages, as well as he might, as well for the Wine, as for the Bags, but chiefly for her Tail, the which was so much accounted of, and valued so highly. *Dorotea* did comfort *Sancho*, saying to him, that whensoever it should be verif'd, that his Lord had slain the Giant, and established her quietly in her Kingdom, she would bestow upon him the best Earldom thereof. With this he took Courage, and assured the Princess, that he himself had seen the Giant's Head cut off; and for a more certain Token thereof, he said, that he had a Beard that reached him down to his Girdle; and that if the Head could not now be found, it was by reason that all the Affairs of that House were guided by Enchantment, as he had made Experience, to his Cost, the last Time that he was lodged therein. *Dorotea* replied, That she was of the same Opinion, and bid him be of good Chear, for all would be well ended to his Heart's Desire. All Parties being quieted, the Curate resolved to finish the End of his Novel, because he perceived, that there rested but a little unread thereof. *Cardenio*, *Dorotea*, and all the rest, entreated him earnestly to finish it. And he, desiring to delight them all herein, and recreate himself, did prosecute the Tale in this manner:

It after befell, that *Anselmo* grew so satisfy'd of his Wife's Honesty, as he led a most contented and secure Life; and *Camila* did for the nonce look sourly upon *Lothario*, to the end *Anselmo* might construe her Mind amiss, and for a greater Confirmation thereof, *Lothario* requested

requested *Anselmo* to excuse his coming any more to his House, seeing that he clearly perceived how *Camila* could neither brook his Company nor Presence. But the Hood-wink'd *Anselmo* answer'd him, that he would in no wise consent thereunto; and in this manner did weave his own Dishonour a thousand Ways, thinking to work his Contentment. In this Season, such was the Delight that *Leonela* took also in her Affections, as she suffer'd herself to be borne away by them headlongly, without any Care or Regard, confident because her Lady did covet it, yea, and sometimes instructed her how she might put her Desires in Practice, without any Fear or Danger. But finally, *Anselmo* heard on a Night some body walk in *Leonela's* Chamber; and being desirous to know who it was, as he thought to enter, he felt the Door to be held fast against him, which gave him a greater Desire to open it; and therefore he struggled so long, and used such Violence, as he threw open the Door, and enter'd just at the Time that another leaped out at the Window; and therefore he ran out to overtake him, or see wherein he might know him; but could neither compass the one or the other, by reason that *Leonela* embracing him hardly, withheld him, and said, Pacify yourself, good Sir, and be not troubled, nor follow him that was here, for he is one that belongs to me, and that so much, as he is my Spouse. *Anselmo* would not believe her, but rather blind with Rage, he drew out his Ponyard, and would have wounded her, saying, that she should presently tell him the Truth, or else he would instantly kill her. She, distracted with Fear, said, without noting her own Words, Kill me not, Sir, and I will acquaint you with Things which concern you more than you can imagine. Say quickly then, quoth *Anselmo*, or else thou shalt die. It will be impossible, replied *Leonela*, for me to speak any thing now, I am so affrighted; but give me Respite till Morning, and I will recount unto you Things that will marvellously astonish you; and in the mean time rest secure, that he which leaped out of the Window is a young Man of this City, betwixt whom and me hath passed a Promise of Marriage. *Anselmo* was somewhat satisfied by these

Words,;

Words, and therefore resolv'd to expect the Term which she had demanded to open her Mind; for he did not suspect he should hear any thing of *Camila*, by reason that he was already so assured of her Virtue. And so departing out of the Chamber, and shutting up *Leonela* therein, threatening her withal, that she should never depart thence, until she had said all that she promis'd to reveal unto him, he went presently to *Camila*, to tell unto her all that which his Maiden had said, and the Promise she had pass'd, to disclose greater, and more important Things. Whether *Camila*, hearing this, was perplex'd, or no, I leave to the discreet Reader's Judgment; for such was the Fear which she conceived, believing certainly (as it was not to be doubted) that *Leonela* would tell to *Anselmo* all that she knew of her Disloyalty, as she had not the Courage to expect and see whether her Surmise would become false, or no; but the very same Night, as soon as she perceiv'd *Anselmo* to be asleep, gathering together her best Jewels, and some Money, she departed out of her House unperceiv'd of any, and went to *Lotbario's* Lodging, to whom she recounted all that had pass'd, and requested him either to leave her in some safe Place, or both of them to depart to some Place where they might live secure out of *Anselmo's* Reach. The Confusion that *Camila* struck into *Lotbario* was such, as he knew not what to say, and much less how to resolve himself what he might do: But at last he determin'd to carry *Camila* to a Monastery wherein his Sister was Prioress, to which she easily condescended; and therefore *Lotbario* departed, and left her there with all the Speed that the Case required, and did also absent himself presently from the City, without acquainting any body with his Departure.

Anselmo, as soon as it was Day, without heeding the Absence of his Wife, arose and went to the Place where he had shut up *Leonela*, with Desire to know of her what she had promis'd to acquaint him withal. He opened the Chamber-door, and enter'd, but could find no body therein, but some certain Sheets knit up together, and tied to the Window, as a certain Sign how *Leonela* had made an Escape by that Way. Wherefore he returned very
sad,

sad, to tell to *Camila* the Adventure ; but when he could neither find her at Bed, nor in the whole House, he remained astonished, and demanded for her of his Servants ; but none of them could tell him any thing. And as he searched for her, he happen'd to see her Coffers lie open, and most of her Jewels wanting ; and herewithal fell into the true Account of his Disgrace, and that *Leonela* was not the Cause of his Misfortune, and so departed out of his House sad and pensive, even as he was, half ready and unapparell'd, to his Friend *Lothario*, to recount unto him his Disaster : But when he found him likewise absent, and that the Servants told him how their Master was departed the very same Night, and had born away with him all his Money, he was ready to run out of his Wits. And to conclude, he returned to his own House again, wherein he found no Creature, Man or Woman, for all his Folk were departed, and had left the House alone and desert. He knew not what he might think, say, or do, and then his Judgment began to fail him. There did he contemplate and behold himself in an Instant, without Wife, a Friend, and Servants, abandon'd (to his seeming) of Heaven that cover'd him, and chiefly without Honour ; for he clearly noted his own Perdition in *Camila's* Crime. In the End he resolved, after he had bethought himself a great while, to go to his Friend's Village, wherein he had been all the while that he afforded the Leisure to contrive that Disaster ; and so shutting up his House, he mounted a Horseback, and rode away in languishing and doleful wise : And scarce had he ridden the half Way, when he was so fiercely assaulted by his Thoughts, as he was constrained to alight, and tying his Horse to a Tree, he leaned himself to the Trunk thereof, and breathed out a thousand pitiful and dolorous Sighs, and there he abode until it was almost Night ; about which Hour he espy'd a Man to come from the City a Horseback by the same Way ; and having saluted him, he demanded of him what News he brought from *Florence* ? The Citizen replied, The strangest that had happened there many a Day ; for it is there reported publickly, that *Lothario*, the great Friend of the rich Man, hath carry'd away the

said

said *Anselmo's* Wife *Camila* this Night, for she is also missing. All which a Waiting-maid of *Camila's* hath confessed, whom the Governor apprehended Yesternight, as she flipt down at a Window by a Pair of Sheets, out of the said *Anselmo's* House. I know not particularly the Truth of the Affair, but well I wote, that all the City is amazed at the Accident; for such a Fact would not be so much as surmised, from the great and familiar Amity of them two, which was so much, as they were called, *The two Friends*. Is it perhaps yet known, quoth *Anselmo*, which Way *Lotbario* and *Camila* have taken? In no wise, reply'd the Citizen, altho' the Governor hath us'd all possible Diligence to find them out. Farewel then, good Sir, said *Anselmo*. And with you, Sir, said the Traveller; and so departed.

With these so unfortunate News poor *Anselmo* arrived, not only to Terms of losing his Wits, but also well nigh of losing his Life; and therefore arising as well as he might, he came to his Friend's House, who had heard nothing yet of his Disgrace; but perceiving him to arrive so wan, pined, and dried up, he presently conjectur'd that some grievous Evil afflicted him. *Anselmo* requested him presently, that he might be carried to his Chamber, and provided of Paper and Ink to write withal. All was done, and he left in Bed, and alone, for so he desir'd them; and also that the Door should be fast lock'd; and being alone, the Imagination of his Misfortune gave him such a terrible Charge, as he clearly perceived that his Life would shortly fail him, and therefore resolved to leave Notice of the Cause of his sudden and unexpected Death; and therefore he began to write it: But before he could set an End to his Discourse, his Breath failed, and yielded up his Life into the Hands of Sorrow, which his impertinent Curiosity had stirred up in him. The Gentleman of the House seeing that it grew late, and that *Anselmo* had not called, determin'd to enter, and know whether his Indisposition passed forward; and he found him lying on his Face, with half of his Body in the Bed, and the other half leaning on the Table
whereon

whereon he lay, with a written Paper unfolded, and held the Pen also yet in his Hand. His Host drew near unto him, and first of all having called him, he took him by the Hand, and seeing that he answered not, and that it was cold, he knew that he was dead; and greatly perplexed and grieved thereat, he called in his People, that they might also be Witnesses of the disastrous Success of *Anselmo*; and after all he took the Paper, and read it, which he knew to be written with his own Hand. The Substance whereof was this:

A Foolish and impertinent Desire hath despoiled me of Life. If the News of my Death shall arrive to *Camila*, let her also know that I do pardon her, for she was not bound to work Miracles; nor had I any need to desire that she should work them. And seeing I was the Builder and Contriver of mine own Dishonour, there is no Reason —

Hitherunto did *Anselmo* write, by which it appeared, that his Life ended in that Point, e'er he could set an End to the Reason he was to give. The next Day ensuing, the Gentleman his Friend, acquainted *Anselmo's* Kinsfolk with his Death; the which had already Knowledge of his Misfortune, and also of the Monastery wherein *Camila* had retir'd herself, being almost in Terms to accompany her Husband in that forcible Voyage; not for the News of his Death, but for Grief of others which she had received of her absent Friend. It is said, that altho' she was a Widow, yet would she neither depart out of the Monastery, nor become a religious Woman, until she had received, within a few Days after, News how *Lothario* was slain in a Battle given by Monsieur *De Lautrec*, to the great Captain *Gonzalo Fernandez* of *Cordova*, in the Kingdom of *Naples*; and that was the End of the late repentant Friend; the which being known to *Camila*, she made a Profession, and shortly after deceased between the rigorous Hands of Sorrow and Melancholy; and this was the End of them all, sprung from a rash inconsiderate Beginning.

This

This Novel, quoth the Curate, having read it, is a pretty one; but yet I cannot persuade myself that it is true: And if it be a Fiction, the Author erred therein; for it cannot be imagin'd, that any Husband would be so foolish as to make so costly an Experience, as did *Anselmo*. But if this Accident had been devised betwixt a Gentleman and his Love, then were it possible; but being between Man and Wife, it contains somewhat that is impossible and unlikely; but yet I can take no Exception against the Manner of recounting thereof.

CHAP. IX.

Which treats of many rare Successes, befallen in the Inn.

WHilst they discoursed thus, the Inn-keeper, who stood all the while at the Door, said, Here comes a fair Troop of Guests; and if they will here alight, we may sing *Gaudeamus*. What Folk is it? quoth *Cardenio*. Four Men on Horseback, quoth the Host, and ride Gennet-wise, with Lances and Targets, and Masks on their Faces; and with them comes likewise a Woman, apparelled in white, in a Side-saddle, and her Face also masked, and two Lackeys, that run with them a-foot. Are they near? quoth the Curate. So near, replied the Inn-keeper, as they do now arrive. *Dorotea* hearing him say so, covered her Face, and *Cardenio* enter'd into Don *Quixote's* Chamber; and scarce had they Leisure to do it, when the others, of whom the Host spake, enter'd into the Inn: And the four Horsemen alighting, which were all of very comely and gallant Disposition, they went to help down the Lady that rode in the Side-saddle; and one of them taking her down in his Arms, did seat her in a Chair that stood at the Chamber-door, into which *Cardenio* had enter'd: And all this while neither she, nor they, took off their Masks, or spake a Word, only the Gentlewoman, at her sitting down in the Chair, breathed forth a very deep Sigh, and let fall her Arms, like a sick and dismayed Person. The Lackeys carry'd away their Horses to the Stable.

Stable. Master Curate seeing and noting all this, and curious to know what they were that came to the Inn in so unwonted an Attire, and kept such profound Silence therein, went to the Lackeys, and demanded of one of them that which he desir'd to know. Who answer'd him, In good Faith, Sir, I cannot tell you what Folk this is; only this I know, that they seem to be noble, but chiefly he that went and took down the Lady in his Arms, that you see there; and this I say, because all the others do respect him very much, and nothing is done, but what he ordains and commands. And the Lady, what is she? quoth the Curate. I can as hardly inform you, quoth the Lackey, for I have not once seen her Face in all this Journey; yet I have heard her often groan, and breathe out so profound Sighs, as it seems she would give up the Ghost at every one of them. And it is no marvel, that we should know no more than we have said, for my Companion and myself have been in their Company but two Days; for they encounter'd us on the Way, and prayed and perswaded us to go with them unto *Andalusia*, promising that they would recompense our Pains largely. And hast thou heard them name one another? said the Curate. No truly, answer'd the Lackey; for they all travel with Silence, as it is a Wonder, for you shall not hear a Word among them, but the Sighs and Throbs of the poor Lady, which do move in us very great Compassion. And we do questionless perswade ourselves, that she is forced wheresoever she goes. And it may be collected by her Attire, she is a Nun, or, as is most probable, goes to be one; and perhaps she goeth so sorrowful as it seems, because she hath no Desire to become religious. It may very well be so, quoth the Curate; and so leaving them, he returned to the Place where he had left *Dorotea*: Who, hearing the disguised Lady to sigh so often, moved by the native Compassion of that Sex, drew near her, and said, What ails you, good Madam? I pray you think, if it be any of those Inconveniencies to which Women be subject, and whereof they may have Use and Experience to cure them: I do offer unto you my Service, Assistance, and good Will, to help

help you as much as lies in my Power. To all those Compliments, the doleful Lady answer'd nothing; and altho' *Dorotea* made her again large Offers of her Service, yet stood she ever silent, until the bemasked Gentleman (whom the Lackey said, the rest did obey) came over, and said to *Dorotea*, Lady, do not trouble yourself, to offer any Thing to that Woman, for she is of a most ingrateful Nature, and is never wont to gratify any Courtesy; nor do you seek her to answer unto your Demands, if you would not hear some Lye from her Mouth. I never said any (quoth the silent Lady) but rather because I am so true and sincere, without Guiles, I am now drowned here in these Misfortunes; and of this, I would have thyself bear Witness, seeing my pure Truth makes thee to be so false and disloyal.

Cardenio over-heard these Words very clear and distinctly, as one that stood so near unto her that said them, as only *Don Quixote's* Chamber-door stood between them, and instantly when he heard them, he said with a very loud Voice, Good God! what is this that I hear? What Voice is that hath touched mine Ear? The Lady, moved with a sudden Passion, turned her Head at those Outcries; and seeing she could not perceive him that gave them, she got up, and would have enter'd into the Room. Which the Gentleman espying, with-held her, and would not let her stir out of the Place; and with the Alteration and sudden Motion, the Mask fell off her Face, and she discover'd an incomparable Beauty, and an angelical Countenance, altho' it was somewhat wan and pale, and turned here and there with her Eyes to every Place so earnestly, as she seemed to be distracted; which Motions, without knowing the Reason why they were made, struck *Dorotea* and the rest that beheld her into very great Compassion. The Gentleman holding her very strongly fast by the Shoulders, the Mask he wore on his own Face was falling; and he being so busied, could not hold it up, but in the End fell wholly. *Dorotea*, who had likewise embraced the Lady, lifting up her Eyes by chance, saw that he which did

did also embrace the Lady, was her Spouse Don *Ferdinando*; and scarce had she known him, when breathing out a long and most pitiful *Alas!* from the Bottom of her Heart, she fell backward in a Trance: And if the Barber had not been by good hap at hand, she would have fallen on the Ground with the Weight of her Body. The Curate presently repaired to take the Veil off her Face, and cast Water thereon; and as soon as he did discover it, Don *Ferdinando*, who was he indeed that held fast the other, knew her, and looked like a dead Man as soon as he viewed her, but did not all this while let go *Luscinda*, who was the other whom he held so fast, and that laboured so much to escape out of his Hands. *Cardenio* likewise heard the *Alas!* that *Dorotea* said, when she fell into a Trance, and believing that it was his *Luscinda*, issued out of the Chamber greatly alter'd, and the first he espied was Don *Ferdinando*, which held *Luscinda* fast; who forthwith knew him; and all the three, *Luscinda*, *Cardenio*, and *Dorotea*, stood dumb and amazed, as Folk that knew not what had befallen unto them. All of them held their Peace, and beheld one another: *Dorotea* looked on Don *Ferdinando*, Don *Ferdinando* on *Cardenio*; *Cardenio* on *Luscinda*, and *Luscinda* again on *Cardenio*; but *Luscinda* was the first that broke Silence, speaking to Don *Ferdinando* in this manner, Leave me off, Lord *Ferdinando*, I conjure thee, by that thou shouldst be, for that which thou art; if thou wilt not do it for any other Respect: Let me cleave to the Wall, whose Ivy I am, to the Supporter, from whom, neither thy Importunity nor Threats, Promises or Gifts, could once deflect me. Note, how Heaven, by unusual, unfrequented, and from us concealed Ways, hath set my true Spouse before mine Eyes: And thou dost know well, by a thousand costly Experiences, that only Death is potent to blot forth his Remembrance out of my Memory: Let then so manifest Truths be of Power (if thou must do none other) to convert thine Affliction into Rage, and thy good Will into Despite, and therewithal end my Life; for if I may render up the Ghost in the Presence of my dear Spouse, I shall account it fortunately lost. Perhaps by my Death he will remain satisfied of the Faith which I
ever

ver kept sincere towards him, until the last Period of my life. By this Time *Dorotea* was come to herself, and listened to most of *Luscinda's* Reasons, and by them came to the Knowledge of herself; but seeing that *Don Ferdinando* did not yet let her depart from between his Arms, nor answer any thing to her Words, encouraging herself the best that she might, she arose, and kneeling at his Feet, and shedding a Number of chrystal and penetrating Tears, she spoke to him thus:

If it be not so, my Lord, that the Beams of that Sun which thou holdest eclipsed between thine Arms, do darken and deprive those of thine Eyes, thou mightest have by this perceived, how she that is prostrated at thy Feet, is the unfortunate (until thou shalt please) and the disastrous *Dorotea*. I am that poor humble Countrywoman, whom thou, either thro' thy Bounty, or for thy Pleasure, didst deign to raise to that Height, that she might call thee her own. I am she, which sometime immured within the Limits of Honesty, did lead a most contented Life, until it open'd the Gates of her Recollection and Wariness, tho' to thine Importunity, and seeming just, and amorous Requests, and render'd up the Keys of her Liberty, a Grief by thee so ill recompens'd, as the finding myself in so remote a Place as this, wherein you have met with me, and I seen you, may clearly testify; but yet for all this, I would not have you to imagine that I come here guided by dishonourable Steps, being only hitherto conducted by the Tracts of Dolour and Feeling, to see myself thus forgotten by thee. It was thy Will, that I should be thine own, and thou didst desire it in such a manner, as altho' now thou wouldst not have it so, yet canst not thou possibly leave off to be mine. Know, my dear Lord, that the matchless Affections that I do bear towards thee, may recompense and be equivalent to her Beauty and Nobility, for whom thou dost abandon me. Thou canst not be the beautiful *Luscinda's*, because thou art mine; nor she thine, for as much as she belongs to *Cardenio*; and it will be more easy, if you will note it well, to reduce thy Will to love her that adores thee, than to address her that hates thee, to bear thee Affection. Thou didst
solicite

solicite my Wretchedness, thou prayedst to mine Integrity, and wast not ignorant of my Quality: Thou knowest also very well upon what Terms I subjected myself to thy Will, so as there remains no Place nor Colour to term it a Fraud or Deceit. And all this being so, as in Verity it is, and that thou be'st a Christian, as thou art noble, why dost thou with these so many untoward Wreathings dilate the making of mine End happy, whose Commencement thou didst illustrate so much? And if thou wilt not have me for what I am, who am thy true and lawful Spouse, yet at least take me and admit me for thy Slave; for, so that I may be in thy Possession, I will account myself happy and fortunate. Do not permit, that by leaving and abandoning me, Meetings may be made to discourse of my Dishonour: Do not vex thus the declining Years of my Parents, seeing that the loyal Services, which they have ever done as Vassals to thine, deserve not so honest a Recompence: And if thou esteemest that thy Blood, by meddling with mine, shall be stained or embased, consider how few noble Houses, or rather none at all are there in the World, which have not run the same Way; and that the Woman's Side is not essentially requisite for the illustrating of noble Descent; how much more, seeing that true Nobility consists in Virtue, which if it shall want in thee, by refusing that which thou owest me so justly, I shall remain with many more Degrees of Nobility than thou shalt. And in Conclusion, that which I will lastly say, is, that whether thou wilt or no, I am thy Wife; the Witnesses are thine own Words, which neither should, nor ought to lye, if thou dost prize thyself of that, for whose want thou despisest me. Witness shall also be thine own Hand-writing: Witness Heaven, which thou didst invoke to bear Witness of that which thou didst promise unto me. And when all this shall fail, thy very Conscience shall never fail from using Clamours, being silent in thy Mirth and Turning; for this Truth which I have said to thee now, shall trouble thy greatest Pleasure and Delight.

These

These and many other like Reasons did the sweetly-griev'd *Dorotea* use, with such feeling and abundance of Tears, as mov'd all that were present, as well such as accompany'd Don *Ferdinando* as all the others that did accompany her. Don *Ferdinando* listen'd to her without replying a Word until she had ended her Speech, and given beginning to so many Sighs and Sobs, as the Heart that could endure to behold them without moving were harder than Brass. *Luscinda* did also regard her, no less compassionate of her Sorrow than admir'd at her Discretion and Beauty; and altho' she would have approach'd to her, and used some consolatory Words, yet was she hinder'd by Don *Ferdinando's* Arms, which held her still embraced; who, full of Confusion and Marvel, after he had stood very attentively beholding *Dorotea* a good while, opening his Arms, and leaving *Luscinda* free, said, Thou hast vanquish'd, O beautiful *Dorotea*! thou hast vanquish'd me; for it is not possible to resist or deny so many united Truths. *Luscinda*, thro' her former Trance and Weakness, as Don *Ferdinando* left her, was like to fall, if *Cardenio*, who stood behind Don *Ferdinando* all the while, lest he should be known, shaking off all Fear, and endangering his Person, had not started forward to stay her from falling, and clasping her sweetly between his Arms, he said, If pitiful Heaven be pleas'd, and would have thee now at last take some Ease, my loyal, constant, and beautiful Lady, I presume that thou canst not possess it more securely, than between these Arms which do now receive thee, as whilom they did when Fortune was pleas'd that I might call thee mine own. And then *Luscinda*, first severing her Eye-lids, beheld *Cardenio*, and having first taken notice of him by his Voice, and confirm'd it again by her Sight, like one quite distracted, without farther regarding modest Respects, she cast both her Arms about his Neck, and joining her Face to his, said, Yea, thou indeed art my Lord; thou, the true Owner of this poor Captive, howsoever adverse Fortune shall thwart it, or this Life, which is only sustain'd and lives by thine, be ever so much threaten'd. This was a marvellous Spectacle to Don *Ferdinando*, and all the rest

of the Beholders, which did univerſally admire at this ſo unexpected an Event: And *Dorotea* perceiving *Don Ferdinando* to change Colour, as one reſolving to take Revenge on *Cardenio*, for he had ſet Hand to his Sword; which ſhe conjecturing, did with marvellous Expedition kneel, and catching hold on his Legs, kiſſing them, ſhe ſtrain'd 'em with ſo loving Embracements, as he could not ſtir out of the Place, and then with her Eyes overflown with Tears ſaid unto him, What mean'ſt thou to do, my only Refuge in this unexpected Trance? Thou haſt here thine own Spouſe at thy Feet, and her whom thou wouldſt ſain poſſeſs is between her own Husband's Arms: Judge then, whether it become thee, or is a Thing poſſible to diſſolve that which Heaven hath knit; or whether it be anywiſe laudable to endeavour to raiſe and equal to thy ſelf her, who contemning all Dangers and Inconveniencies, and confirm'd in Faith and Conſtancy, doth in thy preſence bathe her Eyes with amorous Liquor of her True-love's Face and Boſom. I deſire thee, for God's ſake, and by thine own Worths I requeſt thee, that this ſo notorious a Verity may not only aſſwage thy Choler, but alſo diminiſh it in ſuch ſort, as thou may'ſt quietly and peaceably permit thoſe two Lovers to enjoy their Deſires, without any Incumbrance, all the time that Heaven ſhall grant it to them; and herein thou ſhall ſhew the Generoſity of thy magnanimous and noble Breſt, and give the World to underſtand how Reaſon prevaiſeth in thee, and domineereth over Paſſion. All the time that *Dorotea* ſpoke thus to *Don Ferdinando*, altho' *Cardenio* held *Luceinda* between his Arms, yet did he never take his Eye off of *Don Ferdinando*, with Reſolution, that if he did ſee him once ſtir in his Prejudice, he would labour both to defend himſelf and offend his Adverſary, and all thoſe that ſhould join with him to do him any Harm, as much as he could, altho' 'twere with the reſt of his Life: But *Don Ferdinando's* Friends, the Curate and Barber were preſent, and ſaw all that was paſſ'd, repair'd in the mean ſeaſon, without omitting the good *Sancho Panca*, and all of 'em together compaſſ'd *Don Ferdinando*, entreating him to have Regard of the beautiful *Dorotea's* Tears,

and

and it being true (as they believ'd it was) which she had said, he should not permit her to remain defrauded of her so just and lawful Hopes; and, that he should ponder how it was not by Chance, but rather by the particular Providence and Disposition of the Heavens, that they had all met together so unexpectedly; and, that he should remember, as Mr. Curate said very well, that only Death could sever *Luscinda* from her *Cardenio*; and, that altho' the Edge of a Sword might divide and part them asunder, yet in that case they would account their Death most happy; and, that in remediless Events 'twas highest Prudence, by straining and overcoming himself, to shew a generous Mind, permitting that he might conquer his own Will, they two should joy that Good which Heaven had already granted to them; and that he should convert his Eyes to behold the Beauty of *Dorotea*, and he should see that few or none could for Feature paragon with her, and much less excel her; and, that he should confer her Humility and extreme Love, which she bore to him, with her other Endowments; and principally, that if he gloried in the Titles of Nobility or Christianity, he could not do any other than accomplish the Promise that he had pass'd to her; and, that by fulfilling it he should please God, and satisfy discreet Persons, which know very well how 'tis a special Prerogative of Beauty, tho' it be in an humble and mean Subject, if it be consoled with Modesty and Virtue, to exalt and equal itself to any Dignity, without Disparagement of him which doth help to raise, or unite it to himself; and when the strong Laws of Delight are accomplish'd (so that there intercur no Sin in the acting thereof) he is not to be condemn'd which doth follow them. Finally, they added to these Reasons others so many and forcible, that the valorous Breast of *Don Ferdinando* (as commonly all those that are warm'd and nourish'd by noble Blood are wont) was mollified, and permitted itself to be vanquish'd by that Truth which he could not deny, tho' he would: And the Token that he gave of his being overcome, was, to stoop down and embrace *Dorotea*, saying unto her, Arise, Lady, for 'tis not just

That she be prostrated at my Feet whose Image I have erected in my Mind ; and if I have not hitherto given Demonstrations of what I now aver, it hath perhaps befallen thro' the Disposition of Heaven, to the end that I might, by noting the Constancy and Faith wherewithal thou dost affect me, know after how to value and esteem thee according unto thy Merits ; and that which in recompence thereof I do entreat of thee is, that thou wilt excuse in me mine ill Manner of proceeding, and exceeding Carelesness in repaying thy Good-will ; for, the very Occasion and violent Passions that made me to accept thee as mine, the very same did also impell me again not to be thine : And, for the more verifying of mine Assertion, do but once behold the Eyes of the now-contented *Luscinda*, and thou may'st read in them a thousand Excuses for mine Error ; and seeing she hath found and obtain'd her Heart's Desire, and I have in thee also gotten what is most convenient : For I wish she may live securely and joyfully many happy Years with her *Cardenio*, for I will pray the same, that it will license me to enjoy my beloved *Dorotea*. And saying so, he embraced her again, and join'd his Face to her with so lovely a Motion, as it constrain'd him to hold watching over his Tears, lest violently bursting forth, they should give doubtless Arguments of his fervent Love and Remorse.

Cardenio, *Luscinda*, and almost all the rest, could not do so, for the greater number of 'em shed so many Tears, some for their private Contentment, and others for their Friends, as it seem'd that some grievous and heavy Misfortune had betided them all ; even very *Sancho Panca* wept, altho' he excus'd it afterward, saying, That he wept only because that he saw that *Dorotea* was not the Queen of *Micamicon*, as he had imagin'd, of whom he hoped to have received so great Gifts and Favours : The Admiration and Tears join'd, endured in them all for a pretty space, and presently after *Cardenio* and *Luscinda* went and knel'd to Don *Ferdinando*, yielding him Thanks for the Favour that he had done to them, with so courteous Compliments as he knew not what to

answer; and therefore lifted them up, and embraced 'em with very great Affection and Kindness; and presently after, he demanded of *Dorotea* how she came to that Place, so far from her own Dwelling; and she recounted unto him all that she had told to *Cardenio*; whereat *Don Ferdinando*, and those which came with him, took so great Delight, as they could have wish'd that her Story had continued a longer time in the telling than it did, so great was *Dorotea's* Grace in setting out of her Misfortunes. And as soon as she had ended, *Don Ferdinando* told all that had befallen him in the City after that he had found the Scroll in *Luscinda's* Bosom, wherein she declar'd *Cardenio* to be her Husband; and, that he therefore could not marry her; and also how he attempted to kill her, and would have done it, were it not that her Parents hinder'd him; and that he therefore departed out of the House full of Shame and Despite, with Resolution to revenge himself more commodiously; and how he understood the next Day following how *Luscinda* was secretly departed from her Father's House, and gone no body knew where; but that he finally learnt, within a few Months after, that she had enter'd into a certain Monastery, with Intention to remain there all the Days of her Life, if she could not pass them with *Cardenio*; and, that as soon as he had learnt that, chusing those three Gentlemen for his Associates, he came to the Place where she was, but would not speak to her, fearing lest that as soon as they knew of his being there, they would encrease the Guards of the Monastery, and therefore expected until he found on a Day the Gates of the Monastery open; and leaving two of his Fellows to keep the Door, he with the other enter'd into the Abbey in *Luscinda's* search, whom they found talking with a Nun in the Cloyster; and snatching her away ere she could retire herself, they brought her to a certain Village, where they disguised themselves in that sort they were, for so 'twas requisite for to bring her away: All which they did with the more Facility, that the Monastery was seated abroad in the Fields, a good way from any Village. He likewise told, that as soon as *Luscinda*

Lucinda saw herself in his power, she fell into a Swoon; and, that after she had return'd to her self, she never did any other thing but weep and sigh, without speaking a Word; and, that in that manner, accompany'd with Silence and Tears, they had arriv'd to that Inn, which was to him as greatful as an Arrival to Heaven, wherein all Earthly Mishaps are concluded and finish'd.

C H A P. X.

Wherein is prosecuted the History of the famous Princess Micomicona, with other delightful Adventures.

SANCHO gave ear to all this with no small Grief of Mind, seeing that all the Hopes of his Lordship vanish'd away like Smoak, and that the fair Princess *Micomicona* was turn'd into *Dorotea*, and the Giant into *Don Ferdinando*, and that his Master slept so soundly and careless of all that had happen'd. *Dorotea* could not yet assure her self whether the Happiness that she possess'd was a Dream, or no. *Cardenio* was in the very same taking; and also *Luscinda's* Thought run the same Race.

Don Ferdinando yielded many Thanks unto Heaven for having dealt with him so propitiously, and unwinded him out of the intricate Labyrinth, wherein straying, he was at the point to have lost at once his Soul and Credit; and finally, as many as were in the Inn, were very glad and joyful of the Success of so thwart, intricate, and desperate Affairs. The Curate compounded and order'd all things thro' his Discretion, and congratulated every one of the Good he obtain'd: But she that kept greatest Jubilee and Joy, was the Hostess, for the Promise that *Cardenio* and the Curate had made to pay her the Damages and Harms committed by *Don Quixote*; only *Sancho*, as we have said, was afflicted, unfortunate, and sorrowful. And thus he enter'd with melancholy semblance
to



*The Pretended Princess of Avestore
 her Counsel pursued.
 by J. G. G. G. G. G.*

his Lord, who did but then awake, and said to

Well and securely may you sleep, *Sir Knight of the
very Countenance*, as long as it shall please your self,
without troubling your self with any Care of killing
any Giant, or of restoring the Queen to her Kingdom,
or all is concluded and done already. I believe thee ve-
ry easily, reply'd *Don Quixote*, for I have had the mon-
strouslest and most terrible Battle with that Giant that
ever I think to have all the Days of my Life with any ;
and yet with one thwart Blow-thwack I overthrew his
Head to the Ground ; and there issued so much Blood, as
the Streams thereof ran along the Earth as if they were
of Water. As if they were of red Wine, you might bet-
ter have said, reply'd *Sancho Panca* ; for I would let
you to understand, if you know it not already, that the
dead Giant is a bored Wine-bag ; and the Blood, fix and
thirty Gallons of red Wine, which is contain'd in his
Belly : The Head that was slash'd off so neatly, is the
Whore my Mother, and let the Devil take all away for
me. And what is this thou say'st, Mad-man (quoth
Don Quixote ?) Art thou in thy right Wits ; Get up,
Sir (quoth *Sancho*) and you yourself shall see the fair
Stuff you have made, and what we have to pay ; and
you shall behold the Queen transform'd into a particular
Lady, call'd *Dorotea*, with other Successes, which if you
may once conceive them aright, will strike you into
Admiration. I would marvel at nothing, quoth *Don
Quixote* ; for, if thou be'st well remember'd, I told thee
the other time that we were here, how all that succeeded
in this Place was done by Enchantment ; and what
Wonder then if now the like should estoons befall ? I
could easily be induced to believe all, reply'd *Sancho*, if
my canvassing in the Coverlet were of that nature, but
indeed it was not, but most real and certain. And I
saw well how the Inn-keeper, that is here yet this very
Day alive, held one end of the Coverlet, and did toss me
up-towards Heaven with very good Grace and Strength,
no less merrily than lightly : And where the Notice of
Parties intercur, I do believe, altho' I am a simple Man,

and a Sinner, that there's no kind of Enchantment, but rather much Trouble, Bruising, and Misfortune. Well, God will remedy all, said Don *Quixote*; and give me mine Apparel, for I will get up and go forth, and see those Successes and Transformations which thou speak'st of. *Sancho* gave him his Clothes; and whilst he was a making of him ready, the Curate recounted to Don *Ferdinando* and to the rest, Don *Quixote*'s mad Pranks, and the Guile he had used to bring him away out of the *Poor Rock*, wherein he imagin'd that he liv'd exiled thro' the Disdain of his Lady. He told them moreover all the other Adventures which *Sancho* had discover'd; whereat they did not laugh a little, and wonder withal, because it seem'd to 'em all to be one of the extravagant'st kinds of Madness that ever befell a distracted Brain. The Curate also added, That seeing the good Success of the Lady *Dorotea* did impeach the farther prosecuting of their Design, that it was requisite to invent and find some other way how to carry him home to his own Village. *Cardenio* offer'd himself to prosecute the Adventure, and *Luscinda* should represent *Dorotea*'s Person. No, quoth *Ferdinando*, it shall not be so, for I will have *Dorotea* to prosecute her own Invention, for so that the Village of this good Gentleman be not very far off from hence, I will be very glad to procure his Remedy. 'Tis no more than two Days Journey from hence, said the Curate. Well, tho' it were more, reply'd Don *Ferdinando*, I would be pleas'd to travel them, in exchange of doing so good a Work. Don *Quixote* sallied out at this time compleatly arm'd, with *Mambrino*'s Helmet (altho' with a great Hole in it) on his Head, his Target on his Arm, and lean'd on his Trunk or Javelin. His strange Countenance and Gate amaz'd Don *Ferdinando* and his Companions very much, seeing his ill-favour'd Vi'age so wither'd and yellow, the Inequality and the Insuitability of his Arms, and his grave manner of proceeding; and stood all silent to see what he would do: Who casting his Eyes on the beautiful *Dorotea*, with very great Gravity and Staidness said:

I am

I am inform'd (beautiful Lady!) by this my 'Squire, that your Greatness is annihilated, and your Being destroy'd; for, of a Queen and mighty Princess which you were wont to be, you are now become a particular Damsel; which, if it had been done by particular Order of the magical King your Father, dreading that I would not be able to give you the necessary and requisite Help for your Restitution, I say, that he neither knew, nor doth know the one half of the Enterprize; and, that he was very little acquainted with Histories of Chivalry; for if he had read them, or pass'd 'em over with so great Attention and Leisure as I have done and read 'em, he should have found at every other step how other Knights, of a great deal less Fame than myself, have ended more desperate Adventures, seeing 'tis not so great a Matter to kill a Giant, be he ever so arrogant: For 'tis not many Hours since I my self fought with one, and what ensued I will not say, lest they should tell me that I do lye; but Time, the Detector of all Things, will disclose it when we do least think thereof. Thou fought'st with two Wine-bags, and not with a Giant, quoth the Host at this season: But Don *Ferdinando* commanded him to be silent, and not interrupt Don *Quixote* in any wise, who prosecuted his Speech, saying, In fine, I say, high and disinherited Lady, that if your Father hath made this *Metamorphosis* in your Person for the Causes related, give him no Credit, for there is no Peril so great on Earth, but my Sword shall open a Way thro' it, wherewithal I overthrowing your Enemy's Head to the Ground, will set your Crown on your own Head within a few Days. Here Don *Quixote* held his peace, and awaited the Princess her Answer, who knowing Don *Ferdinando's* Determination and Will, that she should continue the commenc'd Guile until Don *Quixote* were carried home again, answer'd with a very good Grace and Countenance in this manner: Whosoever inform'd you, valorous *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face*, that I have alter'd and chang'd my Being, hath not told you the Truth, for I am the very same to-day that I was yesterday. True it is, that some unexpected, yet fortunate

Successes have wrought some Alteration in me, by bestowing on me better Hap than I hoped for, or could wish myself; but yet, for all that, I have not left off to be that which before, or to have the very same Thoughts which I ever had, to help my self by the Valour of your most valorous and invincible Arm. And therefore I request you, good my Lord, of your accustomed Bounty to return my Father his Honour again, and account of him as of a very discreet and prudent Man, seeing that he found by his Skill so easie and so infallible a Way to redress my Disgraces: For I do certainly believe, that if it had not been by your Means, I should never have happen'd to attain to the good Fortune which now I possess, as all those Noblemen present may witness; what therefore rests, is, that to-morrow Morning we do set forward, for to-day is now already so overgone, as we should not be able to travel very far from hence. As for the Conclusion of the good Success that I do hourly expect, I refer that to God, and the Valour of your invincible Arm.

Thus much the discreet *Dorotea* said; and Don *Quixote* having heard her, he turn'd him to *Sancho* with very manifest Tokens of Indignation, and said, Now I say unto thee little, *Sancho*, that thou art the very'st Rascal that is in all *Spain*; tell me, Thief and Vagabond, Didst not thou, but even very now, say unto me, that this Princess was turn'd into a Damsel, and that call'd *Dorotea*? and, that the Head which I thought I had slash'd from a Giant's Shoulders was the Whore which bore thee; with a thousand other Follies, which did plunge me into the greatest Confusion that ever I was in in my Life? I vow (and then he look'd upon Heaven, and did crash his Teeth together) that I am about to make such a Wreck on thee, as shall beat Wit into the Pates of all the lying Squires that shall ever hereafter serve Knights-Errant in this World. I pray you have Patience, good my Lord, answer'd *Sancho*, for it may very well befall me to be deceiv'd in that which toucheth the Transmutation of the Lady and Princess *Micomicona*; but in that which concerneth the Giant's Head, or at least

least the boring of the Wine-bags, and, that the Blood was but red Wine, I am not deceiv'd, I swear, for the Bags lie yet wounded there within, at your own Bed's Head, and the Wine hath made a Lake in the Chamber; and if it be not so, it shall be perceiv'd at the frying of the Eggs; I mean, that you shall see it when Master Inn-keeper's Worship, who is here present, shall demand the Loss and Damage. I say then, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, that thou art a Madcap: Pardon me, and so 'tis enough. 'Tis enough indeed, quoth *Don Ferdinando*, and therefore let me entreat you to say no more of this: And seeing my Lady the Princess says she will be going to morrow, seeing 'tis now too late to depart to-day, let it be so agreed on, and we'll spend this Night in pleasant Discourses, until the Approach of the ensuing Day, wherein we will all accompany and attend on the worthy Knight Sir *Don Quixote*, because we would be Eye-witness of the valorous and unmatchable Feats of Arms which he shall do in the pursuit of this weighty Enterprize which he hath taken upon him. I am he that will serve and accompany you, good my Lord, reply'd *Don Quixote*; and I do highly gratify the Honour that is done me, and the good Opinion that is held of me, the which I will endeavour to verifie and approve, or it shall cost me my Life, or more, if more it might cost me.

Many other Words of Compliment and Gratification pass'd between *Don Quixote* and *Don Ferdinando*; but a certain Passenger impos'd Silence to 'em all by his Arrival to the Inn in that very season, who, by his Attire, shew'd that he was a *Christian* newly return'd from among the *Moors*, for he was apparel'd with a short-skirted Cassock of blue Cloth, Sleeves reaching down half the Arm, and without a Collar; his Breeches were likewise of blue Linnen, and he wore a Bonnet of the same colour, a pair of Date-colour Buskins, and a *Turkish* Scymitar hanging at his Neck in a Scarf, which went athwart his Breast. There enter'd after him, riding on an Ass, a Woman clad like a *Moor*, and her Face cover'd with a piece of the Veil of her Head: She wore on her Head a

little Cap of Cloth of Gold, and was cover'd with a little *Turkish* Mantle from the Shoulders down to the Feet. The Man was of strong and comely making, of the age of Forty Years, or thereabout; his Face was somewhat tann'd; he had long *Moustachoes*, and a very handsome Beard. To conclude, his Making was such, as, if he were well attir'd, Men would take him to be a Person of Quality and good Birth. He demanded a Chamber as soon as he had enter'd; and being answer'd, that there was no one vacant in the Inn, he seem'd to be griev'd; and coming to her which in her Attire denoted her self to be a *Moor*, he took her down from her Ass. *Luscinda*, *Dorotea*, the Hostess, her Daughter, and *Maritornes*, allured to behold the new and strange Attire of the *Moor*, compass'd her about; and *Dorotea*, who was always most gracious, courteous, and discreet, deeming that both she, and he that had brought her, were discontented for the want of a Lodging, she said, Lady, be not griev'd for the Trouble you are here like to endure for want of Means to refresh your self, seeing 'tis an universal and usual Vice of all Inns to be defective herein; yet, notwithstanding, if it shall please you to pass away the Time among us (pointing to *Luscinda*) perhaps you have met in the Course of your Travels other worse Places of Entertainment than this shall prove. The disguised Lady made no Answer, no other Thing than arising from the Place wherein she sat, and setting both her Hands across on her Bosom, she inclined her Head and bow'd her Body, in sign that she render'd them Thanks. By her Silence, they doubtlessly conjectur'd her to be a *Moor*, and that she could not speak the *Castilian* Tongue. In this the Captive arriv'd, who was otherwise employ'd until then, and seeing that they all had environ'd her that came with him, and that she made no Answer to their Speech, he said, Ladies, this Maiden scarce understands my Tongue yet, nor doth she know any other than that of her own Country, and therefore she hath not, nor can make any Answer to your Demands. We demand nothing of her, quoth *Luscinda*, but only to make her an Offer of our Companies for this Night, and part of the Room
where

where we our selves shall be accommodated, where she shall be cherish'd up as much as the Commodity of this Place, and the Obligation wherein we be ty'd to shew Courtesies to Strangers that may want it, do bind us, especially she being a Woman, to whom we may do this Service. Sweet Lady, I kiss your Hands both for her and my self, reply'd the Captive, and I do highly prize, as it deserveth, the Favour you have proffer'd, which in such an Occasion, and offer'd by such Persons as you seem to be, doth very plainly shew how great it is. Tell me, good Sir, quoth *Dorotea*, whether is this Lady a *Christian* or a *Moor*? for by her Attire and Silence she makes us suspect that she is that we would not wish she were. "A *Moor* she is in Attire and Body, answer'd the Captive, but in Mind she is a very fervent *Christian*, for she hath very expressly desir'd to become one. Then she is not yet baptiz'd, said *Luscinda*? There hath been no Opportunity offer'd to us, quoth the Captive, to christen her since she departed from *Argell*, which is her Town and Country; and since that time she was not in any so imminent a Danger of Death, as might oblige her to be baptiz'd before she was first instructed in all the Ceremonies which our Holy Mother the Church commandeth; but I hope shortly (if it shall please God) to see her baptiz'd with that Decency which her Quality and Calling deserves, which is greater than her Attire or mine makes shew of.

These Words inflam'd all the Hearers with a great Desire to know who the *Moor* and her Captive were, yet none of 'em would at that time entreat him to satisfy their Longing, because the Season rather invited them to take some Order how they might rest after their Travels, than to demand of them the Discourse of their Lives. *Dorotea* then taking her by the Hand, caus'd her to sit down by herself, and pray'd her to take off the Veil from her Face. She instantly beheld the Captive, as if she demanded of him what they said; and he in the *Arabical* Language told her, how they desir'd her to discover her Face, and bid her to do it; which presently she did, and discover'd so beautiful a Visage, as *Dorotea* esteem'd

esteem'd her to be fairer than *Luscinda*, and *Luscinda* priz'd her to excel *Dorotea*; and all the Beholders perceiv'd that if any one could surpass them both in Beauty, 'twas the *Moor*; and there were some that thought she excell'd 'em both in some respects. And as Beauty hath evermore the Prerogative and Grace to reconcile Mens Minds, and attract their Wills to it, so all of 'em forthwith dedicated their Desires to serve and make much of the lovely *Moor*. Don *Ferdinando* demanded of the Captive how she was call'd; and he answer'd, that her Name was *Lela Zoraida*: And as soon as she heard him, and understood what they had demanded, she suddenly answer'd with Anguish, but yet with a very good Grace, No, not *Zoraida*, but *Maria, Maria*; giving them to understand that she was call'd *Maria*, and not *Zoraida*.

These Words, and the great Effect and Vehemency wherewithal the *Moor* deliver'd 'em, extorted more than one Tear from the Hearers, especially from the Women, who are naturally tender-hearted and compassionate. *Luscinda* embraced her then with great Love, and said, Ay, ay, *Maria, Maria*; to which she answer'd, Ay, ay, *Maria Zoraida mancange*, that is, and not *Zoraida*. By this it was grown some Four of the Clock in the Afternoon, and by order of those which were Don *Ferdinando*'s Companions, the Inn-keeper had provided for them as good a Bever as the Inn could in any wise afford unto them: Therefore, it being the Hour, they sat down all together at a long Table, for there was ne'er a square or round one in all the House, and they gave the first and principal end (altho' he refus'd it as much as he could) to Don *Quixote*, who commanded that the Lady *Micomicona* should sit at his Elbow, seeing he was her Champion: Presently were placed *Luscinda*, and *Zoraida*, and Don *Ferdinando*, and *Cardenio* right over against them, and after the Captive and other Gentlemen, and on the other side the Curate and Barber. And thus they made their Drinking with very great Recreation, which was the more augmented to see Don *Quixote* leaving of his Meat, and mov'd by the like Spirit of that which had made him once before talk so much to the Goat-herds, begin to offer them an Occasion of Speech in this manner: Tru-

Truly, good Sirs, if it be well consider'd, those which profess the Order of Knighthood do see many great and unexpected Things: If it be not so, say, what mortal Man alive is there, that entering in at this Castle-gate, and seeing us all in the manner we be now present here, can judge and believe that we are those which we be? Who is it that can say, that this Lady which sits here at my Sleeve, is the great Queen that we all know her to be, and that I am that *Knight of the heavy Countenance* that am so much blab'd of abroad by the Mouth of Fame? Therefore it cannot be now doubted, but that this Art and Exercise excelleth all the others which ever human Wit, the Underminer of Nature, invented; and 'tis the more to be priz'd, by how much it exposeth itself more than other Trades, to Dangers and Inconveniencies. Away with those that shall affirm Learning to surpass Arms; for I will say unto them, be they what they list, that they know not what they say: For the Reason which such Men do most urge, and to which they most rely, is, that the Travels of the Spirit do far exceed those of the Body; and, that the Use of Arms are only exercis'd by the Body; as if it were an Office fit for Porters, for which nothing were requisite but Bodily Forces; or as if in that, which we that profess it do call Arms, were not included the Acts of Fortitude, which require deep Understanding to execute them; or as if the Warriour's Mind did not labour as well as his Body who had a great Army to lead and command, or the Defence of a besieg'd City: If not, see if he can arrive by his corporeal Strength to know or sound the Intent of his Enemy, the Designs, Stratagems, and Difficulties, how to prevent imminent Dangers; all these being Operations of the Understanding, wherein the Body hath no meddling at all. It being therefore so, that the Exercise of Arms require Spirit, as well as those of Learning, let us now examine which of the two Spirits, that of the Scholar, or Soldier, do take most Pain: And this may be best understood by the End to which both of them are address'd; for that Intention is most to be esteem'd

which

which hath for Object, the most noble End. The End and Conclusion of Learning is, I speak not now of Divinity, whose Scope is to lead and address Souls to Heaven, for to an End so much without End as this, no other may be compar'd; I mean of human Sciences and Arts, to maintain *distributive Justice* in his Perfection, and give to every one that which is his own; to endeavour and cause good Laws to be religiously observ'd; an End most certainly generous, high, and worthy of great Praise, but not of so much as that to which the Exercise of Arms is annex'd, which hath for his Object and End Peace, which is the greatest Good Men can desire in Life; therefore the first good News that ever the World had, or Men received, were those which the Angels brought on that Night which was our Day, when they sung in the Skies, *Glory be in the Heights, and Peace on Earth, to Men of good Minds*: And the Salutation which the best Master that ever was on Earth, or in Heaven, taught to his Disciples and Favourites, was, that when they enter'd into any House, they should say, *Peace be to this House*; and many other times he said, *I give unto you my Peace, I leave my Peace unto you; Peace be amongst you*. 'Tis a Good as precious as a Jewel, and a Gift given, and left, by such a Hand; a Jewel, without which neither on Earth, or in Heaven, can there be any perfect Good. This Peace is the true End of War, for Arms and War are one and the self-same Things. This Truth being therefore presuppos'd, that the End of War is Peace, and that herein it doth excel the End of Learning, let us descend to the corporeal Labours of the Scholar, and to those of him that possesseth Arms, and consider which of 'em are more toilsome.

Don Quixote did prosecute his Discourse in such sort, and with so pleasing Terms, as he had almost induced his Audients to esteem him to be, at that time at least, exempt from his Phrenzy; and therefore, by reason that the greater number of them were Gentlemen, to whom the Use of Arms is in a manner essential and proper, they did willingly listen to him; and therefore he continued on with his Discourse in this manner: I say then that

that the Pains of the Student are commonly these : Principally Poverty (not that I would maintain that all Students are poor, but that I may put the Case in the greatest Extremity it can have) and by saying that he may be poor, methinks there may be no greater Aggravation of his Misery ; for he that is poor hath no Perfection : And this Poverty is suffer'd by him sundry ways ; sometimes by Hunger, other times by Cold or Nakedness, and many times by all of 'em together ; yet it is never so extream but that he doth eat, altho' it be somewhat later than the Custom, or of the Scraps and Reversion of the rich Man : And the greatest Misery of the Student is that which they term, to live by Sops and Pottage ; and tho' they want Fire of their own, yet may they have recourse to their Neighbour's Chimney, which if it do not warm, yet will it weaken the Cold ; and finally, they sleep at Night under a Roof. I will not descend to other 'I rifles, to wit, the want of Shirts and Shoos, the barrenness of their Clothes, or the overloading of their Stomachs with Meat, when good Fortune lends 'em as good a Meal ; for by this Way, which I have decypher'd so rough and difficult, stumbling here, falling there, getting up again on the other side, and re-falling on this, they attain the Degree which they have desir'd so much which many having compass'd, as we have seen, which having pass'd thro' these Difficulties, and sail'd by *Scylla* and *Charybdis* (borne away flying in a manner by favourable Fortune) they command and govern all the World from a Chair, turning their Hunger into Satiety, their Nakedness into Pomp, and their sleeping on a Mat into sweet Repose among Hollands and Damask ; a Reward justly merited by their Virtue. But their Labours, confronted and compar'd with those of the militant Soldier, remain very far behind ; as I will presently declare.

C H A P. XI.

Treating of the curious Discourse made by Don Quixote upon the Exercises of Arms and Letters.

DON *Quixote* continuing his Discourse, said, Seeing we begin in the Student with Poverty and her Parts, let us examine whether the Soldier be richer : Certainly we shall find, that no Man can exceed the Soldier in Poverty itself; for he is ty'd to his wretched Pay, which comes either late or never, or else to his own Shifts, with notable danger of his Life and Conscience; and his Nakedness is oft-times so much, as many times a Leather Jerkin gash'd serves him at once for a Shirt and an Ornament : And in the midst of Winter he hath sundry times no other Defence or Help to resist the Inclemencies of the Air, in the midst of the open Fields, than the Breath of his Mouth, which Fervently believeth, against Nature, come out cold, by reason it fallies from an empty place. Expect there, till the Night fall, that he may repair all these Discommodities by the easiness of his Bed, the which, if it be not thro' his own Default, shall never offend in Narrowness, for he may measure out for it on the Earth as many foot as he pleaseth, and tumble himself up and down in it without endangering the wrinkling of his Sheets. Let, after all this, the Day and Hour arrive wherein he is to receive the Degree of his Profession; let, I say, a Day of Battle arrive, for there they will sit on his Head the Cap of his Dignity, made of Lints to cure the Wound of some Bullet that has pass'd thro' and thro' his Temples, or hath maim'd an Arm or a Leg. And when this doth not befall, but that Heaven doth piously keep and preserve him whole and sound, he shall prehaps abide still in the same Poverty wherein he was at the first; and that if it be requisite that one and another Battle do succeed, and he come off ever a Victor, to the end that he may prosper, and be at the last advanc'd. But such Miracles are
but

out few times wrought : And say, good Sirs, if you have noted it, how few are those which the Wars reward, in respect of the others which it hath destroy'd ? You must answer, without question, That there can be no Comparison made between 'em ; nor can the Dead be reduced to any number, but all the living, and such as are advanc'd, may be counted easily with three Arithmetical Figures. All which falls out contrary in Learned Men, for all of them have wherewithal to entertain and maintain themselves by Skirts, I will say nothing of Sleeves : So that altho' the Soldier's Labour is greater, yet is his Reward much less. But to this may be answer'd, That it is easier to reward Two hundred thousand Learned Men, than Thirty thousand Soldiers ; for they may be advanc'd by giving unto 'em Offices which must of necessity be bestow'd on Men of their Profession, but Soldiers cannot be recompens'd otherwise than by the Lord's Substance and Wealth whom they serve : And yet this Objection and Impossibility doth fortifie much more my Assertion.

But leaving this apart, which is a Labyrinth of very difficult Issue, let us return to the Pre-eminency of Arms over Learning, which is a Matter hitherto depending, so many are the Reasons that every one alledgeth for himself : And, among those which I my self have repeated, Learning doth argue thus for it self : That Arms without it cannot be long maintain'd, forasmuch as the War hath also Laws, and is subject to them, and that the Laws are contain'd under the Title of Learning, and belong to learned Men. To this Objection Arms do make answer, That the Laws can't be sustain'd without them, for Commonwealths are defended by Arms, and Kingdoms preserv'd, Cities fenced, Highways made safe, the Seas freed from Pirates ; and, to be brief, if 'twere not for them, Commonwealths, Kingdoms, Monarchies, Cities, and Ways by Sea and Land, would be subject to the Rigour and Confusion which attendeth on the War all the time that it endureth, and is licens'd to practise his Prerogatives and Violence : And 'tis a known Truth, that it which cost most, is or ought to be most accounted of. That one may become eminent in Learning, it costs him
Time,

Time, Watchings, Hunger, Nakedness, Head-achs, Rawsness of the Stomach, and other such Inconveniencies as I have partly mention'd already. But, that one may arrive by true terms to be a good Soldier, it costs him all that it costs the Student, in so exceeding a degree as admits of no Comparison, for he is at every step in jeopardy to lose his Life. And what fear of Necessity or Poverty may befall or molest a Student so fiercely as it doth a Soldier, who seeing himself at the Siege of some impregnable Place, and standing Centinel in some Ravelin or Half-moon, feels the Enemies undermining near to the Place where he is, and yet dares not to depart or abandon his Stand upon any Occasion whatsoever, or shun the Danger which so nearly threatens him? But that which he only may do, is, to advise his Captain of that which passeth, to the end he may remedy it by some Countermine, whilst he must stand still fearing and expecting when he shall suddenly fly up to the Clouds without Wings, and after descend to the Depths against his Will. And if this appear to be but a small Danger, let us weigh whether the grappling of two Gallies the one with the other in the midst of the spacious Main, may be compar'd, or do surpass it, the which nail'd and grappled fast the one to the other, the Soldier hath no more room in them than two foot broad of a Plank on the Battlings; and notwithstanding, altho' he clearly see laid before him so many Ministers of Death, for all the Pieces of Artillery that are planted on the adverse side do threaten him, and are not distant from his Body the length of a Lance, and seeing that if he slipp'd ever so little aside, he should fall into the Deeps, doth yet nevertheless with undaunted Heart, borne away on the Wings of Honour, which spurreth him onward, oppose himself as a Work to all their Shot, and strives to pass by that so narrow a Way into the Enemy's Vessel. And what is most to be admir'd, is, to behold how scarce is one fallen into the Place from whence he shall never after arise until the World's end, when another takes possession of the same Place; and if he do likewise tumble into the Sea, which gapes like an Enemy for him

him also, and another and another will succeed unto him, without giving any Respite to the Times of their Death, Valour, and Boldness, which is the greatest that may be found among all the Trances of Warfare. Those blessed Ages were fortunate which wanted the dreadful Fury of the devilish and murdering Pieces of Ordnance, to whose Inventor, I'm verily persuaded, they render in Hell an eternal Guerdon for his diabolical Invention; by which he hath given Power to an infamous, base, vile, and dastardly Arm, to bereave the most valorous Knight of Life, and that without knowing how, or from whence, in the midst of the Stomach and Courage that enflames and animates valorous Minds, that arrives a wandering Bullet (shot off perhaps by him that was afraid, and fled at the very blaze of the Powder as he discharg'd the accursed Engine) and cuts off and finisheth in a moment the Thoughts and Life of him who merited to enjoy it many Ages.

And whilst I consider this, am about to say, That it grieves me to have ever undertaken the Exercise of a Knight-Errant in this our detestable Age; for altho' no Danger can affright me, yet notwithstanding I live in Jealousie, to think how Powder and Lead might deprive me of the Power to make my self famous and renowned by the Strength of mine Arm, and Edge of my Sword, throughout the Face of the Earth: But let Heaven dispose as it pleaseth, for so much the more shall I be esteem'd, if I can compass my Pretensions, by how much the Dangers were greater to which I oppos'd my self, than those atchiev'd in foregoing Times by Knights-Adventurous.

Don *Quixote* made all this prolix Speech, whilst the rest of his Company did eat, wholly forgetting to taste one Bit, altho' *Sancho Panca* did now and then put him in remembrance of his Victuals, saying, that he should have Leisure enough after to speak as much as he could desire. In those that had heard, was again renew'd a kind of Compassion, to see a Man of so good a Wit as he seem'd to be, and of so good Discourse in all the other Matters which he took in hand, to remain so clearly devoid
of

of it, when any Occasion of Speech were offer'd, treating of his accursed Chivalry. The Curate applauded his Discourse, affirming, That he produced very good Reasons for all that he had spoken in the favour of Arms, and, that he himself (altho' he was learned and graduated) was likewise of his Opinion. The Bever being ended, and the Table cloths taken away, whilst *Maritornes* did help her Mistress and her Daughter to make ready the Room, where Don *Quixote* had slept, for the Gentlewomen, wherein they alone might retire themselves that Night, Don *Ferdinando* entreated to recount unto them the History of his Life, forasmuch as he suspected that it must have been rare and delightful, as he gather'd by the Tokens he gave, by coming in the lovely *Zoraida's* company. To which the Captive reply'd, That he would accomplish his Desire with a very good Will; and, that only he fear'd that the Discourse would not prove so savoury as they expected; but yet, for all that, he would tell it, because he would not disobey him. The Curate and all the rest thank'd him for his Promise, and turn'd to request him again to begin his Discourse; and he perceiving so many to sollicite him, said, That Prayers were not requisite when Commandments were of such force; and therefore I desire you, quoth he, to be attentive, and you shall hear a true Discourse, to which perhaps no feign'd Invention can be compar'd, for Variety or Delight. The rest, animated by these Words, did accommodate themselves with very great Silence; and he beholding their Silence and Expectation of his History, with a modest and pleasing Voice began in this manner:



CHAP. XII.

Wherein the Captive recounteth his Life, and other Accidents.

IN a certain Village of the Mountains of *Lion*, my Lineage had beginning, wherewithal Nature dealt much more liberally than Fortune, altho' my Father had the Opinion, amidst the Penury and Poverty of that People, to be a rich Man, as indeed he might have been, had he but used as much Care to hoard up his Wealth as Prodigality to spend it. And this his liberal Disposition proceeded from his being a Soldier in his youthful Years; for War is the School wherein the Miser is made frank, and the frank Man Prodigal: And if among Soldiers we find some Wretches and Niggards, they'r accounted Monsters which are seldom seen. My Father passed the Bounds of Liberality, and touch'd very nearly the Confines of Prodigality, a Thing nothing profitable for a married Man, who had Children that should succeed him in his Name and Being. My Father had three Sons, all Men, and of Years sufficient to make an Election of the State of Life they meant to lead; wherefore he perceiving, as he himself was wont to say, that he could not bridle his Nature in that Condition of Spending, he resolv'd to deprive himself of the Instrument and Cause which made him such a spender, and so liberal, to wit, of his Goods, without which *Alexander the Great* himself would be accounted a Miser; and therefore calling us all three together on a Day into his Chamber, he used these or suchlike Reasons to us:

Sons, to affirm that I love you well, may be presumed, seeing I term you my Sons; and yet it may be suspected that I hate you, seeing I do not govern my self so well as I might, in the husbanding and encreasing of your Stock: But, to the end that you may from henceforth preceive that I do affect you with a Fatherly Love, and, that I mean not to overthrow you like a Step-Father, I'll do one Thing to you which I have ponder'd, and with
mature

mature Deliberation propos'd these many Days. You are all of age to accept an Estate, or at least to make choice of some such Exercise as may turn to your Honour and Profit at riper Years; and therefore that which I have thought upon is, to divide my Goods into four Parts; the three I will bestow upon you, to every one that which appertains to him, without exceeding a Jot; and I myself will reserve the fourth to live and maintain me with as long as it shall please Heaven to lend me Breath: Yet do I greatly desire, that after every one of you is possessed of his Portion, he would take one of the Courses which I mean to propose. There's an old Proverb in this our *Spain*, in mine Opinion very true (as ordinarily all Proverbs are, being certain brief Sentences collected out of long and discreet Experiences) and 'tis this, *The Church, the Sea, or the Court*: The Meaning whereof is, that whosoever would become wealthy or worthy, must either follow the Church, haunt the Seas, by exercising the Trade of Merchandise, or get him a Place of Service and Entertainment in the King's House; for Men say, *That a King's Crumb is more worth than a Lord's Loaf*. This I say because I desire, and 'tis my Will, that one of you do follow his Book, another Merchandise, and the third the War, seeing that the Service of his own House is a difficult Thing to compass: And altho' the War is not wont to enrich a Man, yet it adds unto him great Worth and Renown. Within these eight Days I do mean to give you all your Portions in Money, without defrauding you of a Mite, as you shall see in Effect; therefore tell me now whether you mean to follow mine Opinion and Device in this which I have propos'd. And then he commanded me, by reason that I was the eldest, to make him an Answer.

I, after I had entreated him not to make away his Goods, but to spend and dispose of them as he list'd, seeing that we were both young and able enough to gain more, at last I concluded that I would accomplish his Will, and that mine was to follow the Wars, therein serving God and my King together. The second Brother made the same Offer, and employing his Portion
in

in Commodities, would venture it to the *Indies*. The youngest, and, as I deem, the discreetest, said, that either he would follow the Church, or go at least to *Salamancha*, to finish his already-commenced Studies. And as soon as we had ended the Agreement and Election of our Vocations, my Father embrac'd us all; and afterwards performed unto us, in as short a time as he had mention'd, all that he had promised, giving unto each of us a Portion, amounting, if I do well remember, to three thousand Ducats a-piece in Money: For an Uncle of ours bought all the Goods, and paid ready Money, because he would not have them made away from our own Family and Lineage. We all took Leave of our good Father in one Day; and in that Instant it seeming to me a great Inhumanity to leave my Father so old, and with so little Means, I dealt so with him, as I constrain'd him to take back again two thousand Ducats of the three he had given me, for as much as the rest was sufficient to furnish me in very good fort with all Things requisite for a Soldier. My Brothers, moved by mine Example, did each of them give him a thousand Crowns: So that my Father remained with four thousand Crowns in Money, and three in Goods, as they were valued; which Goods he would not sell, but keep them still in Stock. Finally, we bad him (and our said Uncle) farewell, not without much Feeling and many Tears on both sides: And they charged us that we would from time to time acquaint them with our Successes, whether prosperous or adverse. We promis'd to perform it: And then embracing us, and giving us his Blessing, one departed towards *Salamancha*, another to *Seville*, and myself to *Alicant*. I arriv'd prosperously at *Genoa*, and from thence went to *Milan*, where I did accommodate myself with Arms, and other Braveries us'd by Soldiers, and departed from thence to settle myself in *Piemont*; and being in my Way towards the City of *Alexandria de la Paglia*, I heard News that the great Duke of *Alva* did pass towards *Flanders*. Wherefore changing my Purpose, I went with him, and serv'd in all the Expeditions he made: I was present at the beheading of the Earls of *Egmont* and *Horns*, and obtained at last to be Esqⁿ

to a famous Captain of *Guada-lasara*, call'd *Diego de Urbina*. Within a while after mine Arrival to *Flanders*, the News were divulg'd of the League that *Pius Quintus* the Pope, of famous Memory, had made with the *Venetians* and the King of *Spain*, against our common Enemy the *Turk*, who had gain'd by Force the famous Island of *Cyprus* much about the same time, which Island belong'd to the State of *Venice*, and was an unfortunate and lamentable Loss. It was also certainly known, that the most noble Don *John* of *Austria*, our good King Don *Philip's* natural Brother, did come down for General of this League, and the great Provision that was made for the War was publish'd every where.

All this did incite and stir on my Mind and Desire to be present at that Expedition so much expected: And therefore, altho' I had Conjectures, and half Promises to be made a Captain in the first Occasion that should be offer'd, yet I resolv'd to leave all those Hopes, and go into *Italy*, as in effect I did. And my good Fortune so disposed, as the Lord Don *John* of *Austria* arriv'd just at the same time at *Genoa*, and went towards *Naples*, to join himself with the *Venetian* Navy, as he did after at *Messina*. In this most fortunate Journey I was present, being by this made a Captain of Foot: To which honourable Charge I was mounted, rather by my good Fortune, than by my Deserts. And that very Day, which was so fortunate to all *Christendom*, for therein the whole World was undeceiv'd, and all the Nations thereof freed of all the Error they held, and Belief they had, that the *Turks* was invincible at Sea: In that very Day, I say, wherein the swelling Stomach and *Ottomanical* Pride was broken, among so many happy Men as were there (for the *Christians* that were slain were much more happy than those which they left victorious alive) I alone was unfortunate, seeing that in Exchange of some naval Crown, which I might expect, had I lived in the Times of the ancient *Romans*, I found myself the Night ensuing that so famous a Day with my Legs chain'd, and my Hands manacled, which befell in this manner: That *Uchali*, King of *Algiers*, a bold and venturous Pirate, having invested and distressed

distress'd the Admiral of *Malta* (for only three Knights remain'd alive, and those very sore wounded) *John Andrea's* chief Galley came to her Succour, wherein I went with my Company: And doing what was requisite in such an Occasion, I leap'd into the Enemy's Vessel, the which falling off from that which had assaulted her, hinder'd my Soldiers from following me; by which Means I saw myself alone amidst mine Enemies, against whom I could make no long Resistance, they were so many. In fine, I was taken full of Wounds. Now, as you may have heard, *Uchali* sav'd himself and all his Squadron, whereby I became Captive in his Power, and only remain'd sorrowful among so many joyful, and captive among so many freed; for that Day fifteen thousand *Christians*, which came Slaves, and inchain'd in the *Turkish* Gallies, recover'd their desir'd Liberty. I was carry'd to *Constantinople*, where the great *Turk Selim*, made Lord-General of the Sea, by reason that he had so well perform'd his Duty in the Battle, having brought away, for a Witness of his Valour, the Standard of the Order of *Malta*. I was the ensuing Year of 1572, in *Naverino*, rowing in the Admiral of the *three Lanthorns*, and saw and noted there the Opportunity that was lost, of taking all the *Turkish* Navy within the Haven: For all the *Janisaries*, and other Soldiers that were in it, made full account that they should be set upon, even within the very Port, and therefore truss'd up all their Baggage, and made ready their Shoos, to fly away presently to the Land, being in no wise minded to expect the Assault, our Navy did strike such Terror into them. But God disposed otherwise of the matter, not thro' the Fault or Negligence of the General that govern'd our Men, but for the Sins of *Christendom*; and because God permits and wills that we have always some Executioners to chastise us. In Sum, *Uchali* got into *Modon*, which is an Island near to *Naverino*, and landing his Men there, he fortify'd the Mouth of the Haven, and there remain'd until *Don John* departed. In this Voyage was taken the Galley call'd *Presa*, whereof the famous Pirate *Barbarossus* his Son was Captain. It was surprized by the head Galley

of Naples, call'd the *She Wolf*, that was commanded by the Thunderbolt of War, the Father of Soldiers, that fortunate and never-overthrown Don *Alvaro de Bacan*, the Marquis of *Sancta-Cruz*. And here I will not forget to recount what befell at the taking of the *Presa*. This Son of *Barbarossa* was so cruel, and used his Slaves so ill, that as soon as they that were rowing perceived the *She Wolf* to approach them, and that she had overtaken them, they cast away their Oars all at one time, and laying Hands on their Captain that stood on the † Poop, crying to them to row with more Speed, and passing him from one Bank to another, from the Poop to the Prow, they took so many Bits out of him, as he had scarce pass'd beyond the Mast, when his Soul was already waisted to Hell: Such was the Cruelty wherewithal he intreated them, and so great the Hate they also bore towards him. We return'd the next Year after to *Constantinople*, being that of Seventy and three, and there we learnt how Don *John* had gain'd *Tunis*, and taking that Kingdom away from the *Turks*, had, by installing *Muley Hamet* therein, cut away all *Muley Hamed*'s Hopes to reign again there, who was the most cruel and valiant *Moor* that ever lived.

The great *Turk* was very much griev'd for this Loss; and therefore using the Sagacity wherewithal all his Race were endu'd, he made Peace with the *Venetians*, which wish'd for it much more than he did himself: And the Year after, of Seventy and four, he assaulted the Fortrefs of *Goleta*, and the other Fortrefs that Don *John* had rais'd near unto *Tunis*. And in all these Occasions I was present, ty'd to the Oar, without any Hope of Liberty, at leastwise by Ransom, being resolv'd never to signify by Letter my Misfortunes to my Father. The *Goleta* was lost in fine, and also the Fortrefs, before which two Places lay in Siege seventy five thousand *Turks*, and more than four hundred thousand *Moors*, and other *Savacens* of all the other Parts of *Africa*, being furnish'd with
such

such abundance of Munition and warlike Engines, and so many Pioneers as were able to cover *Goleta* and the Fortrefs, if every one did but cast his Handful of Earth upon them. Thus was *Goleta*, accounted until then impregnable, first loft, the which did not happen thro' Default of Valour in the Defendants, who in Defence thereof did all they could, or ought to have done; but because Experience shew'd the Facility wherewithal Trenches might be rais'd in that desert Sand; for tho' Water had been found in it within two Spans depth, the *Turks* could not find it in the depth of two Yards; and therefore filling many Sacks full of Sand, they rais'd their Trenches so high, as they did surmount the Walls of the Sconce, and did so gall the Defendants from them with their Shot, as no one could stand to make any Defence. It was a common Report, that our Men would not immure themselves within *Goleta*, but expect the Enemy in the Campaign, at their disembarking. But those that gave this out, spake widely, as Men very little acquainted with the like Affairs: For if in *Goleta*, and the Fortrefs, there were scarce seven thousand Soldiers, how could so few a Number, were they ever so resolute, make a Sally and remain in the Forts, against so great a Number of Enemies? Or, how is it possible, that the Forces which are not seconded and supply'd, should not be overcome, especially being besieged by many and obstinate Enemies, and those in their own Country? But many others esteem'd, and so did I likewise among the rest, that Almighty God did a particular Grace and Favour unto *Spain*, in that manner permitting to be destroy'd the Stop and Cloak of all Wickedness; and the Sponge and Moth of innumerable Sums of Money spent there unprofitably, without serving to any other End, than to preserve the Memory of being gain'd by the Emperor *Charles V.* as if it had been requisite for the keeping of it eternal (as it is, and shall be ever) that those Stones should sustain it. The Fortrefs was also won. But the *Turks* were constrain'd to gain it, Span by Span: For the Soldiers which defended it, fought so manfully and resolutely, as the Number of the Enemies slain, in two and twenty

general Assaults which they gave unto it, did pass five and twenty thousand. Never a one was taken Prisoner, but three hundred, which surviv'd their Fellows: A certain and manifest Token of their Valour and Strength, and how well they had defended themselves, and kept their Fortresses with great Magnanimity. A little Fort or Turret that stood in the midst of the Place, under the Command of Don *John Zanoguera*, a *Valentian* Gentleman, and famous Soldier, was yielded upon Composition, and Don *Pedro de Puerto Carrero*, General of *Goleta*, was taken Prisoner, who omitted no Diligence possible to defend the Place; but yet was so grieved to have lost it, as he dy'd for Grief, on the Way to *Constantinople*, whither they carry'd him Captive. The General likewise of the Fort, called *Gabriel Cerbellon*, being a Gentleman of *Milan*, and a great Engineer, and most resolute Soldier, was taken: And there died in both the Places many Persons of Worth, among which, *Pagan de Oria* was one, a Knight of the Order of St. *John*, of a most noble Disposition, as the exceeding Liberality which he us'd towards his Brother, the famous *John Andrea de Oria*, clearly demonstrates; and that which render'd his Death more deplorable, was, that he was slain by certain *Saracens* (which he trusted, perceiving how the Fort was lost) who had offer'd to convey him thence in the Habit of a *Moor* to *Tabarca*, which is a little Haven or Creek possess'd by the *Genese*, that fish for *Coral* on that Coast. These *Saracens* cut off his Head, and brought it to the General of the *Turkish* Army; who did accomplish in them the *Spanish* Proverb, *That altho' the Treason pleaseth, yet is the Traytor hated*: And so it is reported, that he commanded those to be hang'd that brought him the Present, because they had not brought it alive.

Among the *Christians* that were lost in the Fort, there was one call'd Don *Pedro de Aguilar*, born in *Andalusia*, in some Town, whose Name I have forgotten: He had been ancient in the Fortress, and was a Soldier of great Account, and of a rare Understanding, and especially had a particular Grace in Poetry: This I say, because

because his Fortune brought him to be a Slave to my Patron, even into the very same Galley and Bench whereon I sat. This Gentleman made two Sonnets in form of Epitaphs; the one for *Goleta*, the other for the Fort: And I will repeat them, because I remember them very well, and do believe that they will be rather grateful, than any thing disgustful to the Audients. As soon as ever the Captive named *Don Pedro de Aguilar*, *Don Ferdinando* beheld his Comrades, and they all three did smile: And when he began to talk of the Sonnets, one of them said, Before you pass further, I beseech you, good Sir, let me entreat you to tell me, what became of that *Don Pedro de Aguilar*, whom you have named? That which I know of that Affair, answer'd the Captive, is, that after he had been two Years in *Constantinople*, he fled away in the Attire of an *Armenian*, with a *Greek* Spy, and I cannot tell whether he recover'd his Liberty, or no; altho' I suppose he did: For within a Year after I saw the *Greek* in *Constantinople*; but I had not the Opportunity to demand of him the Success of that Voyage. He came then into *Spain*, quoth the Gentleman: For that same *Don Pedro* is my Brother, and dwells now at Home in our own Town, very well, rich, marry'd, and a Father of three Sons. God be thanked, quoth the Captive, for the Infinite Favour he hath shew'd unto him: For in mine Opinion, there is not on Earth any Contentment able to be compared to that of recovering of a Man's lost Liberty. I do, moreover, said the Gentleman, know the Sonnets which my Brother compos'd. I pray you then, good Sir, quoth the Captive, repeat them; for perhaps you can say them better than I. With a very good Will, answer'd the Gentleman; and that of *Goleta* is thus:



CHAP. XIII.

Wherein is prosecuted the History of the Captive.

A SONNET.

O Happy Souls, which from this mortal Vale,
Freed and extempted thro' the Good you wrought,
Safe from the Harms that here did you assail,
By your Deserts to highest Heaven were brought.

Which were inflam'd by Wrath and noble Thought,
Shewed how much your Forces did avail;
When both your own and foreign Blonds you taught,
From sandy Shores into the Deep to trail.

Your Lives before your Valours End deceased
In your tir'd Arms, which tho' they were a dying
And vanquish'd, yet on Victory have seized;
And this your Life, from servile Thraldom flying,

Ending, acquires, between the Sword and Wall,
Heaven's Glory there, Fame here on Earth, for all,

I have it even in the very same manner, quoth the
Captive. Well then, said the Gentleman, that of the
Fort is thus, if I do not forget it.

A SONNET.

From 'midst the barren Earth here overthrown,
In these sad Clods, which on the Ground do lie;
Three thousand Soldiers holy Souls are flown,
And to a happier Mansion gone on high.

Here, when they did, in vain, the Vigour try
Of their strong Arms, to Cost of many a one,
After the most thro' extream Toil did die,
The cruel Sword a few did light upon.

And

*And this same Plot eternally bath been,
With thousand doleful Memories repleat,
As well this Age, as in foregoing Time :
But from his cruel Bosom Heav'n ne'er yet*

*Receiv'd sincerer Souls than were the last ;
Nor Earth so valiant Bodies e'er possess.*

The Sonnets were not misliked : and the Captive was great. Iy recreated with the News which he received of his Companion ; and prosecuting his History, he said, The *Goleta* and the Fort being render'd, the *Turks* gave Order to dismantle *Goleta* ; for the Fort was left in such sort, as there remained nothing up that might be overthrown ; and to do it with more Brevity and less Labour, they undermined it in three Places ; but that which seemed least strong, could not be blown up by any of them, which was the old Walls ; but all that which had remain'd a-foot of the new Fortifications, and Works of *Fratin*, fell down to the Ground with great Facility. And this being ended, the Navy return'd triumphant and victorious to *Constantinople*, where, within a few Months afterward, my Lord *Uchali* died, whom they called *Uchali Fertax*, signifying in the *Turkish* Language, the scald or scurvy Runagate, for he was such. And it is a Custom among the *Turks*, to give one another nick-names, either of the Defects or Perfections and Virtues which they have ; and the Reason hereof is, that among them all they have but four Lineages that have Surnames ; and these do contend with that of *Ottoman's*, for Nobility of Blood ; and all the rest, as I have said, do take Denomination, sometime from the Blemishes of the Body, and sometime from the Virtues of the Mind ; and this scurvy Fellow did row fourteen Years, being the great *Turk's* Slave, and did renounce his Faith, being four and thirty Years old, for despite, and because he might be reveng'd on a *Turk* that gave him a Cuff on the Face, as he rowed ; and his Valour was so great, as without ascending by the dishonourable Means and Ways usually taken, the greatest Minions about the great *Turk*, he came first to be King of *Algiers*, and after to be General of the Sea.

which is the third most noble Charge and Dignity of al the *Turkish* Empire. He was born in *Calabria*, and was a good moral Man, and used with great Humanity his Slaves, whereof he had above three thousand, which after his Death were divided, as he had left in his Testament, between the great *Turk* (who is ever an Inheritor to every dead Man, and hath a Portion among the deceased's Children) and his Runagates. I fell to the Lot of a *Venetian* Runagate, who, being a Ship-boy in a certain Vessel, taken by *Uchali*, who lov'd him so tenderly, as he was one of the dearest Youths he had, and he became after the most cruel Runagate that ever liv'd. He was call'd *Azanaga*, and came to be very rich, and King of *Algiers*: with him I came from *Constantinople*, somewhat contented in Mind, because I should be nearer unto *Spain*; not for that I meant to write unto any one of my unfortunate Success, but only to see whether Fortune would prove more favourable to me in *Algiers*, than at *Constantinople*, where I had attempted a thousand ways to escape, but none of them sortd unto any good Effect: And I thought to search out in *Algiers* some other Means to compass that which I so greedily desir'd; for the Hope of attaining Liberty sometime had never abandon'd me; and when in the contriving I thought, or put my Designs in practice, and that the Success did not answer mine Expectation, presently, without forsaking me, it forg'd and sought out for another Hope, that might sustain me, altho, it were debile and weak.

With this did I pass away my life, shut up in a Prison or House, which the *Turks* call Baths, wherein they do inclose the captive *Christians*, as well as those that belong to the King, as other particular Men, and those which they call of the *Almaxen*, which is as much as to say, Slaves of the Council, who are deputed to serve the City in the publick Works and other Affairs thereof; and these, of all other Captives, do with most Difficulty attain to Liberty; for, by reason they belong to the Commonality, and have no particular Master, there is none with whom a Man may treat of their Redemption, altho' they should have

have the Price of their Ransom. To these Baths, as I have said, some particular Men carry their Captives to be kept, chiefly if they be to be ransom'd; for there they have them at their Ease and secure, until they be redeemed. The King's Captives of Ransom also do not go forth to Labour with the other poor Crew, if it be not when the paying of their Ransom is defer'd; for then, to the end they may make them write for Money more earnestly, they make them labour, and go to fetch Wood with the rest, which is no small Toil and Trouble. I then was one of those of Ransom; for as soon as it was known how I was a Captain, notwithstanding I told them of my little Possibility, and want of Means, all could not avail to dissuade them from consorting me with the Multitude of Gentlemen, and those of Ransom: They put on me then a Chain, rather to be a Token that I was there for my Ransom, than to keep me the better with it; and so I pass'd away my Time there with many other Gentlemen, and Men of Mark, held and kept in there for their Ransom. And altho' both Hunger and Nakedness did vex us now and then, or rather evermore, yet nothing did afflict us so much, as to hear and see every Moment the Cruelties that my Master used towards the *Christians*. Every Day he hang'd up one, he set this Man on a Stake, and would cut off the other's Ears, and that for so little Occasion, or wholly without it, as the very *Turks* themselves perceived, that he did it not for any other Cause, but because he had a Will to do it, and that it was his natural Inclination to be a Homicide of all human Kind. Only one *Spanish* Soldier, called Such-a-one of *Saavedra*, was in his good Grace, who, altho' he did sundry Things that remain in the Memory of that Nation for many Years, and all to the end to get his Liberty, yet he never struck him, nor commanded him to be stricken, nor said as much as an evil Word unto him: And yet we all feared that he should be broached on a Stake for the least of many Things which he did, and himself did also dread it more than once; and if it were not that Time denieth me Leisure to

do it, I would recount unto you Things done by this Soldier, which might both entertain and astonish you much more than the Relation of my Life.

There were over the square Court of our Prison certain Windows that look'd into, and belong'd to a certain rich and principal *Moor*; which Windows (as ordinarily are all the *Moors* Windows) rather seem'd to be Holes than Windows; and even these were also closely cover'd and shut fast with Linnen Covering. It therefore befell, that standing one Day upon the Battlements of our Prison, with other three Companions, trying which of us could leap best in his Shackels, to pass away the Time, and being alone (for all the other *Christians* were gone abroad to Labour) I lifted up by chance mine Eyes, and saw thrust out at one of those so close shut Windows, a Cane, and a Linnen tied at the End thereof, and the Cane was moved and wagged up and down, as if it had made Signs that we should come and take it: We looked upon it, and one of my Companions went under the Cane, to see whether they would let it fall, or what they would do else; but as soon as he approached it, the Cane was lifted up, and did stir it to either Side, as if they had said (with wagging of the Head) No. The *Christian* return'd again to us; and the Cane being est-soons let fall, and beginning to move as it had done before, another of my Fellows went, and the same succeeded unto him, that did to the first. Finally, the third approach'd it, with no better Success than the former two; which I perceiving, would not omit to try my Fortitude; and as soon as I came near to stand under the Cane, it was let slip, and fell within the Baths just at my Feet. I went to untie the Linnen which was knotted, wherein I found ten *Zianiys*, which are certain Pieces of base Gold, used among the *Moors*, and worth each of them ten *Rials* of our Money. I leave to your Discretion to think if I was not glad of my Booty: Certain my Joy and Admiration was much, to think whence that Good might come unto us, but especially to myself, since the Signs of Refusal to let it fall to the other, did confirm clearly that Favour was only addressed to myself. I took my welcome Money;

Money, broke the Cane, and return'd to the Battlements and view'd the Window earnestly, and perceiv'd a very beautiful Hand issue out thereat, which did open and shut it again very speedily: By which imagining and thinking that some Woman that dwelt in that House had done us the Charity and Benefit, in token of our thankful Minds, we made our Courtesies after the *Moorish* Fashion, by inclining our Heads, bending of the Body, and pressing our Hands to our Breasts. Within a while after, there appear'd out of the same Window a little Cross made of Canes, which presently was taken in again. This Sign did confirm us in the Opinion, that there was some *Christian* Woman captive in that Place, and that it was she which did to us the Courtesie; but the Whiteness of her Hand, and her rich Bracelets, destroy'd this Presumption; altho' we did notwithstanding conjecture that it was some runagate *Christian*, whom their Masters there do very ordinarily take to Wives, yea, and account very good Hap to light on one of 'em, for they are much more accounted of than the Women of the Nation itself.

Yet in all these Discourses we stray'd very far from the Truth of the Accident, and so from thenceforward all our passing of the Time was employ'd in beholding that Window, as our North, wherein had appear'd the Star of the Cane; but fifteen Days pass'd over e're we could descry either it, or the Hand again, or any other Sign: And altho' in the mean time we endeavour'd all that we might to know who dwelt in that House, or whether there were any runagate *Christian* therein, yet never a one could tell us any other Things, but that it belong'd to a very rich and noble *Moor* call'd *Aguimorato*, who had been Constable of the *Pata*, a Dignity among them of very great Quality. But when we thought least that it would rain any more *Zianiys*, by that way we saw the Cane suddenly to appear, and another Linen hanging on it, whose bulk was much greater: And this befell when the Bath was freed of Concourse, and void, as the other time before. We made the accustom'd Trial, every one approaching it before me, but without
Effect

Effect until I came ; for presently, as I approach'd it, it was premitted to fall. I unty'd the Knot, and found enwreath'd in it forty *Ducats* of *Spanish* Gold, with a Letter written in the *Arabian* Tongue, and at the end thereof was drawn a very great Cross. I kiss'd the Cross and took up the Money, and return'd again to the Battlements, and we all together made our Receivers. The Hand also appear'd : I made Signs that I would read the Paper, and the Window was shut incontinently. All of us were marvellously astonish'd, yet joyful at that which had befallen us ; and by reason that none of us understood the *Arabian* Tongue, the Desire that we had to understand the Contents of the Letter was surpassing great, but greater the Difficulty to find out some trusty Person that might read it. In the end, I resolv'd to trust in this Affair a Runagate of *Murcia*, who did profess himself to be my very great Friend ; and having by my Liberality and other good Turns done secretly, oblig'd him to be secret in the Affair wherein I would use him : For some Runagates are accusom'd, when they have an Intention to return into the *Christian* Countries, to bring with 'em the Testimonies of the most principal Captives, wherein they inform, and in the amplest manner they may, how the Bearer is an honest Man, and, that he hath ever done many good Turns to the *Christians*, and, that he hath himself a Desire to escape by the first Commodity. Some Runagates there are which procure those Testimones sincerely, and with a good Intention : Others take the Benefit of 'em either by Chance or Industry, who intending to go and rob into the Countries of *Christians*, if by chance they be astray or taken, bring forth their Testimonies, and say, That by those Papers may be collected the Purpose wherewithal they came, that is, to remain in *Christian* Countries ; and that therefore they came abroad a pirating with the other *Turks* : And by this Means they 'scape that first Brunt, and are reconcil'd again to the Church, without receiving any Harm at all ; and when they 'spy their Time, do return again into *Barbary*, to be such as they were before. Others there are, which procure those Writings with a pure Intention, and
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do after stay in *Christian Countries*. Well, this my Friend was a Runagate of this last kind, who had the Testimonies of all my Companions, wherein we did commend him as amply as we could devise : And certainly, if the *Moors* had found those Papers about him, they would have burnt him for it. I understood how he could speak the *Arabian Tongue* very perfectly, and not only that alone, but also write it withal ; yet before I would wholly break my Mind to him, I requested him to read that Scroll, which I had found by chance in a Hole of my Cabin. He open'd it, and stood a good while beholding and construing thereof, murmuring somewhat between his Teeth : I demanded therefore of him whether he understood it ; and he answer'd, That he did very well, and, that if I desir'd to have it translated *verbatim*, I should bring unto him Pen and Ink, to the end he might do it more compleatly. We presently gave unto him that which he ask'd, and he did translate it by little and little ; and having finish'd it, he said, All that his here in *Spanish*, is punctually, without omitting a Letter, the Contents of the *Moorish Paper* ; and here you must note, that where it says *Lela Marien*, it means *our Lady the Blessed Virgin Mary*. We read the Paper, whereof the Contents were these which ensue.

WHEN I was a Child, my Father had a certain Christian Woman Captive, that taught me in mine own Tongue all the Christian Religion, and told me many Things of Lela Marien. The Christian died, and I know she went not to the Fire, but to Ala, for she appear'd to me twice after her Death, and bad me go to the Christian Country to see Lela Marien, who loved me much. I know not how I may go : I have seen many Christians thro' this Window, and none of 'em hath seem'd to me a Gentleman but thyself : I am very beautiful and young, and I have a great deal of Riches to carry away with me. See thou whether thou canst contrive the Way how we may depart, and thou shalt there be my Husband, if thou pleasest ; and if thou wilt not, I do not greatly care, for Lela Marien will provide me of a Husband, I wrote myself this
Bil-

let; be therefore wary whom thou trustest to read it: Do not trust any Moor, for they are all of 'em deceitful Traytors. 'Tis this that grieves me most of all, for I would not have thee, if 'twere possible, to disclose the Matter to any living Body; for if my Father did know it, he would throw me down into a Well, and oppress me in it with Stones. I will hang a Thread to the end of the Cave, and therein thou mayst tie thine Answer. And if thou canst not write the Arabian, tell me thy Mind by Signs, for Lela Marien will make me to understand it; who, with Ala, preserve thee and this Cross, which I do many times kiss, for so the Captive commanded me to do.

See, good Sir, if 'twas not great reason that the Reasons comprehended in this Letter should recreate and astonish us. And certainly the one and the other was so great, as the Runagate perceiv'd well that the Paper was not found by chance, but was really address'd unto some one of us; and therefore desir'd us earnestly, that if that were true which he suspected, that we would trust and tell it unto him, and he would adventure his Life to procure our Liberties: And saying this, he took out of his Bosom a Crucifix of Metal, and protested with very many Tears, by the God which that Image represented, in whom he, altho' a Sinner and wicked Man, did most firmly believe, that he would be most loyal and secret to us in all that which we would discover unto him; for it seem'd to him, and he almost divined, that both himself and we all should recover our Liberties by her Means that did write the Letter: And he should then also see himself in the State which he most desir'd, to wit, in the Bosom of his Mother the *Holy Catholick Church*, from which, thro' his Ignorance and Sin, he was departed and divided, as an unprofitable and corrupt Member. The Runagate said this with so many Tears, and such evident Tokens of Repentance, as all of us consented to open our Minds unto him, and declare the Truth of the Matter; and so we recounted unto him the whole Discourse, without concealing any Circumstance, and shew'd

shew'd unto him the Window by which the Cane was wont to appear; and he mark'd the House from thence, and rested with special Charge to inform himself well of those that dwelt therein. We thought also that it was requisite to answer the *Moorish* Lady's Letter; and therefore having him present that could so well perform that Task, we caus'd the Runagate to draw out an Answer presently as I did dictate it to him, which was punctually such as I will recount; for of all the most substantial Points that befell me in that Affair; no one is fallen out of my Memory, nor shall ever as long as I have Breath. In effect, that which I answer'd to the *Moor* was this:

THE true *Ala* preserve you, dear Lady, and that blessed *Marien*, who is the true Mother of God, and is she that hath put in your Mind the Desire to go into the Christian Countries, because she doth love you well, Pray unto her, that she will vouchsafe to instruct you how you may bring the Matter to pass which she commandeth you to do, for she is so good, as she will easily condescend to do it. As for my part, I do promise, as well for my self as for these other Christians that are with me, to do for you all that we are able to do until Death. Do not omit to write unto me, and acquaint me with your Purposes, and I will answer you every time! for great *Ala* hath given us a captive Christian, that can write and read your Language well, as you may perceive by this Paper; so that you may securely, and without any Dread, advise us of all that you shall think good. And as concerning that which you say, that you will become my Wife, after we arrive to the Christian Countries, I do promise you the same, as I am a good Christian: And you shall understand that the Christians do accomplish their Words far better than the Moors. *Ala* and *Marien* his Mother preserve you, my dearest Lady.

This Letter being written and inclos'd, I expected two Days that the Baths might be free of concourse, as 'twas wont, which as soon as it befell, I went up to my
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accustom'd Place of the Battlements, to see whether the Cane appear'd, which was presently after thrust out at the Window: And as soon as I perceiv'd it, altho' I could not note who it was that set it, I shew'd my Paper, to give them Warning to set on the Thread, but it was already hanging thereon; to the which I ty'd the Letter; and within awhile after began to appear our Star, with the white Flag of Peace, and the knotted Linnen, which they let fall, and I took up; and I found therein, in divers sorts of Money and Gold, more than Fifty Ducats, which redoubled our Joys more than Fifty times, and confirm'd the Hope we conceived of attaining Liberty. The very same Night our Runagate return'd to us, and told he had learnt that the very same Moor which we were inform'd of before, call'd *Aguimorata*, dwelt there, and was excessive rich, and had one only Daughter, the Heir of all his Goods, of whom the common Opinion throughout the City was, that she was the fairest Woman of all *Barbary*; and, that many of the Viceroy's that came there had demanded her to Wife, but she would never condescend to any Motion of Marriage; and, that he likewise had understood that she had, some time since, a *Christian* Captive, which now was deceas'd: All which agreed with the Contents of the Letter. We presently enter'd in Council with the Runagate, about the Means we were to use to fetch away the Moor, and come all of us to *Christian* Lands; and in the end we concluded to attend for that Time the second Advice of *Zoraida* (for so was she then call'd, who now intends to name herself *Maria*) soasmuch as we clearly perceiv'd that it was she, and none other, that could minister to us the Means to remove all these Difficulties. After we had rested on this Resolution, the Runagate bid us be of good Courage, for he would engage his Life, or set us at liberty. Four Days after, the Baths were troubled with People, which was an Occasion that the Cane appear'd not all that while: But the Impediment being remov'd, and the accustom'd Solitude return'd, the Cane did again appear, with a Linnen hanging thereat so grossly impregn'd, as
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it promis'd to be deliver'd of a most happy Burden. Both Cane and Linnen bent themselves to me, and in them I found another Paper, and an hundred Ducats in Gold, besides other small Money. The Runagate was present, and we gave him the Letter to read, the Effect whereof was this :

I Know not, good Sir, what Order to give for our going into Spain, nor hath Lela Marien told me any thing concerning it, altho' I have demanded her Counsel: That which may be done is, that I will thro' this Window give unto you great store of Money, wherewith you may redeem yourself and your Friends, and let one of you go into the Christian Country, and buy a Bark, and after return for his Fellows, and he shall find me in my Father's Garden, which is at the Gates of Babazon, near to the Sea-coast, where I mean to stay all this Summer with my Father and my Servants, from whence you may take me out boldly by Night, and carry me to the Bark. And see well thou wilt be my Husband ; for if thou wilt not, I will demand of Marien to chastise thee. And if thou darest trust no body to go for the Vessel, redeem thy self and go, for I know thou wilt rather return than another, seeing thou art a Gentleman and a Christian. Learn out the Garden, and when I see thee walk there where thou now art, I will make account that the Bath is empty, and will give thee great store of Money. Alas preserve thee, my dear Friend.

These were the Contents of the second Letter, which being heard by us all, every one offer'd to be himself the ransom'd Person, and promised to go and return with all Punctuality ; and I also made a Proffer of my self: To all which Resolutions the Runagate opposed himself, saying, That he would consent in no wise that any one of us should be freed until we were all together deliver'd ; for Experience had taught him how evil ransom'd Men were wont to keep those Promises which they pass'd in the Times of their Thralldom ; for many times certain principal Captives had made that kind of Trial,

Trial, redeeming of some one or other that should go to *Valentia* or *Mallorca* with Money to freight a Bark or Frigate, and return for him that had ransom'd them, and did never return again; for the recover'd Liberty, and the fear of adventuring to lose it again, concurring, did blot out of their Memory all the other Obligations of the World. And, to confirm the Truth which he aver'd, he briefly recounted unto us an Accident which befell much about the same Time to certain *Christian* Gentlemen, the strangest, as I suppose, that ever happen'd in those Quarters, wherein do succeed, every other Day, Events full of Wonder and Admiration; and therefore concluded, that what ought and might be done, was, that they would give unto him to buy a Bark such Money as they meant to employ in the Ransom of a Captive, and he would buy it there in *Algiers*, under Pretext of becoming a Merchant and Sailor in *Tetuan* and that Coast; and being once Owner of a Bark, he would easily devise how to have them out of the Baths, and embark 'em all; how much more if the *Moorish* Lady did, as she had promis'd, give them Money enough to ransom them all, was it a most easie thing, they being free, to embark themselves at Mid-day. But the greatest Difficulty in this Affair was, that the *Moors* use not to permit any Runagate to buy any Bark, or other small Vessel, but only great Vessels of War; for they suspect that he that buys a Bark, 'specially if he be a *Spaniard*, does it for no other End but to run away to *Christian* Countries. And yet he knew how to facilitate that Inconvenience, by inducing a *Tangerine Moor* to become his Partner of the Bark, and the Gains that should be gotten by the Commodities thereof; and with this Shadow he would become Lord of it himself, and therewithal accounted the Matter ended. And altho' that both myself and my Comrades held it the better Course to send unto *Mallorca* for one, as the *Moorish* Lady said, yet durst we not contradict him, fearful that if we did not what he would have us to do, he would discover us, and endanger our Lives, if he did once detect *Zoraida's* Practices, for the Safeguard of whose Life we would
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all of us most willingly adventure our own; and therefore we determin'd to put our selves into God's and the Runagate's Hands: And so we answer'd at the same instant to *Zoraida*, telling her, that he would accomplish all that she had admonish'd us, because she had advertis'd us as well as if *Lela Marien* had told her what she should say; and, that the dilating or shortening of the Affair did consist only in her self. I did offer my self anew to become her Husband; and with this the Day ensuing, wherein the Bath was also free, she sent me down, at divers times, by the Cane Two thousand Ducats, and a Letter, wherein she said, that she would go to her Father's Garden the next *Junia*, that is, the *Friday* following; and, that before she went away she would give us more Money; and, that if it were not enough, we would advise her, and she would give unto us as much as we would demand, for her Father had so much Treasure, as he would never perceive it, how much more seeing she had and kept the Keys of all. We gave Five hundred Crowns presently to the Runagate to buy a Bark, and with Eight hundred I redeem'd myself, giving the Money to a *Valentian* Merchant, which was at that season in *Algiers*, who did ransom me of the King, taking me forth on his Word, which he pass'd to pay my Ransom at the Arrival of the first Ship that should come from *Valentia*; for if he had deliver'd the Money instantly, it would have given Occasion to the King to suspect that my Ransom was many Days before in *Algiers*, and that the Merchant had kept it silently, to make his Benefit thereof. Finally, my Master was so cavillous, as I durst not in any wise pay him presently.

The *Thursday* before the *Friday* of the beautiful *Zoraida's* Departure towards the Garden, she gave unto us other Two thousand Ducats, and did likewise advise us of her going away, entreating me, that as soon as I had ransom'd my self, I should learn the Way to the Garden, and take Occasion howsoever to go to it and see her. I answer'd her briefly, that I would do so, and pray'd her that she would carefully commend our Proceedings to *Lela Marien*, with those Prayers which the Captive had taught

raught her. This being done, Order was also given for the ransoming of my three Companions, to facilitate our Issue out of the Baths ; and also, that they seeing me free, and themselves undeliver'd, might not be troubled or perswaded by the Devil to do any Thing in prejudice of *Zoraida* : For altho' that they, being the Men of that Quality they were, might assure me from this Fear, I would not, for all that, adventure the Matter, and therefore I caused them to be ransom'd by the same Means that I was redeem'd my self, giving all the Money to the Merchant, that he might with the more Security pass his Word for us ; to whom yet we never did discover our Practice and Secret, by reason of the imminent Danger of the Discovery thereof.

C H A P. XIV.

Wherein the Captive prosecuteth the pleasant Narration of his Life.

Fifteen Days were not fully 'expir'd when the Runagate had bought him a very good Bark, able to hold thirty Persons, or more ; and, for the better colour and assurance of his Business, he made a Voyage to a Place call'd *Sargel*, which is thirty Leagues distant from *Algiers*, towards the side of *Oran*, and is a great Place of Traffick for dry Figs. He made this Voyage twice or thrice in company with the *Tangerine*, of whom we made mention ; and the Name of *Tagarine* is in *Barbary* given to the Moors of *Arragon*, *Granada*, and *Mudefares*. And, in the Kingdom of *Fez*, those *Mudefares* are call'd *Elebes*, and are the Nation which that King doth most employ in Warlike Affairs. You shall therefore understand that every Time he passed by with his Bark he did cast Anchor in a little Creek, twice the shoot of a Cross-bow from the Garden wherein *Zoraida* attended ; and there the Runagate would, in very good Earnest, exercise himself with the *Moors* that row'd, either to fly, or else to assault one another in Jest, as he meant to do after in good Earnest ; and would now and then

hen go to *Zoraida's* Garden and demand Fruits, which her Father would bestow upon him without knowing what he was; and altho' he desir'd to have spoken with *Zoraida*, as he told me afterwards himself, and have inform'd her it was he that was to carry her away, by my Direction, into the Land of *Christians*, and, that she should therefore live cheerful and secure, yet was it never possible, forasmuch as the Women of that Nation do not suffer themselves to be view'd by any *Moor* or *Turk*, if he be not their Husband, or that their Parents command them, yet do they haunt and communicate themselves to *Christian* Captives freely, and that sometimes more than is convenient; and truly it would have griev'd me that he should have spoken unto her, for perhaps it would have perplex'd her extraordinarily to see her Affair committed to the Trust of a Runagate; but God, who did otherwise dispose it, did not concur with this good Desire of our Runagate; who seeing how safely he went and return'd to *Sargel*, and that he founded when and where he pleas'd, and that the *Tangerine*, his Partner, did only what he liked, and that I was ransom'd, and nothing else wanting but to find out some *Christians* that would row, he bad me bethink myself what Men I would bring away with me besides those that I had ransom'd, and that I should warn them to be ready against the next *Friday*, wherein he was resolved that we should depart.

Seeing this, I spake to twelve *Spaniards*, very lusty Rowers, and those that could with most Liberty get out of the City; and 'twas not a little matter to find so many there at that time, for there were twenty Gallies abroad a robbing, which had carried all the other Rowers with them, and these were left behind, because their Master did keep at home that Summer to finish a Galley that was on the Stocks a making. To this I said nothing else, but only warn'd them, that the *Friday* ensuing, in the Evening, they should closely steal out by one and one, and go towards *Aguimorata's* Garden, and there expect me until I came unto them. I gave this Advice to every one of them apart, with Order also, that

that altho' they saw any other *Christians* there, they should tell 'em nothing else but that I had commanded them to expect me in that Place.

This Diligence being used, yet wanted there another, which was the most expedient of all, to wit, to advise *Zoraida* of the Terms wherein our Affairs did stand, to the end she might be likewise ready and prepar'd, and not affrighted; tho' we did assault her before the Time that she could imagine the Bark of the *Christians* to be come to fetch her away; and therefore I resolv'd to go my self unto the Garden, and see whether I might speak with her: And taking the Occasion to go and gather some Herbs, I went unto it the Day before our Departure; and the first Person with whom I encounter'd was her Father, who demanded of me, in a Language which in all *Barbary* and *Constantinople* is usually spoken by the *Moors* to their Captives, and is neither *Arabian*, *Spanish*, nor of any other Nation, but rather a Mixture of all Languages wherewithal all of us understand one another: He, I say, in that kind of Speech, demanded of me what I sought for in that his Garden, and to whom I did belong. I answer'd, That I was one of *Arnaute Mam's* Slaves (and this, because I was very certainly inform'd that he was his entire Friend) and that I came thither to gather of all sorts of Herbs to make a Sallet. He consequently ask'd of me, whether I was a Man of Ransom or no, and how much my Master demanded for me: And being in those Questions and Demands, the beautiful *Zoraida* descended from the House into the Garden, who had 'spy'd me a good while before, and, as the *Moorish* Women do not greatly estrange themselves from the Sight of *Christians*, we are in their Behaviour or Conversation with them any thing squeamish, as we have said already; she did not greatly care to approach the Place where her Father talk'd with me, but rather her Father perceiving that she came on somewhat slowly, did call, and commanded her to draw near.

'Twere a Thing impossible for me to recount the great Beauty and gallant Disposition, or the Bravery and Riches

Riches of Attire, wherein my beloved *Zoraida* then shew'd herself to mine Eyes. I will only say this, that there hung more Pearls at her Ears, superlative fair Neck and Hair, than she hath Hairs on her Head; about the Wrists of her Legs, which were naked, after the Manner of her Country, she wore two *Carcaxes* (for so the Manacles or Bracelets of the Feet are call'd in the *Morisco* Tongue) of the finest Gold, wherein were in-chaced so many Diamonds, that, as she told me after, her Father valu'd them at twenty thousand Crowns; and those about the Wrists of her Hands, were of equal Esteem. Her Pearls were many, and those most orient; for all the chief Bravery and Ornament of the *Moorish* Ladies, consists in adorning themselves with Pearls and Pearl-seed; by reason whereof there is more Pearls and Pearl-seed to be found among the *Moors*, than among all the other Nations of the World. And *Zoraida's* Father had the Fame to have many, and those the very best that were in *Algiers*; and also above two hundred thousand *Ducats* of *Spanish* Gold, of all which was she the Lady, who is now mine. And if with all this Ornament she could then seem fair, by the Relicks that have remain'd unto her among so many Labours, may be easily guess'd what she would have been in the Time of Prosperity. For all of us do know, that the Beauty of some Women hath limited Days and Seasons, and requireth certain Accidents either to diminish or increase it; and it is a Thing natural to the Passions of the Mind, either to raise, or abase it, but most commonly they wholly destroy it. To be brief, I say, that she arriv'd to the Place where we discoursed at that Time most richly attir'd, and beautiful beyond measure, or I, at least, deem'd her the fairest that I had ever beheld until then; and herewithal remembering the Obligation wherein she had ty'd me, thought that some Deity had presented itself to my View, being come from Heaven to the Earth for my Recretation and Relief.

As soon as she was arriv'd, her Father told her, in her own Language, how I was his Friend *Arnaute Mami* his Captive, and that I came there to gather a Sallad:

Then she taking the Speech, demanded in that Medley of Tongues of which I have spoken, whether I was a Gentleman, and what the Reason was why I redeemed not myself? I made Answer, that I was already ransom'd; and by the Ransom might be conjectur'd, in how much my Master valu'd me, seeing he had for my Liberty a thousand and five hundred *Coltami's*. To this she answer'd, In good sooth, if thou wert my Father's I would cause him not to give thee for twice as much more; for you *Christians* are great Liars, and do make every one of yourselves poor Men, to defraud the *Moors* of their due Ransom. It may well be so, Madam, quoth I: But I have for my Part used all Truth in this Affair with my Master, and do, and will use Truth with as many Persons as I shall ever have occasion to treat with in this World. And when dost thou go away? quoth *Zoraida*. To-morrow, as I believe, quoth I. For there is a *French* Vessel here, which sets forth to-morrow, and I mean to depart in her. Were it not better, reply'd *Zoraida*, to expect until Vessels came out of *Spain*, and go away with them, than with those of *France*, which are not your Friends? No, quoth I, altho' if it were true, as the News run, that there comes a Vessel from *Spain*, I would attend it; but yet it is more certain that I shall depart to-morrow: For the Desire I have to see myself at home in my Country, and with those Persons whom I love, is so great, as it will not permit me to expect any other Commodity, that forestows itself, be it never so good. Thou art doubtlessly marry'd in thy Country, said *Zoraida*, and therefore desirest to go see thy Wife? I am not marry'd, quoth I; but I have passed my Word to marry, as soon as I am there safely arrived. And is she beautiful, to whom thou hast pass'd it? quoth *Zoraida*. So beautiful, said I, as to endear it; and, to tell you the Truth, she is very like unto yourself. Hereat her Father laughed very heartily, and said, In good earnest, *Christian*, she must be very fair, that may compare with my Daughter, who is the most beautiful of all this Kingdom: And if thou wilt not believe me, look on her well, and thou shalt see that I tell but the Truth. He himself,

himself, as most perfect in Tongue, did serve for the Interpreter of most of our Speeches; for altho' she could speak that illegitimate Language which is there in Use, yet did she manifest her Mind more by Signs than by Words.

Whilst thus we reasoned of many Matters, there came running towards us a certain *Moor*, and told his Master, that four *Turks* had leaped over the Garden-walls, and were gathering the Fruits, altho' they were not yet ripe. The old Man and his Daughter *Zoraida* started hereat; for it is an universal and natural Defect in the *Moors* to fear the *Turks*, but especially the Soldiers of that Nation; who are commonly so insolent, and have such Command over the *Moors* that are their Subjects, as they do use them worse than if they were their Slaves. Therefore *Zoraida's* Father said unto her, Daughter, retire thyself into the House, and keep thyself in, whilst I go speak to those Dogs; and thou, *Christian*, go and seek out thine Herbs, and depart in a good Hour, and I pray *Ala* to conduct thee safely to thy Country. I inclined my self to him; and he departed to search out the *Turks*, leaving me alone with *Zoraida*, who began to make ado, as if she went whither her Father had commanded her. But scarce was he covered among the Trees of the Garden, when she return'd to me, with her Eyes full of Tears, saying *Amexi Christiano, Amexi?* that is, Goest thou away, *Christian*, goest thou away? I answer'd, Yes, Lady, that I do: But I will never depart away without thee. Expect me the next *Friday*, and be not affrighted when thou shalt see us; for we will go to the *Christian* Country then, without all doubt. This I said to her in such sort, as she understood all my Words very well, and casting her Arm over my Neck, she began to travel with languishing Steps towards the House; and Fortune would (which might have been very ill, if Heaven had not rectify'd it) that as we walk'd together in that Manner and Form, her Father, who did by this return, after he had caused the *Turks* to depart, espied us; and we saw also very well how he had perceiv'd us: Wherefore *Zoraida*, who is very discreet, would not take away

her Arm from his Neck, but rather drew nearer unto me, and laid her Head on my Breast, and bowed her Knees a little, with evident Token that she swooned; and I likewise made as tho' I did sustain her up by Force. Her Father came running over towards us, and seeing his Daughter in that State, demanded the Cause of her: But seeing she made no Answer, he himself said, She doubtlesly is dismay'd by the sudden Affright she took at the Entrance of those Dogs: And taking her away from me, he bowed her to his own Breast; and she breathing out a Sigh, with her Eyes yet full of Tears, said again, *Amexi Christiano, Amexi*, Go away, *Christian*, go away. To which her Father replied, There is no Cause, Daughter, why the *Christian* should go away, for he hath done thee no Harm, and the *Turks* are already departed. Sir, they have affrighted her (quoth I) as you have already said: But yet since she hath commanded me to away, I will not offend her; therefore rest in Peace, for I will return, if it please you to give me Leave, for Herbs to this Garden, when it is needful; for my Master says there are none better to be found for Sallads in any other Garden, than you have here in this. Come as oft as thou wilt, said *Aguimorato*, for my Daughter says not this, in respect that thou or any other *Christian* hath offended her; but that, meaning to say, that the *Turks* should go away, she bad thee depart, or else she spake it, because it is time for thee to gather-thine Herbs.

With this I took Leave of both; and she seem'd at the Instant of my Departure to have had her Heart torn away from her, as she departed with her Father; and I, under colour of seeking Herbs, went about all the Garden at my leisure, and view'd all the Sallies, and the Entrances thereof, the Strength of the House, and the Commodities that might be offer'd to facilitate our Enterprize. This being done, I came home and made a Relation to the Runagate, and my other Fellows, of all that had passed, and did long infinitely to see the Hour wherein I might, without any Affright or Danger, possess that Happiness which Fortune, in the fair and lovely *Zoraida*, offer'd unto me. In fine, the Time passed over, and the so-much-desir'd

desir'd Day and Term arriv'd; and every one of us following the Order, which, with mature Consideration and long Discourse, we had agreed on, we found the good Success we desired. For the very *Friday* following the Day wherein I had spoken with *Zoraida* in the Garden, *Morrenago* (for so was the Runagate call'd) near Night cast Anchor almost right before the Place wherein the beautiful *Zoraida* remained. The *Christians* also that were to row, were ready; and hidden in sundry Places thereabouts. All were suspended, and resolutely expected my coming, desirous to set upon the Bark that was before their Face: For they knew not of the Agreement that was between me and the Runagate; but rather made full Account that they were to gain their Liberty by Force of Arms, and killing the *Moors* that came in that Vessel.

It therefore befell, that as soon as I and my Fellows appear'd, all the rest that were hidden, and espy'd us, made forthwith over towards us. This was at an Hour when the City-gates were shut, and never a body abroad among all those Fields. And when we were altogether, we were in doubt whether it would be best, first to go and fetch *Zoraida*, or to imprison and stone the *Tagarine Moors*, that rowed in the Frigate. And being in this doubt, the Runagate came to us, asking upon what we staid, for it was now high Time to be going away, and all his *Moors* were wretchless, and the greater Number of them asleep. We told him then the Cause of our Stay; and he answer'd that it was of most Importance, first to subject the Vessel, which might be done with very great Facility, and without any Peril, and that we might go after for *Zoraida*. His Opinion liked us all very well, and therefore without lingering any longer, he leading the Way, we came to the Vessel, and he himself leaping in first of all, set Hand to his Faulcion, and said in *Morisco*, Let none of you that is here stir himself, if he love his Life. And saying so, all the rest of the *Christians* enter'd. The *Moors* which were of little Spirit, hearing their Master say so, were marvellously amazed, and, without daring any one of

them to set Hand to their Arms, which were but a few in all, they suffer'd themselves very quietly to be taken and bound by the *Christians*, which did it very dexterously, threatening them, that if they did let slip the least Outcry, they should presently be all put to the Sword. This being finish'd, and the half of our People remaining in their Guard, we that were left, conducted also by the Runagate, went towards *Aguimorato's* Garden: The Door thereof did, by very good Hap, open with as little Noise, as if it had no Lock at all. Whereupon we went with great Quietness and Silence towards the House unseen or espy'd of any.

The beautiful *Zoraida* was the while expecting us at a Window, and as soon as she saw People approach, demanded with a low Voice whether we were *Nazarens*, as if she would say or ask, whether we were *Christians*. I answer'd that we were, and willed her to come down. As soon as she knew me, she staid not a Minute, but without answering any Word, came down in an Instant; and opening the Door, shew'd herself to us all, more beautiful, and richly attir'd, than I am able in any sort to express. As soon as I saw her, I took her by the Hand, and kiss'd it: The same did the Runagate, and my two Comrades, and all the rest, which knew not the matter, did as they had seen us do before them: For it seem'd that we did no more but give her Thanks, and acknowledge her the Actress of all our Liberties. The Runagate demanded of her in her own Language, whether her Father were in the Garden, or no? She answer'd that he was, and that he slept. Then will it be requisite, quoth the Runagate, to rouse him, and bear him, and all the other Things of Worth in this Garden away with us. That shall not be so (quoth she) for I will have no Man to touch my Father, and in this House there is nothing of Value, but that which I mean to carry away with myself, which is so much as will be sufficient to cheer and enrich you all, and if you will stay but a while, you shall perceive. And saying so, she enter'd again into the House, promising to return to us speedily, and bad us stand still, without making any Noise. I demanded of the Runagate what Speech

Speech had pass'd between them ; and he told me all she had said. And I answer'd him again, that I would not have *Zoraida's* Will transgress'd in any sort. By this time she return'd laden with a little Casket full of Gold, so that she was scarce able to bear it. And her Father in the mean season, by bad Fortune, awak'd, and heard the Noise that was beneath in his Garden, and looking out at a Window, he perceiv'd they were all *Christians* that were in it, and therefore cried out in a loud and unmeasurable manner, in the *Arabian* Tongue, *Christians, Christians ! Thieves, Thieves !* by which Cries we were all of us struck into very great Fear and Confusion : But the Runagate seeing the Peril wherein we were, and how nearly it concern'd him to come off from that Enterprize, before he were discover'd ran up speedily to the Place where *Aguimorato* stood, and some of our Fellows accompany'd him (for I durst not abandon *Zoraida*, who had fallen between mine Arms all amazed :) and in Conclusion, those which had mounted, behav'd themselves so well, as they brought *Aguimorato* down in a trice, having tied his Hands, and set a Gag in his Mouth, which hinder'd his Speech, threatning him that if he did speak but a Word, it should cost him his Life.

When his Daughter saw him, she cover'd her Eyes, because she would not behold him. And he marvelled, wholly ignoring with how good a Will she came away with us : But then considering that nothing was so requisite as our Legs, we did with all Velocity and Diligence get into the Frigate, for our Companions did perplexedly expect our Return, half afraid that some Disgrace had befallen us. Scarce were two Hours of the Night over-run, when we were all embark'd : And then we unmanacled *Zoraida's* Father's Hands, and took the Cloth out of his Mouth. But the Runagate did again admonish him, that as he tender'd his Life, he should not speak one Word. He, beholding his Daughter likewise there, began to sigh very feelingly, but chiefly perceiving me to hold her so straightly embrac'd and that she made no Resistance, nor did complain, or seem coy, but stood quiet. But yet for

all that he kept Silence, fearing lest they should put the Runagate's Menaces in Execution. *Zoraida* seeing herself now safe within the Bark, and that we were ready to row away, looking on her Father, and the other *Moors* that were ty'd therein, she entreated the Runagate to tell me, how she desir'd me to set those *Moors* and her Father at Liberty ; for she would rather cast herself into the Sea, than see a Father, who had loved her so dearly, carry'd away Captive before her Eyes, and that also by her Occasion. The Runagate told me her Mind ; and I answer'd how I was well pleas'd it should be so : But he reply'd, that it was in no sort expedient, by reason that if they were landed there, they would presently raise the Country, and put the whole City into a Tumult, and cause certain light Frigates to be mann'd, and sent out in our Pursuit ; and lay both Sea and Land for us in such sort, as it would be impossible for us to escape : But that as might be done, was, to give them Liberty at the first *Christian* Country whereat we arrived. All of us agreed to this Opinion, and *Zoraida* also (to whom Reason was given of the Motives we had not to free them forthwith, and accomplish her Will therein) remain'd satisfied : And therefore presently with joyful Silence, and chearful Diligence, every one of our lusty Rowers, seizing upon his Oar, we began, after we had commended ourselves to Almighty God, to launch forth, and address our Course towards the Isles of *Mallorca*, which is the nearest *Christian* Country : But by reason the Wind blew somewhat from the Mountains, and that the Sea began to be rough, it was not possible to continue that Course ; and so we were forc'd to approach the Shore, and go by little and little towards *Oran*, not without Grief and Anguish, for fear to be espy'd by the Town of *Sargel*, which is on that Coast, and falls some seventy Leagues beyond *Algiers*. And we did likewise fear to meet in that Passage some Galleot of those which come ordinarily with Merchandize from *Tetuan* ; altho' every one of us, for himself, and for all together, did presume, that if we encounter'd a Galleot of Merchandize, so it were not a Pirate, that not only we would not be lost, but rather would take
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the Vessel, that therein we might with more Security finish our Voyage. *Zoraida*, whilst thus we sail'd, went with her Head between my Hands, because she would not look on her Father : And I felt her, how she was still invoking *Lela Marien* to assist us. And having sail'd about thirty Leagues, the Morning overtook us about some three Musket-shot from Land, in a Place that seem'd to be desert, and free from all Access of those that might discover us ; and yet for all that, we got by might and main somewhat further into the Seas, that now were become a little calmer : And having enter'd some two Leagues into the Main, Order was given, that they should row by turns, whilst they did refresh themselves, and take a little Sustenance, for the Bark was well furnish'd with Victuals. Altho' those which did row, refus'd the Offer, saying, that then it was no Time to repose, and that they should set those that did not row, to Dinner, for they would not yet in any sort let go their Oars. It being done as they had said, the Wind did rise so much, as it made us, abandoning our Oars, to set sail, and direct our Boat towards *Oran*, being unable to take any other Course. All was done with very great Speed ; and so we made by the Sail more than eight Miles an Hour, free from all other Fear, than that of encountering some Vessel of War. We gave the *Moors*, our Prisoners, their Dinner, and the Runagate comforted them, saying, that they went not as Prisoners, for they should receive their Liberty upon the first Commodity that were proffer'd. The same was likewise said to *Zoraida's* Father, who return'd them this Answer, I would easily expect and believe any other Thing, O *Christians*, of your Liberality and honourable manner of proceeding : But do not think that I am so simple, as once to imagine that you will give me my Liberty ; for you did never expose yourself to the Danger of despoiling me thereof, with Intention to return it me so prodigally again, especially knowing as you do, who I am, and the profit which you may reap by giving me it again ; to which Profit if you will put a Name, and tell me how much would you demand, I do even from

hence offer unto you all that which you will seek for me, and for that unfortunate Daughter of mine: Or, if you will not deliver me, I will give you it for her alone, who is the greatest, and the best Part of my Soul. And, saying so, he began to weep so bitterly, as he moved us all to Compassion, and forc'd *Zoraida* to look upon him; who, seeing him weep, was so strangely moved, as, arising from my Feet, she went and embraced her Father, and laying her Face upon his, they began together so tender a Lamentation, as many of us that were in the Bark, were forc'd to keep them Company: But when her Father noted her to be so richly adorn'd, and with so many Jewels on, he ask'd her in his own Language, How haps this, Daughter, that Yesternight late before this terrible Disaster befell us, wherein we are plung'd, I saw thee attir'd in thine ordinary Household Array; and that now, without having had any Leisure to apparel thyself, or having given thee any glad Tidings, for whose solemnizing thou ought'st to adorn and publish thyself, I do view thee thus clad in the richest Attire which I could bestow upon thee, when our Fortune was most favourable? Answer me to this, for thou hast suspended and astonish'd me more than the very Disgrace itself wherein I am.

All that the *Moor* said to his Daughter, the Runagate declar'd unto us; and she did not answer a Word to him: But when he saw the little Coffers lie at one side of the Bark, wherein she was wont to keep her Jewels, and that he knew very well she had left at *Algiers*, and not brought to the Garden, he was much more amaz'd, and demanded of her, how that Coffer came into our Possession, and what Things she had there within it. To which the Runagate, without attending that *Zoraida* should answer him, said, Sir, do not trouble yourself by demanding so many Things of your Daughter *Zoraida*; for with one that I will say, I shall satisfy them all: And therefore you shall understand that she is a *Christian*, and hath been the File that cut off our Chains, and is the Liberty itself of our Captivity; and she goeth along with us of her own free Will, as content (if mine Imagination doth

not

not wrong me) to see herself in this State, as he is that cometh out of Darknes to the Light, from Death to Life, and out of Pain into Glory. Is it true, Daughter, which this Man says? quoth the *Moor*. It is, answer'd *Zoraida*, That thou, in effect, art a *Christian*, reply'd the old Man, and she that put her Father into his Enemy's Hands? To which *Zoraida* answer'd, I am she that is a *Christian*, but not she that hath brought thee to this Pass: For my Desire did never so estrange itself from thee, as to abandon or harm thee, but only endeavour'd to do myself Good. And what Good hast thou done thyself, Daughter? Demand that, said she, of *Lela Marien*, for she can therein better inform thee than I can.

Scarce had the *Moor* heard her say so, when with incredible Haste he threw himself headlong into the Sea, wherein he had been questionless drown'd, if the long Apparel he wore on, had not kept him up a while above the Water. *Zoraida* cry'd out to us to save him: And so we all presently ran, and laying hold on a Part of his *Turkish* Robe, drew him up half drown'd, and wholly devoid of Feeling. Whereat *Zoraida* was so grieved, that she lamented him as dolefully as if he had been dead. There we laid him with his Mouth downward, and he voided a great Quantity of Water; and after the space of two Hours return'd to himself again: And in the mean Time the Wind also turning, it did drive us towards the Coast; so that we were constrain'd to keep ourselves by very Force of Arms from striking upon it; and our good Fortune directing us, we arrived to a little Creek at the side of a certain Cape, or Promontory, called by the *Moors*, *The Cape of the Cava Rumina*, which in our Language signifies, *The ill Christian Woman*: And the *Moors* hold it for a Tradition, that in the very same Place was the *Cava* bury'd, for whom *Spain* was lost, and conquer'd by the *Moors*: For *Cava*, in their Language, signifies an *ill Woman*, and *Rumia* a *Christian*: Yea, and they hold it for a Sign of Misfortune, to arrive or cast Anchor there, when mere Necessity drives them thither, without which, they never approach'd it. Yet did it not

prove to us the Shelter of an ill Woman, but the secure Haven of our Safty. We sent our Centinels ashore, and never let the Oars slip out of our Hands: We did likewise eat of the Runagate's Provision, and heartily besought Almighty God and our Lady to assist and favour us with a happy End to so lucky a Beginning. And we agreed, upon *Zoraida's* Intreaty, to set her Father and the *Moors* that we had ty'd, a land in that Place: For she was of so tender and compassionate a Mind, as she could in no wise brook to see her Father ty'd in her Presence, or her Countrymen born away Captives: Wherefore we made her a Promise, that we would at our Departure let them all go away, seeing we incurr'd no Danger by leaving them in that inhabitable Desert. Our Prayers were not so vain, but that they found gentle Acceptance in Heaven, which presently changed the Wind, and appeased the Sea, inviting us chearfully to return to it again, and prosecute our commenced Voyage

Seeing that the Weather was favourable, we loosed the *Moors*, and set them all a-land, one by one; and coming to disembark *Zoraida's* Father, who was by that time wholly come to himself, he said, For what do you conjecture, *Christians*, that this bad Woman is glad that you give me Liberty? Do you think that she doth it for Pity that she takes of me? No, truly: But she doth it only to remove the Hindrance my Presence gave her, when she would execute her unlawful Desires. Nor ought you to believe that she is moved to change Religion, by reason that she understands yours to be better than her own: But only because she knows Licentiousness to be more publickly and freely practised in your Country than among us: And then turning to *Zoraida*, whom I and another *Christian* held fast by both the Arms, lest he should do some desperate Fact, he said, O infamous Girl, and ill-advised Maiden, where dost thou run, thus blinded and distracted, in the Power of those Dogs our natural Enemies? Cursed be the Hour wherein I engender'd thee, and cursed the Delights and Pleasures wherein thou wast nuzzled. I perceiving that he was
not

not like to make an end of his Execrations so soon as I could wish, had him set on Shore; and thence he prosecuted his Maledictions and Complaints, praying unto *Mabomet*, that he would intercede with *Ala*, that we might be all destroy'd, confounded, and cast away. And when we could hear his Words no longer, by reason that we set sail, we perceiv'd his Works, that were, to pluck his Beard, tear his Hair, and cast himself on the Ground: But once he did lift up his Voice so high, as that we heard him say, Return, beloved Daughter, return to the Land, for I do pardon thee all that thou hast done, and deliver that Money to those Men, for 'tis now their own, and return thou to comfort thy sad and desolate Father, who will forsake his Life on these desolate Sands, if thou dost abandon him.

Zoraida heard him say all this, and lamented thereat, but knew not how to speak, or answer him any other thing but this: Father of mine, I pray *Ala* that *Lela Marien*, who hath been the Cause of my becoming a *Christian*, may likewise comfort thee in thy Sorrow. *Ala* knows well that I could do none other then I did; and that these *Christians* do owe me nothing for my Goodwill, seeing that tho' I had not come away with them, but remain'd at my House, yet had it been impossible (such was the Haste wherewithal my Soul press'd me) not to have executed this my Purpose, which seems to me to be as good as thou, O beloved Father, dost account it wicked. She said this in a Time that neither her Father could hear her, nor we behold him; and therefore, after I had comforted *Zoraida*, we did thenceforth only attend our Voyage, which was so much holpen by the favourable Wind, as we made full account to be the next Day on the Coast of *Spain*: But as Good very seldom, or rather never, betides a Man thorowly and wholly without being accompany'd or follow'd by some Evil, which troubles and assaults it, our Fortune would, or rather the Maledictions of the *Moor*, poured on his Daughter (for the Curses of any Father whatsoever are to be fear'd) that being engulph'd three Hours within Night, and going before the Wind with a full Sail, and our Oars
set

set up, because the prosperous Wind had rid us of the Labour of rowing, we saw near unto us, by the Light of the Moon that shined clearly, a round Vessel, which with all her Sails spread did cross before us into the Sea, and that so nearly, as we were fain to strike down her Sail, that we might avoid the Shock she was like to give us; and those that were in her, had on the other side labour'd also what they might to turn her out of our Way, standing all of 'em on the Hatches to demand of us what we were, from whence we came, and whither we did sail; but, by reason that they spoke *French*, the Runagate bad us not speak a Word, saying, Let none answer, for these are *French* Pirates, which make their Booty of every body. For this cause none of us answer'd: And being pass'd a little forward, and that the Ship remain'd in the Lee of us, they suddenly shot off two Pieces of Artillery, and, as I think, both of 'em had Chain-bullets, for with the one they cut our Mast asunder, and overthrew it and the Sail into the Sea; and instantly after they discharg'd another, and the Bullet alighting in our Bark, did pierce it thro' and thro' without doing any other Hurt: But we, seeing that our Vessel began to sink, began all to cry out, and request them to succour us, and pray'd them that they would take us into their Vessel, for we were a drowning. Then they came again, and casting out their Cock-boat, there enter'd into it as good as a dozen *Frenchmen*, well appointed with their Harcabusses and Matches lighted, and so approach'd unto us: And perceiving how few we were, and that the Bark did sink, they receiv'd us into their Boat, saying, That because we had used the Discourtesie of not making them answer, that Misfortune had befallen us. Our Runagate about this time took the Coffer wherein *Zoraida's* Treasures were kept, and threw it into the Sea unperceiv'd of any.

In conclusion we went all of us into the great Vessel with the *Frenchmen*, who, after they had inform'd themselves of all that which they desir'd to know, as if they were our capital Enemies, they afterward despoil'd us of all that ever we had about us; and of *Zoraida* they took all,

all, even unto her very Bracelets that she wore on the Wrists of her Feet. But the Wrong they did to *Zoraida* did not afflict me so much as the Fear I conceiv'd, that after they had taken away from her her most rich and precious Jewels, they would also deprive her of the Jewel of most Price, and which she valued most : But the Desires of that Nation extend themselves no farther than to the Gain of Money ; and their Avarice in this is never thoroughly satisfied, and at that time was so great, as they would have taken from us the very Habits of Slaves that we brought from *Barbary*, if they had found 'em to have been worth any thing : And some three were of Opinion among them, that we should be all enwreath'd in a Sail and thrown into the Sea, because they had Intention to traffick into some Havens of *Spain*, under the Name of *Britains*, and, that if they carried us alive they should be punish'd, their Robbery being detected : But the Captain, who was he that had pillag'd my beloved *Zoraida*, said, That he was so contented with his Booty, as he meant not to touch any Part of *Spain*, but would pass the *Streights of Gibraltar* by Night, or as he might, and so return again to *Rochelle*, from whence he was come : And thereupon they all agreed to give us their Cock-boat, and all that was necessary for our short Voyage ; as indeed they perform'd the Day ensuing, when all our Grievances and Poverty were as quite forgotten as if we never had felt any, so great is the Delight a Man takes to recover his Liberty. 'Twas about Mid-day when they put us into the Cock, giving unto us two Barrels of Water and some Biscuit ; and the Captain, mov'd with some Compassion, as the beautiful *Zoraida* embark'd her self, bestow'd on her about forty Crowns in Gold ; nor would he permit his Soldiers to despoil her of these very Garments which then and now she wears.

We enter'd into the Cock-boat, and giving them Thanks for the Good they did, and shewing at our Departure more Tokens of Thankfulness than of Discontent, they sail'd presently away from us towards the *Streights*, and we, without looking on any other North or Star
than

than the Land itself which appear'd before us, did row towards it so lustily, that at the Sun set we were so near, as we made full account to arrive before the Night were far spent; but by reason that the Moon did not shine, and the Night was very dark, and that we knew not where we were, we did not hold it the best Course to approach the Shore too near: yet others there were that thought it convenient and good, desiring that we should make to it, altho' we run the Boat on the Rocks, and far from any Dwelling; for by doing so, we should free our selves from the Fear which we ought of reason to have, lest there should be up and down on that Coast any Frigates of the Pirates of *Tetuan*, which are wont to leave *Barbary* over Night, and be on the Coast of *Spain* e're Morning, and ordinarily make their Booty, and turn to their Supper again to *Barbary* the Night following: But of the contrary Opinions, that which was follow'd, was, that we should draw near the Land by little and little; and, that if the Quietness of the Sea would permit it, we should take Land where we might best and most commodiously do it. This was done, and a little before Midnight we arriv'd to the Foot of a high and monitrous Mountain, which was not altogether so near to the Sea, but that it did grant a little patch of Ground, whereon we might commodiously disembark: Wherefore we ran our selves on the Sands, and came all a-land, and kiss'd the Earth, and with tears of most joyful Content and Delight gave Thanks unto our Lord God, for the incomparable Favours which he had done us in our Voyage. Then took we out our Victuals from the Boat, and drew itself up on the Shore, and ascended a great part of the Mountain; for altho' we were in that Place, yet durst we not assure our selves, nor did thorowly believe that it was *Christian* Country whereon we did tread.

The Day breaking somewhat slower than I could have wish'd it, we ascended the Mountain wholly, to see whether we might discover any Dwelling or Sheepfolds from thence; but altho' we extended our Sight unto every Quarter, yet could we neither descry Dwelling, Person,

Person, Path, nor Highway : Yet did we resolve notwithstanding to enter into the Land, seeing that we could not chuse but discover e're long some body, who might give us Notice of the Place where we were : And that which afflicted me most of all, was, to see *Zoraida* go a-foot thro' those rugged Places ; for altho' I did sometimes carry her on my Shoulders, yet did the Toil I took more weary her, than the Repose she got could ease her ; and therefore would never after the first time suffer me to take that Pains again, and so she went ever after a-foot, with great Patience and Tokens of Joy, I holding her still by the Hand ; and having travel'd little less than a quarter of a League, we heard the Noise of a little Bell, an infallible Argument that near at hand there was some Cattle : Whereupon all of us looking very wistly to see whether any body appear'd, we might perceive under a Cork tree a young Shepherd, who very quietly and carelessly was carving of a Stick with a Knife : We call'd to him, and he leap'd up lightly on Foot, and (as we afterwards learnt) the first that he got sight of, were the Runagate and *Zoraida* ; whom he seeing apparel'd in the *Morisca* Habit, thought that all the People of *Barbary* had been at his Heels ; and therefore running very swiftly into the Wood, he cry'd all-along with marvellous Loudness, *Moors, Moors* are in the Land ! *Moors, Moors* ! arm, arm ! These Outcries struck us anew into a great Perplexity, and scarce did we know what we should do : But considering how the Shepherd's Alarm would cause all the Country to rise up, and that the Horsemen that kept the Coast would presently come to see what it was, we all agreed that the Runagate should put off his *Turkish* Attire, and put on a Captive's Cassock, which one of the Company gave unto him forthwith, altho' the Giver remain'd after in his Shirt. And thus committing the Affair unto Almighty God, we follow'd on by the same Way which we saw the Shepherd had taken, always expecting when the Horsemen of the Coast would fall upon us. And we were not deceiv'd in our Expectation, for within two Hours after, having issued out of those Woods into a Plain, we discover'd about
some

some fifty Horsemen, which came running towards us as swiftly as their Horses could drive; and having perceiv'd them, we stood still, and stay'd until they came to us, and saw, instead of the *Moors* they sought for, so many poor *Christians*, and remain'd somewhat asham'd thereof. And one of 'em demanded, whether we were the Occasion that a Shepherd had given the Alarm: Yes, quoth I. And as I was about to inform what I was, and of all our Adventure, and from whence we came, one of the *Christians* that came with us did take notice of the Horseman who had spoken unto us, and so interrupting my Speech, he said, Sirs, let God be prais'd, which hath brought us to so good a Place as this is, for, if I be not deceiv'd, the Earth which we tread on is of *Veley Malaga*; and if the Years of my Captivity have not confounded my Memory, you likewise, Sir, that demands what we be, are *Peter of Bussamonte*, mine Uncle. As soon as ever the *Christian* Captive had spoken those Words, the Horseman leaping off his Horse, ran and embraced him, saying, O Nephew! as dear to me as my Soul and Life, now I do know thee very well, and many a Day since have I wept for thee, thinking thou wast dead, and so hath my Sister thy Mother, and all the rest of thy Friends which do live yet; and God hath been pleas'd to preserve their Lives, that they may enjoy the Pleasure to behold thee: We knew very well that thou wast in *Algiers*, and by the Signs and Tokens of thy Clothes, and that of all the rest here of thy Companions, I surmise that your Escape hath been miraculous. It was so, reply'd the Captive, and we shall have Time, I hope, to recount unto you the Manner.

As soon as the Horsemen had understood that we were *Christian* Captives, they alighted off their Horses, and every one of 'em invited us to mount upon his own, to carry us to the City of *Veley Malaga*, which was yet a League and a half from that Place: And some of them went to the Place where we had left the Boat, to bring it to the City, whom we inform'd first of the Place where it lay; others did mount us up a-Horseback behind themselves, and *Zoraida* rode behind the Captive's Uncle.

All

All the People issued to receive us, being premonish'd of our Arrival by some one that had ridden before. They did not wonder to see Captives freed, nor *Moors* captiv'd there, being an ordinary thing in those Parts; but that whereat they wonder'd was, the surpassing Beauty of *Zoraida*, which at that season and instant was in her prime, as well thro' the Warmth she had gotten by her Travel, as also thro' the Joy she conceiv'd to see her self in *Christian* Lands, secure from all Fear of being surpriz'd or lost: And these Things call'd out to her Face such Colours, as, if it be not that Affection might then have deceiv'd me, I durst aver, that a more beautiful than she was, the World could not afford, at least among those which I had ever beheld.

We went directly to the Church, to give Thanks unto Almighty God for the Benefit receiv'd; and as soon as *Zoraida* enter'd into it, she said, There were Faces in it that resembled very much that of *Lela Marien*. We told her, that they were her Images: And the Runagate, as well as the brevity of the Time permitted, instructed her what they signified, to the end she should do them Reverence, as if every one of 'em were truly that same *Lela Marien* which had spoken unto her. She, who had a very good Understanding, and an easie and clear Conceit, comprehended presently all that was told unto her concerning Images. From hence they carry'd us, and divided us among different Houses of the City; but the *Christian* that came with us carried the Runagate, *Zoraida*, and me, to the House of his Parents, which were indifferently accommodated and stored with the Goods of Fortune, and did entertain me with as great Love and Kindness as if I were their own Son. We remain'd six Days in *Veley*, in which time the Runagate having made an Information of all that which might concern him, he went to the City of *Granada*, to be reconcil'd, by the holy *Inquisition's* Means, to the Bosom of our holy Mother the Church. The rest of the freed Captives took every one the Way that he pleased; and *Zoraida* and I remain'd behind, with those Ducats only which the *Frenchman's* Courtesie was pleased

sed to bestow on *Zoraida*; and with part of that Sum I bought her this Beast whereon she rides, I myself serving her hitherto as her Father and Squire, and not as her Spouse, we travel with Intention to see whether my Father be yet living, or any of my Brothers have had more prosperous Hap than myself; altho' seeing that Heaven hath made me *Zoraida's* Consort, methinks no other good Fortune could arrive, were it never so great, that I would hold in so high Estimation. The Patience wherewithal she bears the Incommodities usually annex'd unto Poverty, and the Desires she shews to become a *Christian*, is such, and so great, as it strikes me into an Admiration, and doth move me to serve her all the Days of my Life; altho' that the Delight which I take to see myself hers and she mine, is oft-times interrupted, and almost dissolv'd by the Fear which I have, that I shall not find in mine own Country some little Corner, wherein I may entertain her; and; that Time and Death have wrought such Alteration in the Goods and Lives of my Father and Brothers, as I shall scarce find any one at Home that knows me. I have no more, good Sirs, to tell you of my Life's History, than which, whether it be pleasing and rare, or no, your clear Conceits are to judge. As for my self I dare say, that if it had been possible, I would have told it with more Brevity; fearing it might be tedious unto you, I purposely omitted many delightful Circumstances thereof.

C H A P. XV.

Which speaks of that which after besell in the Inn; and of sundry other Things worthy to be known.

THE Captive having said this, held his Peace, and Don *Ferdinando* reply'd to him thus: Truly, Captain, the Manner wherewithal you have recounted this marvellous Success hath been such, as it may be paragon'd to the Novelty and Strangeness of the Event itself:

And

And so great is the Delight we have taken in the hearing thereof, as I do believe, that altho' we had spent the Time from hence till to-morrow in listening to it, yet should we be glad to hear it told over once again. And saying so, *Cardenio* and all the rest did offer themselves and their Means to his Service, as much as lay in them, with so cordial and friendly Words, as the Captive remain'd thoroughly satisfied with their good Wits: But especially *Don Ferdinando* offer'd, that if he would return with him, he would cause the Marquis his Brother to be *Zoraida* her Godfather in Baptism; and, that he, for his part, would so accommodate him with all Things necessary, as he might enter into the Town with the Decency and Authority due to his Person. The Captive did gratifie his large Offers very courteously, but would not accept any of 'em at that time. By this the Night drew on, and about the Fall thereof there arriv'd at the Inn a Coach, with some Men a Horseback, and ask'd for Lodging; to whom the Hostess answer'd, That in all the Inn there was not a Span free, the number of her Guests was already so many. Well, altho' that be so, quoth one of the Horsemen that had enter'd, yet must there be a Place found for Master *Justice*, who comes in this Coach. At this Name the Hostess was afraid, and said, Sir, the Misfortune is, that I have no Beds, but if Master *Justice* brings one with him, as 'tis probable he doth, let him enter in boldly, and I and my Husband, will leave our own Chamber to accommodate his Worship. So be it, quoth the Squire. And by this time alighted out of the Coach a Man, whose Attire did presently denote his Dignity and Office; for his long Gown and his great and large Sleeves did shew that he was a Judge, as the Serving-man affirm'd. He led a young Maiden by the Hand of about sixteen Years old, apparel'd in a riding Attire; but she was therewithal of so dispos'd, beautiful, and cheerful a Countenance, as her Presence did strike them all into Admiration; so as, if they had not seen *Dorotea*, *Luscinda*, and *Zoraida*, which were then in the Inn, they would hardly have believ'd that

that this Damsel's Beauty might any where have been match'd.

Don *Quixote* was present at the Judge's and the Gentlewoman's Entry ; and so as soon as he had seen him, he said, Sir, you may boldly enter, and take your Ease in this Castle, which altho' it be but little, and ill accommodated, yet there is no Narrowness nor Discommodity in the World but makes Place for Arms and Learning, and 'specially if the Arms and Letters bring Beauty for their Guide and Leader, as your Learning doth, conduct by this lovely Damsel, to whom ought not only Castles to open and manifest themselves, but also Rocks to part and divide their Cliffs, and Mountains to bow their ambitious Crests, to give and make her a Lodging. Enter therefore, I say, worshipful Sir, into this Paradise, wherein you shall find Stars and Suns to accompany this Sky which you bring in your Company : Here shall you find Arms in their Height, and Beauty in her Prime. The Judge marvell'd greatly at Don *Quixote's* Speech, whom he began to behold very earnestly, and wonder'd no less at his Shape than at his Words ; and knowing not what Answer he might return him, he was diverted on the other side by the sudden Approach of the three Ladies, *Luscinda*, *Dorotea*, and *Zoraida*, which stood before him : For having heard of the Arrival of new Guests, and also being inform'd by the Hostess of the young Lady's Beauty, they were come forth to see and entertain her. But Don *Ferdinando*, *Cardenio*, and the Curate did give him more compleat and courtly Entertainment than the rusty Knight. In effect, the Judge was marvellously amaz'd at that which he saw and heard in that Inn ; and the fair Guests thereof had the beautiful Maiden welcome. The Judge perceiv'd very well that the Guests of the Inn were all Men of account, but Don *Quixote's* Feature, Visage, and Behaviour did set him out of all Byass, being not able to conjecture what he might be : And after some Courtlike Intercourses pass'd, and the Commodities of the Inn examin'd, they all agreed again, as they had done before, that all the Women should enter into Don *Quixote's* Room, and
the

the Men remain without in their Guard. And so the Judge was content that the Damsel, who was his Daughter, should also go with those Ladies, which she did with a very good Will; and with a part of the Inn-keeper's narrow Bed, and half of that which the Judge had brought with him, they made shift to pass over that Night the best they could.

The Captive, who from that Instant that he had first seen the Judge, did greatly suspect that he was his Brother, and demanded of one of his Servants how he was call'd, and where he was born: The other answer'd, 'T hat he was call'd the *Licentiate John Perez of Viedma*, and, as he had heard, he was born in a Village of the Mountains of *Leon*. With this Relation, and the rest that he had noted, he finally confirm'd his Opinion, that it was the Brother, who following his Father's Advice, had dedicated himself to his Studies: And, full of Joy and Contentment, calling aside *Don Ferdinando, Cardenio*, and the Curate, he certified them of all that pass'd, and that the Judge was his Brother. The Serving-man told him likewise how he went towards the *Indies*, where he had his Place and Office in the Courts of *Mexico*; and also, that the young Gentlewoman was his Daughter, of whose Birth her Mother had died, he ever after remain'd a Widower, and very rich, by her Dowry and Portion that she had left to her Daughter. He demanded of them Advice how he might discover himself to his Brother, or first know whether, after he had detected himself, he would receive him with a good Countenance and Affection, and not be ashamed to acknowledge him for his Brother, seeing him in so poor an Estate. Leave the Trial of that Experience to me, saith the Curate; and the rather, because there's no Occasion why you, Sir Captain, should not be kindly entertain'd by him; for the Prudence, Worths, and good Countenance of your Brother give manifest Tokens that he's nothing arrogant. For all that, said the Captain, I would not make my self known on the sudden, but would use some pretty Ambages to bring him acquainted with me. I say unto you, quoth the Curate, that I will

will trace the Matter in such sort, as we all will rest satisfied.

Supper was by this made ready, and all of 'em sat down to the Table, the Captive excepted and Ladies, which supp'd together within the Room; and about the midst of Supper the Curate said, Master Justice, I have had in Times past a Comrade of your very Sirname in *Constantinople*, where I was some time captive, who was one of the most valiant Soldiers and Captains that might be found among all the *Spanish* Foot; but he was as unfortunate as he was valorous and resolute. And how was that Captain call'd, good Sir, quoth the Judge? His Name was, reply'd Master Curate, *Ruy Perez* of *Viedma*, and he was born in a Village in the Mountains of *Leon*; and he recounted unto me an Occurrence which happen'd between his Father, him, and his other Brethren, which, if I had not been told by a Man of such Credit and Reputation as he was, I would have esteem'd for one of those Fables which old Wives are wont to rehearse by the Fire-side in Winter; for he said to me, that his Father had divided his Goods among his three Sons, and gave them withal certain Precepts, better than those of *Cato*; and I know well, that the Choice which he made to follow the War, had such happy Success, as within a few Years, thro' his Forwardness and Valour, without the Help of any other Arm, he was advanc'd to a Company of Foot, and made a Captain, and was in the Way and Course of becoming one Day a Colonel: But Fortune was contrary to him; for even there, where he was most to expect her Favour, he lost it, with the Loss of his Liberty, in that most happy Journey, wherein so many recover'd it, to wit, in the Battle of *Lepanto*. I lost mine in *Goloto*, and after, by different Success, we became Companions in *Constantinople*; from whence we went to *Algiers*, where did befall him one of the most notable Adventures that ever happen'd in the World; and there the Curate, with succinct Brevity, recounted all that had happen'd between the Captain and *Zoraida*. To all which the Judge was so attentive, as in all his Life he never listen'd to any Cause

Cause so attentively as then. And the Curate only arriv'd to the Point wherein the *Frenchmen* spoil'd the *Christians* that came in the Bark, and the Necessity wherein his Companion and the beautiful *Zoraida* remain'd, of whom he had not learnt any thing after, nor knew not what became of them, or whether they came into *Spain*, or were carried away by the *Frenchmen* to *France*.

The Captain stood listening somewhat aloof off to all the Curate's Words, and noted the while the Motions and Gestures of his Brother, who seeing that the Curate had now made an end of his Speech, breathing forth a great Sigh, and his Eyes being fill'd with Tears, he said, O Sir? if you had known the News which you have told me, and how nearly they touch me in some Points, whereby I am constrain'd to manifest these Tears, which violently break forth in despite of my Discretion and Calling, you would hold me excused for this Excess: That Captain, of whom you spoke, is my eldest Brother, who, as one stronger, and of more noble Thoughts than I, or my younger Brother, made election of the honourable Military Calling, one of the three Estates which our Father propos'd to us, even as your Comrade inform'd you, when, as you thought, he related a Fable: I follow'd my Book, by which God and my Diligence rais'd me to the State you see. My younger Brother is in *Peru*, and with that which he hath sent to my Father and my self hath bountifully recompens'd the Portion he carried, and given to him sufficient to satisfy his liberal Disposition, and to me wherewithal to continue my Studies, with the Decency and Authority needful to advance me to the Rank which now I possess: My Father lives yet, but dying thro' Desire to learn somewhat of his eldest Son, and doth daily importune God with incessant Prayers, that Death may not shut his Eyes until he may once again see him alive. I only marvel not a little, considering his Discretion, that among all his Labours, Afflictions, or prosperous Successes, he hath been so careless in giving his Father Notice of his Proceedings; for if either he, or any one

of us had known of his Captivity, he should not have needed to expect the Miracle of the Cane for his Ransom. But that which troubles me most of all is, to think whether these *Frenchmen* have restor'd him again to Liberty, or else slain him, that they might conceal their Robbery the better: All which will be an Occasion to me to prosecute my Voyage, not with the Joy wherewithal I began it, but rather with Melancholy and Sorrow. O dear Brother! I would I might know now were thou art, that I my self might go and search thee out, and free thee from thy Pains, altho' it were with the hazard of my own. Oh! who is he that could carry News to our old Father that thou wert alive, altho' hidden in the most abstruse Dungeons of *Barbary*! for his Riches, my Brother's, and mine, would fetch thee from thence. O beautiful and bountiful *Zoraida*! who might be able to recompense thee for the Good thou hast done to my Brother? How happy were he that might be present at thy Spiritual Birth and Baptism, and at thy Nuptials, which would be so grateful to us all! These, and many other such Words, did the Judge deliver, so full of Compassion for the News that he had receiv'd of his Brother, as all that heard him kept him company in shewing Signs of Compassion for his Sorrow.

The Curate therefore perceiving the happy Success whereto his Design and the Captain's Desire had sort'd, would hold the Company sad no longer, and therefore arising from the Table, and entering the Room wherein *Zoraida* was, he took her by the Hand; and after her follow'd *Luscinda*, *Dorotea*, and the Judge's Daughter. The Captain stood still to see what the Curate would do, who taking him fast by the other Hand, march'd over with 'em both towards the Judge and the other Gentlemen, and said, Suppress your Tears, Master Justice, and glut your Desire with all that Good which it may desire, seeing you have here before you your good Brother, and your loving Sister-in-law. This Man whom you view here is the Captain *Viedma*, and this the beautiful *Moor*, which hath done so much for him. The *Frenchmen*,
which

which I told you of, have reduced them to the Poverty you see, to the end that you may shew the Liberality of your Noble Breast. Then did the Captain draw near to embrace his Brother, but he held him off a while with his Arms, to note whether 'twas he, or no; but, when he once knew him, he embraced him so lovingly, and with such abundance of Tears, as did attract the like from all the Beholders. The Words that the Brothers spoke one to another, or the feeling Affection which they shew'd, can hardly be conceiv'd, and therefore much less written by any one whatsoever. There they did briefly recount the one to the other their Successes: There did they shew the true Love and Affection of Brothers in its prime: There did the Judge embrace *Zoraida*: There he made her an Offer of all that was his: There did he also cause his Daughter to embrace her: There the beautiful *Christian*, and the most beautiful *Moor*, renew'd the Tears of them all: There *Don Quixote* was attentive, without speaking a Word, pondering of these rare Occurrences, and attributing them to the *Chimera's* which he imagin'd to be incident to Chivalry: And there they agreed that the Captain and *Zoraida* should return with their Brother to *Seville*, and thence advise their Father of his Finding and Liberty, that he, as well as he might, should come to *Seville*, to the Baptism and Marriage of *Zoraida*, because the Judge could not possibly return, or discontinue his Journey, in respect that the *Indian Fleet* was to depart within a Month from *Seville* towards *New Spain*.

Every one in conclusion was joyful and glad at the Captive's good Success; and two parts of the Night being well nigh spent, they all agreed to repose themselves awhile. *Don Quixote* offer'd himself to watch and guard the Castle whilst they slept, lest they should be assaulted by some Giant, or other Mifcreant, desirous to rob the great Treasure of Beauty that was therein immured and kept. Those that knew him render'd unto him infinite Thanks, and withal inform'd the Judge of his extravagant Humour, whereat he was not a little recreated; only *Sancho Panca* did fret, because they

went so slowly to sleep, and he alone was best accommodated of them all, by laying down on his Beast's Furniture, which cost him dearly, as shall be after recounted. The Ladies being withdrawn into their Chamber, and every one laying himself down where best he might, Don Quixote sallied out of the Inn, to be Centinel of the Castle, as he had promis'd. And a little before Day it happen'd, that so sweet and tunable a Voice touch'd the Ladies Ears, as it oblig'd them all to listen unto it very attentively, but chiefly *Dorotea*, who first awaked, and by whose Side the young Gentlewoman *Donna Clara* of *Viedma* (for so the Judge's Daughter was call'd) slept. None of 'em could imagine who 'twas that sung so well without the help of any Instrument: Sometimes it seem'd that he sung in the Yard; others, that it was in the Stable: And being thus in suspence, *Cardenio* came to the Chamber-door, and said, Whosoever is not asleep, let 'em give ear, and they shall hear the Voice of a Lackey that so chants, as it likewise enchants. Sir, quoth *Dorotea*, we hear him very well. With this *Cardenio* departed, and *Dorotea* using all the Attention possible, heard that his Song was this following.

CHAP. XV.

Wherein is recounted the History of the Lackey, with other strange Adventures befallen in the Inn.

I Am a Maxiner to Love,
Which in his Depths profound
Still sails, and yet no Hope can prove
Of coming e'er to th' Ground.

*I following go a glisring Star,
Which I alsoof descry,
Much more resplendent than those are
That Palipure did 'sly.*

I know

*I know not where my Course to bend;
And so confusedly,
To see it only I pretend
Careful and carelessly.*

*Her too impertinent Regard,
And too much Modesty,
The Clouds are which mine Eyes have barr'd
From their deserved Fee.*

*O clear and Soul-reviving Star,
Whose Sight doth try my Trust!
If thou thy Light from me debar,
Instantly die I must.*

The Singer arriving to this Point of his Song, *Dorotea* imagin'd that it would not be amiss to let *Donna Clara* hear so excellent a Voice, and therefore she jogg'd her a little on the one and other Side until she had awaked her, and then said, Pardon me, Child, for thus interrupting your sweet Repose, seeing I do it to the end you may joy, by hearing one of the best Voices that perhaps you ever heard in your Life: *Clara* awaked at the first drowsily, and did not well understand what *Dorotea* said, and therefore demanding of her what she said, she told it her again; whereupon *Donna Clara* was also attentive. But scarce had we heard two Verses repeated by the early Musician, when a marvellous Trembling invaded her, even as if she had then suffer'd the grievous Fit of a Quartan Ague; wherefore embracing *Dorotea* very straitly, she said, Alas! dear Lady, why did you awake me, seeing the greatest Hap that Fortune could in this Instant have given me, was to have mine Eyes and Ears so shut, as I might neither see nor hear that unfortunate Musician? What's that you say, Child, quoth *Dorotea*? Did you not hear one say, that the Musician is but a Horse-boy? He is no Horse-boy, quoth *Clara*, but a Lord of many Towns; and he that hath such firm possession of my Soul, as, if he himself will not reject it, he shall never be depriv'd of the Dominion thereof. *Dorotea* greatly

wonder'd at the passionate Words of the young Girl, whereby it seem'd to her that she far surpass'd the Discretion which so tender Years did promise; and therefore she reply'd to her, saying, You speak so obscurely, Lady *Clara*, as I cannot understand you: Expound your self more clearly, and tell me what is that you say of Souls and Towns, and of this Musician, whose Voice hath alter'd you so much; but do not say any thing to me now, for I would not lose, by listening to your Disgusts, the Pleasure I take to hear him sing, for methinks he resumes his Musick with new Verses, and in another Tune. In a good Hour, quoth Donna *Clara*: And then, because she herself would not hear him, she stopp'd her Ears with her Fingers, whereat *Derotea* did also marvel; but being attentive to the Musick, she heard the Lackey prosecute his Song in this manner:

O Sweet and constant Hope,
 Thou break'st Impossibilities and Briers,
 And firmly run'st the Scope
 Which thou thy self dost forge to thy Desires!

Be not dismay'd to see
 At ev'ry Step thy self nigh Death to be.

Sluggards do not deserve
 The Glory of Triumphs or Victory:
 Good Hap doth never serve
 Those which resist not Fortune manfully,

But weakly fall to Ground,
 And in soft Sloth their Senses all confound.

That Love his Glories hold
 At a high Rate, it Reason is, and just;
 No Precious Stones, nor Gold
 May be at all compared with Love's Gust:

And 'tis a Thing most clear,
 Nothing is worth Esteem that cost not dear.

An amorous Persistence

Obtaineth oft-times Things impossible :

And so, tho' I Resistance

Find of my Soul's Desires in her stern Will,

I hope Time shall be given,

When I from Earth may reach her glorious Heav'n.

Here the Voice ended, and Donna Clara's Sighs began ; all which inflam'd Dorotea's Desire to know the Cause of so sweet a Song, and so sad a Plaint ; and therefore she estoons requir'd her, to tell her now what she was about to have said before. Then Clara, timorous lest Luscinda should over-hear her, embracing Dorotea very nearly, laid her Mouth so close, to Dorotea's Ear, as she might speak securely, without being understood by any other, and said, He that sings is, dear Lady, a Gentleman's Son of the Kingdom of Arragon, whose Father is Lord of two Towns, and dwelt right before my Father's House at the Court, and altho' the Windows of our House were in Winter cover'd with Searcloth, and in Summer with Lattice, I know not how it happen'd, but this Gentleman, who went to the School, 'spied me, and whether 'twas at the Church, or elsewhere, I am not certain : Finally, he fell in love with me, and did acquaint me with his Affection from his own Windows that were opposite to mine, with so many Tokens, and such abundance of Tears, as I most forcibly believed, and also affected him, without knowing how much he loved me. Among the Signs that he would make me, one was, to join the one Hand to the other, giving me thereby to understand that he would marry me : And altho' I would be very glad that it might be so, yet, as one alone, and without a Mother, I knew not to whom I might communicate the Affair, and did therefore let it rest, without affording him any other Favour, unless 'twere when my Father and his were gone abroad, by lifting up the Lattice or Searcloth only a little, and permitting him to behold me ; for which Favour he would shew such Signs of Joy, as a Man would deem him to be bereft of his Wits. The Time of my Father's Departure

arriving, and he hearing of it, but not from me (for I could never tell it to him) he fell sick, as far as I could understand, for Grief, and therefore I could never see him all the Day of our Departure, to bid him farewell at least with mine Eyes: But after we had travel'd two Days, just as we enter'd into an Inn in a Village, a Day's Journey from hence, I saw him at the Lodging-door, apparel'd so properly like a Lackey, as, if I had not borne about me his Pourtraiture in my Soul, it had been impossible to know him. I knew him, and wonder'd, and was glad withal; and he beheld me, unwitting my Father, from whose Presence he still hides himself when he crosses the Ways before me as we travel, or after we arrive at any Inn: And because that I know what he is, and do consider the Pain he takes by coming thus on foot for my sake, and that with so great Toil, I die for Sorrow, and where he puts his Feet, I also put mine Eyes. I know not with what Intention he comes, or how he could possibly thus escape from his Father, who loves him beyond measure, both because he hath none other Heir, and because the young Gentleman also deserves it, as you will perceive when you see him: And I dare affirm besides, that all that which he says he composes *extempore*, and without any study; for I have heard that he is a fine Student, and a great Poet; and every time that I see him, or do hear him sing, I start and tremble like an Aspern Leaf, for fear that my Father should know him, and thereby come to have Notice of our mutual Affections. I have never spoken one Word to him in my Life, and yet I do nevertheless love him so much, as without him I shall not be able to live. And this is all, dear Lady, that I am able to say unto you of the Musician, whose Voice hath pleas'd you so well, as by it alone you might conjecture that he is not a Horse-boy, as you said, but rather a Lord of Souls and Towns, as I affirm'd.

Speak no more, Lady Clara (quoth *Dorotea*, at that season kissing her a thousand times) speak no more, I say, but have Patience until it be Day-light, for I hope in God so to direct your Affairs, as that they shall have the fortunate Success that so honest a Beginning deserves.

Alas,

Alas, Madam, quoth Donna Clara, what End may be expected, seeing his Father is so noble and rich, as he would scarce deem me worthy to be his Son's Servant, how much less his Spouse? And for me to marry myself unknown to my Father, I would not do it for all the World. I desire no other Thing, but that the young Gentleman would return home again, and leave me alone; perhaps, by not seeing him, and the great distance of the Way which we are to travel, my Pain, which now so much presseth me, will be somewhat attenuated, altho' I dare say that this Remedy which now I have imagin'd, would avail me but little; for I know not whence, with the Vengeance, or by what Way, this Affection which I bear him got into me, seeing both I and he are so young as we be, for I believe we are much of an Age, and I am not yet full sixteen, nor shall be, as my Father says, until *Michaelmas* next. *Dorotea* could not contain her Laughter, hearing how childishly Donna Clara spoke; to whom she said, Lady, let us repose again, and sleep that little part of the Night which remains, and when God sends Daylight, we will prosper, or my Hands shall fail me. With this they held their peace, and all the Inn was drown'd in profound Silence; only the Inn-keeper's Daughter and *Maritornes* were not asleep, but knowing very well Don *Quixote's* peccant Humour, and that he was arm'd, and on Horseback without the Inn keeping Guard, both of them consoled together, and agreed to be some-way merry with him, or at least to pass over some Time in hearing him speak ravingly.

'Tis therefore to be understood, that there was not in all the Inn any Window which look'd out into the Field, but one Hole in a Barn, out of which they were wont to cast their Straw: To this Hole came the two Demi-damselfs, and saw Don *Quixote* mounted, and leaning on his Javelin, and breathing for ever and anon so doleful and deep Sighs, as it seem'd his Soul was pluck'd away by every one of 'em: And they noted besides, how he said with a soft and amorous Voice, O my Lady *Dulcinea of Toboso*, the Sun of all Beauty, the End and Quintessence of Discretion, the Treasury of sweet Countenance and

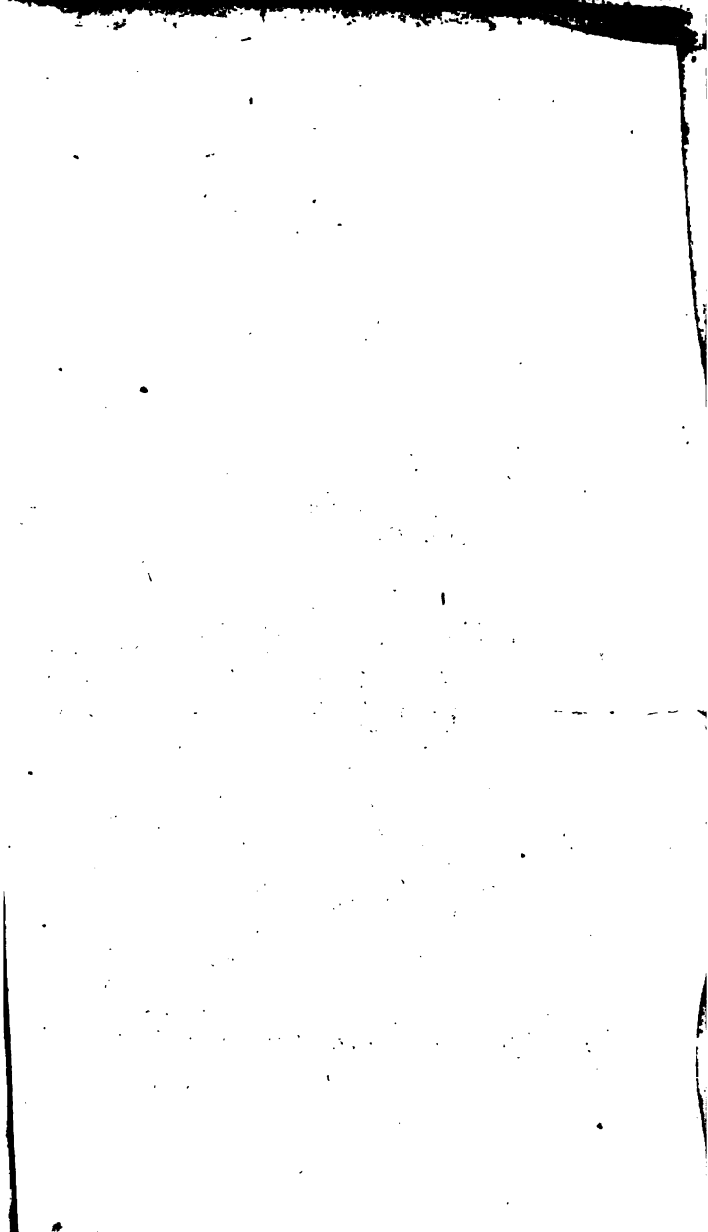
Carriage, the Storehouse of Honesty, and, finally, the Idea of all that which is profitable, modest, or delightful in the World ! and what might thy Ladyship be doing at this present ? Hast thou perhaps thy Mind now upon thy captive Knight, that most wittingly exposeth himself to so many Dangers for thy sake ? Give unto me Tidings of her, O thou Luminary of the three Faces ! Peradventure thou dost now with Envy enough behold her, either walking thro' some Gallery of her sumptuous Palaces, or leaning on some bay Window, and thinking how (saving her Honour and Greatness) she shall mitigate and assuage the Torture which this mine oppress'd Heart endures for her Love, what Glory she shall give for my Pains, what Quiet to my Cares, what Life to my Death, and what Guerdon to my Services. And thou Sun, which art, as I believe, by this time saddling of thy Horses to get away early, and go out to see my Mistress, I request thee, as soon as thou shalt see her, to salute her in my behalf ; but beware that when thou look'st on her, and dost greet her, that thou do not kiss her on the Face, for if thou dost, I will become more jealous of thee than ever thou wast of the swift Ingrate, which made thee to run and sweat so much thro' the Plains of *Thessalia*, or the Brinks of *Pence*, for I have forgotten thro' which of them thou rankest so jealous and enamour'd. To this point arriv'd Don *Quixote*, when the Inn-keeper's Daughter began to call him softly unto her, and say, Sir Knight, approach a little hitherward, if you please. At which Voice Don *Quixote* turn'd his Head, and saw by the Light of the Moon, which shined then very clearly, that he was called to from the Hole, which he accounted to be a fair Window, full of Iron Bars, and those costly gilded with Gold, well besitting so rich a Castle as he imagin'd that Inn to be, and presently, in a moment, he forg'd to his own Fancy, that once again, as he had done before, the beautiful Damsel, Daughter to the Lady of that Castle, overcome by his Love, did return to sollicite him : And with this I thought, because he would not shew himself discourteous and ungrateful, he turn'd *Roxinante* about, and came over to
the

the Hole; and then having beheld the two Wenches, he said, I take Pity on you, beautiful Lady, that you have placed your amorous Thoughts in a Place whence it is not possible to have any Correspondence answerable to the Desert of your high Worth and Beauty, whereof you are in no sort to condemn this miserable Knight-Errant, whom Love hath wholly disabled to surrender his Will to any other than to her whom, at the first Sight, he made absolute Mistress of his Soul: Pardon me therefore, good Lady, and retire yourself to your Chamber, and make me not, by any further Infinitation of your Desires, more unthankful and discourteous than I would be; and if, thro' the Love that you bear me, you find in me any other Thing wherewithal I may serve and pleasure you, so that it be not Love itself, demand it boldly; for I do swear unto you by mine absent, yet sweetest Enemy, to bestow it upon you incontinently; yea, tho' it be a Lock of *Medusa's* Hairs, which are all of Snakes, or the Sun-Beams enclos'd in a Vial of Glass.

My Lady needs none of those Things, Sir Knight, answer'd *Maritornes*. What doth she then want, discreet Matron, quoth Don *Quixote*? Only one of our fair Hands, said *Maritornes*, that therewithal she may disburden her self of some part of those violent Desires which compel'd her to come to this Window, with so great Danger of her Honour; for if her Lord and Father knew of her coming, the least Slice he would take off her, should be at the least an Ear. I would fain once see that, quoth Don *Quixote*; but I am sure he will beware how he do it, if he have no List to make the most disastrous End that ever Father made in this World, for having laid violent Hands on the delicate Limbs of his amorous Daughter. *Maritornes* verily persuaded her self that Don *Quixote* would give up his Hand as he was requested; and having already contriv'd in her Mind what she would do, descended with all Haste from the Hole, and going to the Stable, she fetch'd out *Sancho Panca* his Ass's Halter, and return'd again with very great Speed, just as Don *Quixote* (standing upon *Rozinante's*

nante's Saddle, that he might the better reach the barr'd Windows, whereat he imagin'd the wounded Damsel remain'd) did, stretching up his Hand, say unto her, Hold, Lady, the Hand, or, as I may better say, the Executioner of earthly Miscreants; hold, I say, that Hand which no other Woman ever touch'd before, not even she herself that hath entire possession of my whole Body; nor do I give it to you to the end you shall kiss it, but that you may behold the contexture of the Sinews, the knitting of the Muscles, and the spaciosity and breadth of the Veins, whereby you may collect how great ought the Force of that Arm to be, whereunto such a Hand is knit. We shall see that presently, quoth *Maritornes*; and then making a running Knot on the Halter, she cast it on the Wrist of his Hand, and then descending from the Hole, she ty'd the other End of the Halter very fast to the Lock of the Barn-door. Don *Quixote* feeling the roughness of the Halter about his Wrist, said, It rather seems that you grate my Hand, than that you cherish it; but yet I pray you not to handle it so roughly, seeing it is in no fault of the Evil which my Will doth unto you; nor is it comely that you should revenge or disburthen the whole bulk of your Indignation on so small a Part; remember, that those which love well do not take so cruel Revenge. But no body gave ear to these Words of Don *Quixote*; for as soon as *Maritornes* had ty'd him, she and the other, almost burst for Laughter, ran away and left him ty'd in such manner, as 'twas impossible for him to loose himself.

He stood, as we have recounted, on *Roxinante's* Saddle, having all his Arm thrust in at the Hole, and fasten'd by the Wrist to the Lock, and was in very great Doubt and Fear that, if *Roxinante* budg'd never so little on any side, he should fall and hang by the Arm; and therefore he durst not once use the least Motion of the World, altho' he might well have expected from *Roxinante's* Patience and mild Spirit, that if he were suffer'd, he would stand still a whole Age without stirring himself. In fine, Don *Quixote* seeing himself ty'd,
and



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the Ladies were departed, began straight to imagine that all had been done by way of Inchantment, as the he, when, in the very same Castle, the enchanted (the Carrier) had so fairly belabour'd him; and to himself did he execrate his own want of Discretion and Discourse, seeing that having escaped out of that place so evil dight the first time, he would after adventure to enter into it the second; for it was generally observ'd by Knights Errant, that when they had once try'd an Adventure, and could not finish it, it was a Token that it was not reserv'd for them, but for some other, and therefore would never prove it again. Yet for all this, he drew forward his Arm, to see if he might deliver himself; but he was so well bound, as all his Endeavours proved vain. It is true, that he drew it very warily, lest *Roxinante* should stir; and altho' he would fain have set, and settled himself in the Saddle, yet could he do no other but stand, or leave the Arm behind. There was many a Wish for *Amadis's* Sword, against which no Inchantment whatsoever could prevail: There succeeded the Malediction of his Fates: There the exaggerating of the Want that the World should have of his Presence all the while he abode enchanted (as he infallibly believ'd he was) in that Place. There he anew remember'd his beloved Lady *Dulcinea of Toboso*: There did he call oft enough on his good Squire *Sancho Panca*, who, intomb'd in the Bowels of Sleep, and stretched along the Pannel of his Ass, did dream, at that Instant, but little of the Mother that bore him: There he invoked the wise Men, *Lirgandeo* and *Aquise*, to help him: And finally, the Morning did also there overtake him, so full of Despair and Confusion, as he roared like a Bull; for he had no Hope, that by Day-light any Cure could be found for his Care, which he deemed would be everlasting, because he fully accounted himself enchanted; and was the more induced to think so, because he saw that *Roxinante* did not move little nor much; and therefore he supposed that both he and his Horse should abide in that State, without eating, drinking, and sleeping, until that either the malignant Influence

Influence of the Stars were pass'd, or some greater Inchanter had disinchanter'd him.

But he deceiv'd himself much in his Belief; for scarce did the Day begin to peep, when there arriv'd four Horsemen to the Inn-door, very well appointed, and having their Snap-hances hanging at the Pummel of their Saddles, they call'd at the Inn-door (which yet stood shut) and knocked very hard; which being perceiv'd by Don *Quixote* from the Place where he stood Centinel, he said, with a very loud and arrogant Voice, Knights or Squires, or whatsoever else ye be, you are not to knock any more at the Gates of that Castle, seeing it is evident, that at such Hours as this, either they which are within do repose them, or else are not wont to open Fortresses until *Phœbus* hath spread his Beams over the Earth; therefore stand back, and expect till it be clear Day, and then we will see whether it be just or no, that they open their Gates unto you. What a Devil! what Castle or Fortress is this! quoth one of them, that it should bind us to use all those Circumstances? If thou be'st the Inn-keeper, command that the Door be open'd; for we are Travellers that will tarry no longer than to bait our Horses, and away; for we ride in Post-haste. Doth it seem to you, Gentlemen, quoth Don *Quixote*, that I look like an Inn-keeper? I know not what thou look'st like, answer'd the other, but well I know that thou speakest madly, in calling this Inn a Castle. It is a Castle, replied Don *Quixote*, yea, and that one of the best in this Province; and it hath People within it which have had a Scepter in Hand, and a Crown on their Head. It were better said quite contrary, reply'd the Traveller; the Scepter on the Head, and the Crown in the Hand. But perhaps (and so it may well be) there is some Company of Players within, who do very usually hold the Scepters, and wear those Crowns whereof thou talkest; for in such a poultry Inn as this is, and where I hear so little Noise, I cannot believe any one to be lodg'd worthy to wear a Crown, or bear a Scepter. Thou know'st but little of the World, reply'd Don *Quixote*, seeing thou dost so much ignore the Chances that are wont to befall in Chivalry.

The

The Fellows of him that entertain'd this prolix Dialogue with Don *Quixote*, waxed weary to hear them speak idly so long together, and therefore turn'd again to knock with great Fury at the Door, and that in such fort, as they not only waked the Inn-keeper; but also all the Guests; and so he arose to demand their Pleasure.

In the mean while, it happen'd that one of the Horses whereon they rode, drew near to smell *Rozinante*, that melancholy and sadly, with his Ears cast down, did sustain without moving his out-stretch'd Lord; and he being, indeed, of Flesh and Blood, altho' he resembled a Block of Wood, could not chuse but feel it, and turn to smell him again; and scarce had he stirred but a Thought from thence, when Don *Quixote's* Feet, that were joined, slip asunder, and tumbling from the Saddle, had doubtlessly fallen to the Ground, had he not remained hanging by the Arm, a Thing that caused him to endure so much Pain, as he verily believed that either his Wrist was a cutting, or his Arm a tearing off from his Body; and he hung so near to the Ground, as he touch'd it with the tops of his Toes: All which turn'd to his Prejudice; for having felt the little which he wanted to the setting of his Feet wholly on the Earth, he labour'd and drew all that he might to reach it; much like unto those that get the Strapado, with the Condition to touch or not to touch, who are themselves a Cause to encrease their own Torture, by the Earnestness wherewith they stretch themselves, deceiv'd by the Hope they have to touch the Ground, if they can stretch themselves but a little further.

CHAP. XVII.

Wherein are prosecuted the wonderful Adventures of the Inn.

SO many were the Outcries which Don *Quixote* made, as the Inn-keeper open'd the Door very hastily,

stily, and affrighted to see who it was that so roared; and those that stood without did also the same. *Martines*, whom the Cries had also awaked, imagining straight what it might be, went into the Barn, and, unperceiv'd of any, loosed the Halter that sustained Don *Quixote*, and forthwith he fell to the Ground, in the Presence of the Inn-keeper and the Travellers, who, coming towards him, demanded the Occasion why he did so unmeasurably roar? He, without making any Answer, took off the Halter from his Wrist, and getting up, he leaped upon *Roxinante*, imbraced his Target, set his Lance into the Rest, and wheeling about a good part of the Field, return'd with a half Gallop, saying, Whosoever shall dare to affirm that I have not been, with just Title, enchanted, if my Lady the Princess *Micomicona* will give me Leave to do it, I say that he lyes, and I do presently challenge him to Combat. The new Travellers were amaz'd at Don *Quixote's* Words; but the Host remov'd that Wonder by informing them what he was, and that they should make no Account of his Words; for the Man was bereft of his Wits. Then they demanded of the Inn-keeper if there had arrived to his Inn a young Stripling, of some fifteen Years, or thereabouts, apparell'd like a Horse-boy, and having such and such Marks and Tokens; and then gave the very Signs of Donna *Clara's* Lover. The Host made Answer, that there were so many People in this Inn, as he had taken no Notice of him for whom they demanded. But one of them having seen the Coach wherein the Judge came, said, Questionlesly he must be here, for this is the Coach that they say he hath followed; let therefore one of us remain at the Door, and the rest enter to seek him out; yea, and it will not be from the Purpose, if one of us ride about without the Inn, lest he should make an Escape from us by the Walls of the Yard. We will do so, said another of them: And thus two of them enter'd into the House, one staid at the Door, and the other did compass the Inn about. The Inn-keeper beheld all, but could never judge aright the Reason why they used all this Diligence, altho' he easily believ'd that
they

they fought for the Youth whose Marks they had told unto him.

By this the Day was grown clear, and as well by reason thereof, as thro' the Outcries of *Don Quixote*, all the Strangers were awake, and did get up, especially both the Ladies *Clara* and *Dorotea*; for the one, thro' Fear to have her Lover so near; and the other with Desire to see him, could sleep but very little all that Night. *Don Quixote* perceiving that none of the four Travellers made any Account of him, or answer'd his Challenge, was ready to burst with Wrath and Despair; and if he could any wise have found that it was tolerated by the Statutes of Chivalry, that a Knight-Errant might have lawfully undertaken any Enterprize, having plight his Word and Faith not to attempt any until he had finish'd that which he had first promis'd, he would have assailed them, and made them maugre their Teeth to have answer'd him. But because it seemed to him not so expedient nor honourable to begin any new Adventure until he had installed *Micomicona* in her Kingdom, he was forc'd to be quiet, expecting to see whereunto the Endeavours and Intelligence of those four Travellers tended; the one whereof found out the Youth that he searched asleep by another Lackey, little dreaming that any body did look for him, and much less would find him out thus. The Man drew him by the Arm, and said, Truly, *Don Lewis*, the Habit that you wear answers very well your Calling, and the Bed whereon you lie, the Care and Tendernefs wherewith your Mother did nurse you. The Youth hereat rubb'd his drowsy Eyes, and beheld very leisurely him that did hold him fast, and knew him forthwith to be one of his Father's Servants; whereat he was so amazed, as he could not speak a Word for a great while: And the Serving-man continuing his Speech, said, Here is nothing else to be done, Lord *Lewis*, but that you be patient and depart again with us towards home, if you be pleas'd not to have your Father and my Lord depart out of this World to the other; for no less may be expected from the Woe wherein he rests by reason of your Absence. Why, how did my
Father

Father know, said Don *Lewis*, that I came this Way, and in this Habit? A Student, answer'd the other, to whom you bewrayed your Intention, did discover it, moved thro' Compassion he took to hear your Father's Lamentations when he found you missing; and so he dispatch'd four of his Men in your search, and we are all at your Service, more joyful than may be imagin'd, for the good Dispatch wherewithal we shall return, and carry you to his Sight, which doth love you so much. That shall be as I please, or Heaven will dispose, said Don *Lewis*. What would you please, or what should Heaven dispose of other, than that you agree to return; for certainly you shall not do the contrary, nor is it possible you should. All these Reasons that pass'd between them both, did the Lackey, that lay by Don *Lewis*, hear; and arising from thence, he went and told all that pass'd to Don *Ferdinando*, *Cardenio*, and all the rest that were gotten up: To whom he told how the Man gave the Title of Don to the Boy, and recounted the Speech he used, and how he would have him return to his Father's House, which the Youth refused to do. Whereupon, and knowing already what a good Voice the Heavens had given him, they greatly desir'd to be more particularly inform'd what he was; and intended also to help him, if any Violence were offer'd unto him; and therefore went unto the Place where he was, and stood contending with the Servant:

Dorotea issued by this out of her Chamber, and in her Company Donna *Clara*, all perplexed. *Dorotea* calling *Cardenio* aside, told unto him succinctly all the History of the Musician and Donna *Clara*: And he rehearsed to her again all that pass'd of the Serving-mens Arrival that came in his Pursuit, which he did not speak so low, but that Donna *Clara* over-heard him, whereat she endur'd such Alteration, as she had fallen to the Ground, if *Dorotea*, running towards her, had not held her up. *Cardenio* entreated *Dorotea* to return with the other to her Chamber, and he would endeavour to bring the Matter to some good Pass; which they presently perform'd. The four that were in Don *Lewis*'s search,

Search, were by this all of them enter'd into the Inn, and had compassed him about, perswading him that he would, cutting off all Delays, return to comfort his Father. He answer'd that he could not do it in any sort, until he had finish'd an Adventure, which import'd him no less than his Life, his Honour, and his Soul. The Servants urg'd him then, saying, That they would in no sort go back without him, and therefore would carry him home, whether he would or no. That shall not you do, quoth Don Lewis, if it be not that you carry me home dead. And in this Season all the other Gentlemen were come into the Contention, but chiefly Cardenio, Don Ferdinando and his Comrades, the Judge, the Curate, and the Barber, and Don Quixote; for now it seem'd to him needless to guard the Castle any more. Cardenio, who knew already the History of the Youth, demanded of those that would carry him away, what Reason did move them to seek to take that Lad away against his Will. We are mov'd unto it, answer'd one of 'em, by this Reason, that we shall thereby save his Father's Life, who, for the Absence of this Gentleman, is in danger to lose it. To this said Don Lewis, It is to no end to make Relation of mine Affairs here, I am free, and will return if I please: And if not, no one shall constrain me to do it per Force. Reason shall constrain you, good Sir, to do it, quoth the Man; and when that cannot prevail with you, it shall with us, to put that in Execution for which we be come, and which we are bound to do. Let us know this Affair from the Beginning, said the Judge then to those Men. Sir, quoth one of them, who knew him very well, as his Master's next Neighbour, Master Justice, doth not your Worship know this Gentleman, who is your Neighbour's Son, and hath absented himself from his Father's House in an Habit so undecent and discrepant from his Calling, as you may perceive? The Judge beheld him then somewhat more attentively, knew him, and embracing of him, said, What Toys are these, Don Lewis, or what Cause hath been of Efficacy sufficient to move you to come away in this Manner and

and Attire, which answers your Calling so ill? The Tears stück then in the young Gentleman's Eyes, and he could not answer a Word to the Judge, who had the four Serving-men appease themselves, for all Things should be done to their Satisfaction; and then taking Don Lewis apart, he entreated him to tell him the Occasion of that his Departure.

And whilst he made this and other Demands to the Gentleman, they heard a great Noise at the Inn-door; the Cause whereof was, that two Guests which had lain there that Night, seeing all the People busied to learn the Cause of the four Horsemens coming, had thought to have made an Escape scot-free, without defraying their Expences: But the Inn-keeper, who attended his Affairs with more Diligence than other Mens, did stay them at their going forth, and demanded his Money; upbraiding their dishonest Resolution with such Words, as mov'd them to return him an Answer with their Fists, which they did so roundly, as the poor Host was compell'd to raise the Cry, and demand Succour. The Hostess and her Daughter could see no Man so free from Occupation as Don Quixote; to whom the Daughter said, I request you, Sir Knight, by the Virtue that God hath given you, to succour my poor Father, whom two bad Men are grinding like Corn. To this Don Quixote answer'd very leisurely, and with great Gravity, Beautiful Damsel, your Petition cannot prevail at this Time, forasmuch as I am hinder'd from undertaking any other Adventure, until I have finish'd one wherein my Promise hath engag'd me; and all that I can do now in your Service, is, that which I shall say now unto you: Run unto your Father, and bid him continue and maintain his Conflict manfully, the best that he may, until I demand Licence of the Princess Micomicona, to help him out of his Distress; for if she will give it unto me, you may make full account that he is deliver'd. Sinner that I am (quoth Maritornes, who was by, and heard what he said) before you shall be able to obtain that Licence of which you speak, my Master will be departed to the other World. Work you so, Lady, quoth Don Quixote, that I may have the Licence; for so that I
may

may have it, it will make no great matter, whether he be in the other World, or no; for even from thence would I bring him back again, in despite of the other World itself, if it durst contradict me; or at leastwise I will take such a Revenge of those that do send him to the other World, as you shall remain more than meanly contented: And so without replying any more, he went and fell on his Knees before *Dorotea*, demanding of her, in knightly and errant Phrases, that she would deign to license him to go and succour the Constable of that Castle, who was then plunged in a deep Distress. The Princess did grant him Leave very willingly, and he presently buckling on his Target, and laying Hands on his Sword, ran to the Inn-door, where yet the two Guests stood handsomely tugging the Inn-keeper. But as soon as he arrived, he stopped and stood still, altho' *Maritornes* and the Hostess demanded of him twice or thrice the Cause of his Restiness, in not assisting her Lord and Husband. I stay, quoth *Don Quixote*, because, according to the Laws of Arms, it is not permitted me to lay Hand to my Sword against Squire-like Men that are not dubb'd Knights. But call to me here my Squire *Sancho*; for this Defence and Revenge concerns him, as his Duty. This passed at the Inn-door, where Fists and Blows were interchangeably given and taken in the best sort, altho' to the Inn-keeper's Cost, and to the Rage and Grief of *Maritornes*, the Hostess, and her Daughter, who were like to run wood, beholding *Don Quixote's* Cowardice, and the Mischief their Master, Husband, and Father endured. But here let us leave them; for there shall not want one to succour him, or if not, let him suffer, and all those that wittingly undertake Things beyond their Power and Force; and let us turn backward, to hear that which *Don Lewis* answer'd the Judge, whom we left somewhat apart with him, demanding the Cause of his coming a-foot, and in so base Array. To which the Youth, wringing him hard by the Hands, as an Argument that some extraordinary Grief

pinched

pinched his Heart, and shedding many Tears, answer'd in this manner:

I know not what else I may tell you, dear Sir, but that from the Instant that Heaven made us Neighbours, and that I saw Donna Clara, your Daughter, and my Lady, I made her Commandress of my Will; and if yours, my true Lord and Father, do not hinder it, *she* shall be my Spouse this very Day. For her sake have I abandon'd my Father's House, and for her I put on this Attire, to follow her wheresoever she went, as the Arrow doth the Mark, or the Mariner the North Star: She is, as yet, no further acquainted with my Desires, than as much as she might understand sometimes by the Tears which she saw mine Eyes distill afar off. Now, Sir, you know the Riches and Nobility of my Descent, and how I am my Father's sole Heir; and if it seem unto you that these be Conditions, whereupon you may venture to make me thoroughly happy, accept of me presently for your Son-in-Law: For if my Father, born away by other Designs, shall not like so well of this Good which I have fought out for myself, yet Time hath more Force to undo, and change the Affairs, than Mens Will. Here the amorous Gentleman held his Peace, and the Judge remain'd astonish'd, as well at the Grace and Discretion wherewith Don Lewis had discover'd his Affections unto him, as also to see himself in such a Pass, that he knew not what Course he might best take in so sudden and unexpected a Matter: And therefore he answer'd no other Thing at that Time, but only bad him to settle his Mind, and entertain the Time with his Servants, and deal with them to expect that Day, because he might have Leisure to consider what might be most convenient for all. Don Lewis did kiss his Hands per force, and did bathe them with Tears; a Thing able to move a Heart of Marble, and much more the Judge's, who (as a wise Man) did presently perceive, how beneficial and honourable was that Preferment for his Daughter: Altho' he could have wish'd, if it had been possible, to effect it with the Consent of Don Lewis's Father, who he knew did purpose to have his Son made a Nobleman of Title.

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By this time, the Inn-keeper and his Guests had agreed; having paid him all they ought, more by *Don Quixote's* Persuasion and good Reasons, than by any Menaces. And *Don Lewis's* Servants expected the End of the Judge's Discourse, and his Resolution: When the Devil (who never sleeps) would have it, at that very time enter'd into the Inn, the Barber from whom *Don Quixote* took away the Helmet of *Mambrino*, and *Sancho Panca* the Furniture of the Ass, whereof he made an Exchange for his own: Which Barber, leading his Beast to the Stable, saw *Sancho Panca*, who was mending some part of the Pannel: And as soon as he had espy'd him, he knew him, and presently set upon *Sancho*, saying, Ay, Sir Thief, have I found you here, with all the Furniture whereof you robb'd me? *Sancho*, that saw himself thus assaulted unexpectedly, and had heard the disgraceful Terms which the other used, laying fast hold on the Pannel with the one Hand, gave the Barber such a Buffet with the other, as he bathed all his Teeth in Blood: But yet for all that, the Barber held fast his Gripe of the Pannel, and therewithal cry'd out so loud; as all those that were in the House came to the Noise and Conflict; and he said, I call for the King and Justice, for this Thief and Robber by the Highways goeth about to kill me, because I seek to recover mine own Goods. Thou lyest, quoth *Sancho*, for I am not a Robber by the Highways, for my Lord *Don Quixote* won these Spoils in a good War. By this time *Don Quixote* himself was come thither, not a little proud to see how his 'Squire defended himself, and offended his Adversary, and therefore he accounted him from thenceforth to be a Man of Valour, and propos'd in his Mind to dub him a Knight, on the first Occasion that should be offer'd, because he thought the Order of Knighthood would be well employ'd by him.

Among other Things that the Barber said in the Discourse of his Contention, this was one: Sirs, this Pannel is as certainly mine, as the Death which I owe unto God, and I know it as well as if I had bred it; and there is my Ass in the Stable, who will not permit me to tell a Lye;

Lye: Or otherwise do but try the Pannel on him, and if it fit him not justly, I am content to remain infamous: And I can say more, that the very Day wherein they took my Pannel from me, they robb'd me likewise of a new brasen Bason, which was never used, and cost me a Crown. Here Don *Quixote* could no longer contain himself from speaking; and so thrusting himself between them two, and putting them asunder, and causing the Pannel to be laid publickly on the Ground, until the Truth were decided, he said, To the end that you may perceive the clear and manifest Error, wherein this good Squire lives, see how he calls that a Bason, which is, was, and shall be the Helmet of *Mambrino*, which I took away per force from him in fair War, and made myself Lord thereof, in a lawful and warlike manner. About the Pannel I will not contend, for that which I can say therein is, that my Squire *Sancho* demanded Leave of me, to take away the Furniture of this vanquish'd Coward's Horse, that he might adorn his own withal. I gave him Authority to do it, and he took them; and for his converting thereof from a Horse Furniture into a Pannel, I can give none other Reason than the ordinary one, to wit, that such Transformations are usually seen in the Successes of Chivalry: For Confirmation whereof, Friend *Sancho*, run speedily, and bring me out the Helmet, which this good Man avoucheth to be a Bason. By my Faith, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, if we have no better Proof of our Intention, than that which you say, I say that the Helmet of *Mambrino* is as arrant a Bason, as this good Man's Furniture is a Pannel. Do what I command, said Don *Quixote*: I cannot believe that all the Things in this Castle will be guided by Inchantment. *Sancho* went for the Bason, and brought it: And as soon as Don *Quixote* saw it, he took it in his Hands, and said, See, Sirs, with what Face can this impudent Squire affirm, that this is a Bason, and not the Helmet that I have mention'd? And I swear to you all by the Order of Knighthood, which I profess, that this is the very same Helmet which I won from him, without having added or taken any Thing from it. That it is, questionless,

questionless, quoth *Sancho*: For since the time that my Lord won it, until now, he never fought but one Battle with it, when he deliver'd the unlucky chain'd Men; and but for this Bason-helment, he had not escaped so free as he did, so thick a Shower of Stones rain'd all the time of that Conflict.

C H A P. XVIII.

Wherein are decided the Controversies of the Helmet of Mambrinus, and of the Pannel, with other strange and most true Adventures.

GOOD Sirs, quoth the Barber, what do you think of that which is affirm'd by these Gentlemen, who yet contend that this is not a Bason, but a Helmet? He that shall say the contrary, quoth *Don Quixote*, I will make him know that he lies, if he be a Knight; and if he be but a Squire, that he lyes, and lyes again, a thousand times. Our Barber, who was also present, as one that knew *Don Quixote's* Humour very well, would fortify his Folly, and make the Jest pass yet a little farther, to the end that they all might laugh: And therefore speaking to the other Barber, he said, Sir Barber, or what else you please, know that I am also of your Occupation, and have had my Writ of Examination and Approbation in that Trade more than these thirty Years, and am one that knows very well all the Instruments of Barbery whatsoever; and have been in my youthful Days, a Soldier, and do therefore likewise know what is a Helmet, and what a Morrion, and what a close Castle, and other Things touching Warfare, I mean, all kind of Arms that a Soldier ought to have: And therefore I say (still submitting myself to the better Opinion) that this Piece, which is laid here before us, and which this good Knight holds in his Hand, not only is not a Barber's Bason, but also is so far from being one, as is White from Black, or Verity from Untruth; yet I do withal affirm, that altho' it is an Helmet, yet it is not a compleat Helmet. No truly, quoth *Don Quixote*, for it wants the half, to wit, the nether Part, and the

Bever. It is very true, quoth the Curate, who very well understood his Friend the Barber's Intention; and the same did *Cardenio*, *Don Fernando*, and his Fellows confirm: Yea, and even the Judge himself, had not *Don Lewis's* Affair perplex'd his Thoughts, would for his part have holpen the Jest well forward. But the earnestness of that Affair held his Mind so busy'd, as he little or nothing attended the Pastime. Lord have Mercy upon me, quoth the other Barber, than half beside himself, and is it possible that so many honourable Men should say that this is no Bason, but a Helmet? This is a Thing able to strike Admiration into a whole University, how discreet soever it were: It is enough, if this Bason must needs be a Helmet, the Pannel must also be a Horse's Furniture, as this Gentleman says. To me it seems a Pannel, quoth *Don Quixote*, but, as I have said, I will not meddle with it, nor determine whether it be a Pannel or the Caparison of a Horse. Therein is nothing else to be done, said the Curate, but that Sir *Don Quixote* say it once; for in these Matters of Chivalry, all these Noblemen, and myself, do give unto him the Prick, and the Prize. I swear unto you by *Jove*, good Sirs, quoth *Don Quixote*, that so many and so strange are the Things which have befallen me in this Castle, these two times that I have lodg'd therein, as I dare avouch nothing affirmatively of any thing that shall be demanded of me concerning the Things contain'd in it; for I do infallibly imagine, that all the Adventures which pass in it, are guided by Inchantment: The first time, I was very much vex'd by an enchanted Moor, that is in it: And *Sancho* himself sped not very well with the Moor's Followers: And Yesternight I stood hanging almost two Hours space by this Arm, without knowing how, or how that Disgrace befell me; so that for me to meddle now in so confus'd and difficult a Matter, as to deliver mine Opinion, were to pass a rash Judgment: So that they which say that this is a Bason, and no Helmet, I have already made Answer; but whether this be a Pannel, or Furniture, I dare pronounce no definitive Sentence, but only remit it to your discreet Opinions: Perhaps, because you are not dubb'd Knights as I am,

am, the Inchantments of this Place will have no Power over you, and your Understandings shall be free, and able to judge of the Things in this Castle really, and truly, and not as they seem unto me. Doubtless, quoth *Don Ferdinando*, *Don Quixote* says very well, that the Definition of this Case belongs unto us; and therefore, and because we may proceed in it upon the better and more solid Grounds, I will secretly take the Suffrages of all those Gentlemen, and afterwards make a clear and full Relation of what shall come of them.

To those that knew *Don Quixote's* Humour, this was a Matter of marvellous Laughter, and Sport; but to such as were not acquainted therewithal, it seemed the greatest Folly of the World, especially to *Don Lewis*, and his four Servants, and with other three Passengers that had arrived by chance to the Inn, and seem'd to be Troopers of the *holy Brotherhood*, as indeed they were: But he that was most of all beside himself for Wrath, was the Barber, whose Basen they had transform'd before his own Face into the Helmet of *Mambrino*, and whose Pannel he made full account should likewise be turned into the rich Furniture and Equipage of a great Horse. All of them laughed heartily, to see *Don Ferdinando* go up and down, taking the Suffrages of this Man and that, and rounding every one of them in the Ear, that they might declare in secret whether that was a Pannel, or a Furniture, for which such deadly Contention had passed. After that he had taken the Suffrages of so many as knew *Don Quixote*, he said very loudly, The Truth is, good Fellow, that I grow weary of demanding so many Opinions; for I can no sooner demand of any Man what I desire to know, but they forthwith answer me, how it is meer Madness to affirm that this is the Pannel of an Ass, but rather the Furniture of a Horse, yea, and of a chief Horse of Service; and therefore you must have Patience: For in despite both of you, and of your Ass, and notwithstanding your weak Allegations, and worse Proofs, it is, and will continue the Furniture of a great Horse. Let me never enjoy a Place in Heaven (quoth

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(the Barber) if you all be not deceived; and so may my Soul appear before God, as it appears to me to be a Pannel, and no Horse-furniture: But the Law carries it away, and so farewell it: And yet surely I am not drunk; for, unless it be by sinning, my Fast hath not been broken this Day.

The Follies which the Barber uttered, stirred no less Laughter among them, than did the Roarings of *Don Quixote*, who then spoke in this manner: Here is now no more to be done, but that every Man take up his own Goods, and to whom God hath given them, *St. Peter* give his Blessing. Then said one of the four Serving-men, If this were not a Jest premeditated, and made of purpose, I could not persuade myself, that Men of so good Understanding as all these are, or seem to be, should dare to say, and affirm, that this is not a Bason, nor that a Pannel: But seeing that they aver it so constantly, I have Cause to suspect, that it cannot be without Mystery, to affirm a Thing so contrary to that which very Truth itself and Experience demonstrate unto us: For I do vow (and saying so, he rapped out a round Oath or two) that as many as are in the World should never make me believe that this is no Bason, nor that no Pannel of a He-ass. It might as well be of a She-ass, quoth the Curate. That comes all but to one, reply'd the other; for the Question consists not therein, but whether it be a Pannel, or not, as you do vouch? Then one of the Troopers of the *holy Brotherhood* (who had listen'd to their Disputation, and was grown full of Choler to hear such an Error maintain'd) said, It is a very Pannel, as my Father is my Father, and he that hath said, or shall say the Contrary, is, I believe, turned into a Grape. Thou lyest, like a clownish Knave (quoth *Don Quixote*) and lifting up his Javelin, which he always held in his Hand, he discharg'd such a Blow at the Trooper's Pate, as, if he had not avoided, it would have thrown him to the Ground. The Javelin was broken by the Force of the Fall into Splinters; and the other Troopers seeing their Fellow misused, cry'd out for Help and Assistance for that *holy Brotherhood*. The Inn-keeper, who also was one
of

of the same Fraternity, ran in for his Rod of Justice, and his Sword, and then stood by his Fellows. Don Lewis's four Servants compassed him about, lest he should attempt to escape whilst the Tumult endured. The Barber seeing all the House turn'd upside-down, laid Hand again upon his Pannel, and the same did *Sancho*.

Don *Quixote* set his Hand to his Sword, and assaulted the Troopers. Don *Lewis* cried to his Serving men, that they should leave him, and go to help Don *Quixote*, *Cardenio*, and Don *Ferdinando*; for all of them took Don *Quixote*'s Part. The Curate cried out, the Hostess shrieked, her Daughter squeaked, *Maritornes* howled, *Dorotea* stood confused, *Luscinda* amazed, and Donna *Clara* dismay'd: The Barber batter'd *Sancho*, and *Sancho* pounded him again. Don *Lewis*, on whom one of his Serving-men had presumed to lay Hands, and hold him by the Arm, gave him such a Pass on the Mouth, as he broke his Teeth, and then the Judge took him into his own Protection. Don *Ferdinando* had gotten one of the Troopers under his Feet, where he stood belabouring him at his Pleasure. The Inn-keeper renew'd his Outcry, and reinforc'd his Voice, demanding Aid for the *bo-ly* Brotherhood: So that all the Inn seem'd nothing else but Complaints, Cries, Shrieks, Confusions, Fears, Dreads, Disgraces, Slashes, Buffets, Blows, Spurnings, and Effusion of Blood.

In the midst of this Chaos, and Labyrinth of Things, Don *Quixote* began to imagine, and fancy to himself, that he was at that very Time plung'd up to the Ears in the Discord and Conflict of King *Agramante*'s Camp; and therefore he said, with a Voice that made all the Inn to tremble, All of you, hold your Hands; all of you, put up your Swords; all of you be quiet, and listen to me, if any of you desire to continue alive. That great and monstrous Voice made them all stand still: Thereupon he thus proceeded; Did not I tell you, Sirs, that this Castle was enchanted, and that some Legion of Devils did inhabit it? In Confirmation whereof, I would have you but to note with your own Eyes, how the very

Discord of King *Agramante's* Camp is transferr'd hither, and pass'd over among us. Look how there they fight for the Sword, here for the Horse, yonder for the Eagle, beyond for the Helmet; and all of us fight, and none of us know for what. Come therefore, you Master Justice, and you Master Curate, and let the one represent King *Agramante*, and the other King *Sobrino*, and make Peace and Attonement among us: For I swear by almighty *Jove*, that it is great Wrong and Pity, so many Noblemen, as we are here, should be slain for so slight Causes.

The Troopers, which did not understand Don *Quixote's* Manner of Speech, and saw themselves very ill handled by Don *Ferdinando* and *Cardenio*, would in no wise be pacified: But the Barber was content, by reason that in the Conflict both his Beard and his Pannel had been torn in pieces. *Sancho* to his Master's Voice was quickly obedient, as became a dutiful Servant. Don *Lewis's* four Serving-men stood also quiet, seeing how little was gain'd in being other; only the Inn-keeper persisted as before, affirming that Punishment was due unto the Insolencies of that Mad-man, who every foot confounded and disquieted his Inn. Finally, the Rumour was pacify'd for that time; the Pannel remain'd for a Horse-furniture until the Day of Judgment, the Baron for a Helmet, and the Inn for a Castle, in Don *Quixote's* Imagination. All the Broils being now appeased, and all Men accorded, by the Judge's and Curate's Persuasions, then began Don *Lewis's* Servants again to urge him to depart with them: And whilst he and they debated the Matter together, the Judge communicated the whole to Don *Ferdinando*, *Cardenio*, and the Curate, desiring to know their Opinions concerning that Affair, and telling them all that Don *Lewis* had said unto him; whereupon they agreed, that Don *Ferdinando* should tell the Serving-men what he himself was, and how it was his Pleasure that Don *Lewis* should go with him to *Andalusia*, where he should be cherish'd, and accounted of by the Marquis his Brother, according unto his Calling and Deserts: For he knew well Don *Lewis's* Resolution to be such, as he would not return into his Father's

Father's Presence at that time, altho' they tore him into pieces. Don *Ferdinando's* Quality, and Don *Lewis's* Intention being understood by the four, they agreed among themselves, that three of them should go back, to bear Tidings of all that had pass'd to his Father, and the other should abide there to attend on him, and never to leave him until they return'd to fetch him home, or knew what else his Father would command. And in this sort was that monstrous Bulk of Division and Contention reduc'd to some Form by the Authority of *Agramante*, and the Wisdom of King *Sobrino*.

But the Enemy of Concord, and the Adversary of Peace, finding his Projects to be thus eluded, and condemned, and seeing the little Fruit he had gotten by setting them all by the Ears, resolv'd once again to try his Wits, and stir up new Discords and Troubles, which befell in this manner: The Troopers were quieted, having understood the Calling of those with whom they had contended, and retir'd themselves from the Broil, knowing that howsoever the Cause succeed, they themselves should have still the worst End of the Staff. But one of them, who was the very same whom Don *Ferdinando* had buffeted so well, remember'd, how among many other Warrants which he had to apprehend Malefactors, he had one for Don *Quixote*, whom the *holy Brotherhood* had commanded to be apprehended for freeing of the Galley-slaves (a Disaster which *Sancho* had beforehand with great Reason feared.) As soon as he remember'd it, he would needs try whether the Signs that were given him of Don *Quixote*, did agree with his Person: And so taking out of his Bosom a Scroll of Parchment, he presently found out that which he looked for; and reading it a while very leisurely, as one that was himself no great Clerk, at every other Word he looked on Don *Quixote*, and confronted the Marks of his Warrant with those of Don *Quixote's* Face, and found that he was infallibly the Man that was therein mentioned. And scarce was he persuaded that it was he, when, folding up his Parchment, and holding the Warrant in his Left Hand, he laid

hold on Don *Quixote's* Collar with the right so strongly, as he could hardly breathe; and cried out aloud, saying, *Aid for the holy Brotherhood*: And that you may perceive how I am in good earnest, read that Warrant, wherein you shall find, that this Robber by the Highway-side is to be apprehended. The Curate took the Warrant, and perceiv'd very well that the Trooper said true, and that the Marks agreed very near with Don *Quixote's*; who seeing himself so abused by that base Rascal, as he accounted him, his Choler being mounted to her Height, and all the Bones of his Body crashting for Wrath, he seized, as well as he could, with both his Hands, on the Trooper's Throat, and in that sort, as if he had not been speedily succour'd by his Fellows, he had there left his Life, e'er Don *Quixote* would have abandoned his Gripe.

The Inn-keeper, who of force was to assist his Fellow in Office, forthwith repair'd unto his Aid. The Hostess seeing her Husband re-enter into Contentions and Broils, rais'd a new Cry, whose Burden was born by her Daughter and *Maritornes*, asking Succour of Heaven and those that were present. *Sancho* seeing all that passed, said, By the Lord, all that my Master hath said of the Inchantments of this Castle is true; for it is not possible for a Man to live quietly in it one Hour together.

Don *Ferdinando* parted the Trooper and Don *Quixote*, and, with the Good-will of both, unfasten'd their Holds: But yet the Troopers, for all this, desisted not to require their Prisoner, and withal, that they should help to get him ty'd, and absolutely render'd unto their Wills; for so it was requisite for the King and the *holy Brotherhood*, in whose Name they did again demand their Help and Assistance for the arresting of that publick Robber and Spoiler of People in common Paths and Highways.

Don *Quixote* laughed to hear them speak so idly, as he imagin'd, and said, with very great Gravity, Come hither, you filthy base Extractions of the Dunghill, dare you term the loosing of the chained, the freeing of Prisoners, the assisting of the wretched, the raising of
such

such as are fallen, and the supplying of those that are in Want; dare you (I say) term these Things robbing on the Highway? O infamous Brood, worthy for your base and vile Conceit, that Heaven should never communicate with you the Valour included in the Exercise of Chivalry, we give you to understand the Sin and Error wherein you are, by not adoring the very Shadow, how much more the Assistance of a Knight-Errant? Come hither, O you that be no Troopers, but Thieves in Troop, and Robbers of Highways by Permission of the *holy Brotherhood*: Come hither, I say, and tell me, who was that Jolter-head that did subscribe or ratify a Warrant for the attaching of a Knight, as I am? Who was he that knows not how Knights-Errant are exempted from all Tribunals? And how that their Sword is the Law, their Valour the Bench, and their Wills the Statutes of their Courts? I say again, what Mad-man was he that knows now how that no Privilege of Gentry enjoys so many Pre eminences, Immunities, and Exemptions, as that which a Knight-Errant acquires the Day wherein he is dubb'd, and undertakes the rigorous Exercise of Arms? What Knight-Errant did ever pay Tribute, Subsidy, Tallage, Carriage, or Passage over Water? What Taylor ever had Money for making his Cloaths? What Constable ever lodg'd him in his Castle, that made him after pay for the Shot? What King hath not plac'd him at his own Table? What Damsel hath not fallen in Love with him, and permitted him to use her as he liked? And finally, what Knight-Errant was there ever, is, or ever shall be in the World, which hath not the Courage himself alone to give four hundred Blows with a Cudgel to four hundred Troopers, that shall presume to stand before him in hostile manner?



CHAP. XIX.

In which is finished the notable Adventures of the Troopers, and the great Ferocity of our Knight Don Quixote, and how he was enchanted.

WHILST Don *Quixote* said this, the Curate labour'd to persuade the Troopers, how the Knight was distracted, as they themselves might collect by his Works and Words, and therefore it would be to no end to prosecute their Design any further, seeing that altho' they apprehend and carry him away, he would be presently deliver'd again as a Mad-man. To this he that had the Warrant made Answer, That it concern'd him not to determine whether he was mad, or no, but only to obey and execute his Superior's Command; and that he being once Prisoner, they might deliver him three hundred times, if it were their good Pleasure. For all that (quoth the Curate) you may not carry him with you at this time, nor (as I suppose) will he suffer himself to be taken. To be brief, the Curate said so much, and Don *Quixote* play'd so many mad Pranks, as the Troopers themselves would have prov'd greater Fools than he, if they had not manifestly discern'd his Defect of Judgment: And therefore they held it best to let him alone, yea, and to be Compounders of Peace and Amity between *Sancho Panca* and the Barber, which still continu'd their most rancorous and deadly Contention. Finally, they, as the Officers of Justice, did mediate the Cause, and were Arbitrators thereof in such sort, as both the Parties remain'd, tho' not wholly contented, yet in some sort satisfied; for they only made them exchange their Pannels, but not their Girts or Head-stalls.

As touching *Mambrino's* Helmet, the Curate did, unawares to Don *Quixote*, give to the Barber eight Rials by it, and the Barber gave back unto him an Acquittance of the Receipt thereof, and an everlasting Release of all Actions concerning it. These two Discords, which
were

were the most principal, and of most consequence, being thus accorded, it only rested that three of Don *Lewis's* Serving-men would be content to return home, and leave the fourth to accompany his Master whither Don *Ferdinando* pleas'd to carry him: And, as good Hap and better Fortune had already begun to break Lances, and facilitate Difficulties in the favour of the Lovers and worthy Persons of the Inn; so did it resolve to proceed forward, and give a prosperous Success unto all: For the Serving-men were content to do whatsoever their Master would have them; whereat Donna *Clara* was so chearful, as no one beheld her Face in that Season, but might read therein the inward Contentment of her Mind. *Zoraida*, altho' she did not very well understand all the Successes of the Things she had seen, yet was she interchangeably grieved and cheered, according to the Shews made by the rest, but chiefly by her *Spaniard*, on whom her Eyes were always fixed, and all the Affects of her Mind depended. The Inn-keeper, who did not forget the Recompence made by the Curate to the Barber, demanded of him Don *Quixote's* Expences, and Satisfaction for the Damage he had done to his Wine-bags, and the Loss of his Wine, swearing that neither *Roxinante*, nor *Sancho's* Ases, should depart out of the Inn until he were paid the very last Farthing. All was quietly ended by the Curate, and Don *Ferdinando* paid the whole Sum, altho' the Judge had also most liberally offer'd to do it; and all of them remained afterwards in such Quietness and Peace, as the Inn did no longer resemble the discorded Camp of *Agramante* (as Don *Quixote* termed it) but rather enjoyed the very Peace and Tranquillity of the Emperor *Octavian's* Time; for all which, the common Opinion was, That Thanks were justly due to the sincere Proceeding and great Eloquence of Master Curate, and to the incomparable Liberality and Goodness of Don *Ferdinando*. Don *Quixote* perceiving himself free, and delivered from so many Difficulties and Brabbles (wherewithal, as well he as his 'Squire had been perplex'd) held it high

time to prosecute his commenced Voyage, and bring to an End the great Adventure unto which he was call'd and chosen. Therefore, with resolute Determination to depart, he went and cast himself on his Knees before *Dorotea*, who not permitting him to speak until he arose, he, to obey her, stood up, and said, It is a common Proverb, beautiful Lady, *That Diligence is the Mother of good Hap*; and, in many and grave Affairs, Experience hath shew'd, that the Sollicitude and Sore of the Suiter oft brings a doubtful Matter to a certain and happy End. But this Truth appears in nothing more clearly than in Matters of War, wherein Celerity and Expedition prevent the Enemy's Designs, and obtain the Victory before an Adversary can put himself in defence. All this I say, high and worthy Lady, because it seems to me that our Abode in this Castle is nothing profitable, and may therewithal turn so far to our Hindrance, as we may palpably feel it one Day; for who knows, but that your Enemy, the Giant, hath learnt, by Spies, or other secret Intelligence and Means, how I mean to come and destroy him, and (Opportunity favouring his Designs) that he may have fortify'd himself in some inexpugnable Castle or Fortrefs, against the Strength whereof neither mine Industry, nor the Force of mine invincible Arm, can much prevail: Wherefore, dear Lady, let us prevent (as I have said) by our Diligence, and let us presently depart unto the Place whereunto we are called by our good Fortune, which shall be deferr'd no longer than I am absent from your Highness's Foe. Here he held his Peace, and did expect, with great Gravity, the beautiful Princess's Answer, who, with debonair Countenance, and a Style accommodated unto Don *Quixote*, returned him this Answer: I do gratify and thank, Sir Knight, the Desire you shew to assist me in this my great Need; which denotes very clearly the great Care you have to favour Orphans and distressed Wights! and I beseech God, that your good Desires and mine may be accomplish'd; to the end that you may see how there are some thankful Women on Earth. As touching my Departure, let it be forthwith, for I have none other

Will

Will than that which is yours ; therefore you may dispose of me at your own pleasure, for she that hath once committed the Defence of her Person unto you, and hath put into your hands the Restitution of her Estate, ought not to seek to do any other Thing than that which your Wisdom shall ordain. In the Name of God (quoth *Don Quixote*) seeing that your Highness doth so humble your self unto me, I will not lose the Occasion of exalting it, and installing it again in the Throne of your Inheritance. Let our Departure be incontinent, for my Desires, and the Way, and that which they call the Danger that's in Delay, do spur me on : And seeing that Heaven never created, nor Hell ever beheld, any Man that could fright me, or make a Coward of me, go therefore, *Sancho*, and saddle *Roxinante*, and empannel thine Ass, and make ready the Queen's Palfry, and let us take Leave of the Constable and those other Lords, and depart away from hence instantly.

Then *Sancho* (who was present at all this). wagging of his Head, said, O my Lord ! my Lord ! how much more Knavery (be it spoken with the Pardon of all honest Kerchiefs) is there in the little Village than is talk'd of ? What Ill can there be in any Village, or in all the Cities of the World, able to impair my Credit, thou Villain ? If you be angry, quoth *Sancho*, I will hold my Tongue, and omit to say that which, by the Duty of a good Squire, and of an honest Servant, I am bound to tell you. Say what thou wilt, quoth *Don Quixote*, so thy Words be not address'd to make me afraid ; for if thou be'st frighted, thou dost only like thy self ; and if I be devoid of Terror, I also do that which I ought. 'Tis not that which I mean, quoth *Sancho*, but that I do hold for most sure and certain, that this Lady, which calls her self Queen of the great Kingdom of *Micomicon*, is no more a Queen than my Mother ; for if she were what she says, she would not, at every Corner, and at every turning of a Hand, be billing, as she is with one that is in this good Company. *Doro-tea* blush'd at *Sancho's* Word ; for 'twas true indeed, that her Spouse *Don Ferdinando* would now and then pri-

privately steal from her Lips some part of the Reward which his Desires did merit (which *Sancho* 'spying, it seem'd to him that that kind of wanton Familiarity was more proper to Courtesans, than becoming the Queen of so great a Kingdom) and yet she neither could nor would reply unto him, but let him continue his Speech, as followeth. This do I say, good my Lord, quoth he, to this end, that if after we have run many Ways and Courses, and endur'd bad Nights, and worse Days, he that is in this Inn sporting himself, shall come to gather the Fruits of our Labours, there's no reason to hasten me thus to saddle *Roxinante*, or empannel the Afs, or make ready the Palfrey, seeing 'twould be better that we staid still, and that every Whorespun and we fell to our Victuals.

O God, how great was the Fury that inflam'd Don *Quixote* when he heard his Squire speak so respectlessly! I say, 'twas so great that with a shaking Voice, a faultering Tongue, and the Fire sparkling out of his Eyes, he said, O villanous Peasant, rash, unmannerly, ignorant, rude, blasphemous, bold Murmurer and Detractor! hast thou presum'd to speak such Words in my presence, and in that of these noble Ladies? and, Hast thou dared to entertain such rash and dishonest Surmises into thy confused Imagination? Depart out of my Sight, thou Monster of Nature, Storehouse of Untruths, Armoury of Falshood, Sink of Roguery, Inventor of Villany, Publisher of Ravings, and the Enemy of that Decency which is to be used towards Royal Persons: Away, Villain, and never appear before me, under pain of mine Indignation. And saying so, he bent his Brows, fill'd up his Cheeks, look'd about him on every side, and struck a great Blow with his right Foot on the Ground, all manifest Tokens of the Rage which inwardly fretted him. At which Words and furious Gestures poor *Sancho* remain'd so greatly affrighted, as he could have wish'd in that Instant that the Earth, opening under his Feet, would swallow him up; and knew not what to do, but turn his Back and get him out of his Lord's most furious presence. But the discreet *Dorotea* (who was now so well

well school'd in Don *Quixote's* Humour) to mitigate his Ire, said unto him, Be not offended, good *Sir Knight of the sad Face*, at the idle Words which your good Squire hath spoken, for perhaps he hath not said 'em without some Ground; nor of his good Understanding and *Christian* Mind can it be suspected that he would wittingly slander or accuse any body falsely; and therefore we must believe, without all doubt, that as in this Castle, as you your self have said, *Sir Knight*, all Things are represented and succeed by manner of Enchantment; I say, it might befall that *Sancho* may have seen, by Diabolical Illusion, that which he says he beheld so much to the prejudice of my Reputation. I vow by the omnipotent *Jove*, quoth Don *Quixote*, that your Highness hath hit the very Prick, and that some wicked Vision appear'd to this Sinner, my Man *Sancho*, that made him to see that which otherwise were impossible to be seen by any other way than that of Enchantment; for I know very well, the great Goodness and Simplicity of that poor Wretch is such, as he knows not how to invent a Lye on any body living. 'Tis even so, and so it shall be, quoth Don *Ferdinando*, and therefore, good *Sir Don Quixote*, you must pardon him, and reduce him again to the Bosom of your good Grace, *sicut erat in principio*, and before the like Visions did distract his Sense. Don *Quixote* answer'd, That he did willingly pardon him; and therefore the Curate went for *Sancho*, who return'd very humbly, and kneeling down on his Knees, demanded his Lord's Hand, which he gave unto him; and after that he had permitted him to kiss it, he gave him his Blessing, saying, Now thou shalt finally know, *Sancho*, that which I have told thee three divers times, how that all the Things of this Castle are made by way of Enchantment. So do I verily believe, said *Sancho*, except that of the canvassing in the Blanket, which really succeeded by an ordinary and natural Way. Do not believe that, said Don *Quixote*, for if 'twere so, I would both then, and also now, have taken a dire Revenge; but neither then nor now could I ever see any, on whom I might revenge that thine Injury.

Injury. All of them desir'd greatly to know what that Accident of the Blanket was; and then the Inn keeper recounted it, point upon point, the Flights that *Sancho Panca* made, whereat they all did laugh not a little; and *Sancho* would have been ashamed no less, if his Lord had not anew perswaded him that it was a meer Enchantment; and yet *Sancho's* Madness was never so great, as to believe that it was not real Truth verily befallen him, without any Colour or Mixture of Fraud or Illusion but that he, was tofs'd by Persons of Flesh, Blood, and Bone, and not by dream'd and imagin'd Shadows or Spirits, as his Lord believ'd, and so constantly affirm'd

Two Days were now expir'd, when all that noble Company had sojourn'd in the Inn; and then it seeming unto them high time to depart, they devised how (without putting *Dorotea* and *Ferdinando* to the pains to turn back with Don *Quixote* to his Village, under pretence of restoring the Queen *Micomicona*) the Curate and Barber might carry him back, as they desir'd, and endeavour to have him cured of his Folly in his own House; and their Invention was this: They agreed with one, who by chance pass'd that Way with a Team of Oxen, to carry him in this Order following. They made a Thing like a Cage, of Timber, so big as that Don *Quixote* might sit, or lie in it at his Ease; and presently after, Don *Ferdinando* and his Fellows, with Don *Lewis's* Servants, the Troopers, the Inn-keeper, did, all of 'em, by Master Curate's Direction, cover their Faces, and disguise themselves, every one as he might best, so as they might seem to Don *Quixote* other People than such as he had seen in the Castle: And this being done, they enter'd with very great Silence into the Place where he slept and took his Rest after the related Conflicts; and approaching him, who slept securely, not fearing any such Accident, and laying hold on him very strongly, they ty'd his Hands and his Feet very strongly, so that when he started out of his Sleep he could not stir himself, nor do any other thing than admire and wonder at those strange Shapes which
he

he saw standing before him : And presently he fell into the Conceit which his continual and distracted-Imagination had already suggested unto him, believing that all those strange Figures were the Spirits and Shadows of that enchanted Castle, and, that he himself was now without doubt enchanted, seeing he could neither move nor defend himself. All this succeeded just as the Curate (who plotted the Jest) made full account it would. Only *Sancho*, among all those that were present, was in his right Sense and Shape ; and altho' he wanted but little to be sick of his Lord's Disease, yet for all that, he knew all those counterfeit Ghosts, but he would not once unfold his Lips until he might see the end of that Surprisal and Imprisonment of his Master ; who likewise spoke never a Word, but only look'd to see what would be the Period of his Disgrace ; which was, that bringing him to the Cage, they shut him within, and afterwards nail'd the Bars thereof so well, as they could not be easily broken. They presently mounted him upon their shoulders, and as he issued out at the Chamber-door, they heard as dreadful a Voice as the Barber could devise (not he of the Pannel, but the other) which said, *O Knight of the sad Countenance ! be not griev'd at the Imprisonment whereinto thou art led, for so it must be, that thereby the Adventure into which thy great Force and Valour have thrust thee, may be the more speedily ended ; and ended it will be, when the furious Manchegal Lion, and the white Tobosian Dove shall be united in one, and after they have humbled their lofty Crest unto the soft Yoke of Wedlock, from whose wonderful Consort shall issue to the Light of the Orb fierce Whelps, which shall imitate the raunching Paws of their valorous Father : And this shall be, before the Pursuer of the fugitive Nymph do with his swift and natural Course make two Turns in visitation of the glistening Images. And thou, O the most noble and obedient Squire that ever had sword at a Girdle, Beard on a Face, or Dent in a Nose ! let it not dismay or discontent thee, to see carried away before thy Eyes the Flower of all Chivalry-Errant ; for very speedily, if it please the Framer of the World, thou shalt see thy self so exalted and ennobled, as thou shalt scarce know*

know thyself: Nor shalt thou be defrauded of the Promises made unto thee by the noble Lord: And I do assure thee, from the wise Mentironiana, that thy Wages shall be paid thee, as thou shalt quickly see in Effect; and therefore follow the Steps of the valorous and enchanted Knight, for 'tis necessary that thou go to the Place where you both shall stay. And because I am not permitted to say any more, farewell; for I do return, I well know whither. Towards the end of this Prophecy he lifted up his Voice, and afterwards lessen'd it with so slender an Accent, that even those which were acquainted with the Jest almost believ'd what they had heard.

Don Quixote was very much comforted by the Prophecy, for he presently apprehended the whole Sense thereof, and perceiv'd how he was promis'd in Marriage his belov'd *Dulcinea* of *Toboso*, from whose happy Womb should fall the Whelps (which were his Sons) to the eternal Glory of the *Mancha*: And believing this most firmly, he elevated his Voice, and breathing forth a great Sigh, thus said; *O thou, whatsoever thou be'st, which hast prognosticated so great Good to me, I desire thee to request in my Name, the Wise Man who hath Charge to record mine Acts, that he permit me not to perish in this Prison (to which they now do carry me) before the Accomplishment of so joyful and incomparable Promises as now have been made unto me; for so that this may befall, I will account the Pains of my Prison a Glory, and the Chains that environ me an Ease; and will not esteem this Bed whereon I am laid a hard Field of Battle, but a soft Tick, and a most fortunate Lodging. And as concerning the Consolation of my Squire Sancho Panca, I trust in his Goodness and honest Proceedings, that he'll not abandon me in good or bad Fortune: For tho' it should fall out, thro' his or my hard Hap, that I shall not be able to bestow on him an Island, or other equivalent Thing, as I have promis'd, his Wages at least cannot be lost, for in my Testament, which is made already, I have set down what he is to have, tho' not conformably to his many good Services, yet according to my Possibility. Sancho Panca bow'd his Head with great Reverence, and kiss'd both his Hands (for one alone he*
could

could not, by reason they were bound together) and presently those Visions did lift up the Cage, and accommodate it on the Team of Oxen.

CHAP. XX.

Wherein is prosecuted the Manner of Don Quixote's Enchantment, with other famous Occurrences.

WHEN Don Quixote saw himself to be engaged after that manner, and placed in the Cart, he said, I have read many and very grave Histories of Knights-Errant, but I never read, saw, nor heard that they were wont to carry Knights-Errand enchanted after this manner, and with the Leisure that those slothful and heavy Beasts do threaten; for they were ever accusom'd to be carried in the Air with wonderful Speed, shut in some dusky and obscure Cloud, or in some fiery Chariot, or on some *Hippagriphus*, or some other suchlike Beast; but that they carry me now on a Team of Oxen, I protest it drives me into a great Amazement: But perhaps both Chivalry, and the Enchantments of these our Times, follow a Course different from those of former Ages; and peradventure it may also be, that as I am a new Knight in the World, and the first that hath again reviv'd the now neglected and forgotten Exercise of Arms, so have they also newly invented other Kinds of Enchantments, and other Manners of carrying away enchanted Knights. What dost thou think of this, Son Sancho? I know not, quoth Sancho, what to think, because I am not so well seen in Scriptures-Errant as you are; but for all this, I durst affirm and swear, that these Visions, which go up and down in this Place, are not altogether catholick. Catholicks! my Father! quoth Don Quixote, how can they be Catholicks when they be all Devils, which have assum'd fantastical Bodies to come and put me into this State? And if thou wilt prove the Truth hereof, do but touch and feel 'em, and thou shalt find 'em to have no Bodies, but of Air, and that they consist of nothing but an outward Appearance. Now, by my Faith, Sir, quoth Sancho, I have already

already touch'd them; and find this Devil that goes there so busily up and down, both plump and soft-flesh'd; and that he hath besides another Property, very different from that which I have heard say Devils have; for it is said, that they smell all of Brimston, and other filthy Things; but one may feel, at least half a league off, the Amber that this Devil smells of. *Sancho* spoke this of *Don Ferdinando*, who belike (as Lords of his Rank are wont) had his Attire perfumed with Amber.

Marvel not thereat, Friend *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, for the Devils are very crafty; and altho' they bring Smells or Perfumes about 'em, yet they themselves smell nothing (because they are Spirits) or if they do smell ought, 'tis not good, but evil or stinking Savours: The Reason is, for that as they do always bear wheresoever they be, their Hell about 'em, and can receive no kind of Ease of their Torments, and good Smells be Things that delight and please, 'tis not possible that they can smell any good Thing: And if it seems to thee, that that Devil whom thou dost mention smells of Amber, either thou art deceiv'd, or that he would deceive thee, by making thee to think that he is no Devil. All these Discourses pass'd between the Master and the Man; the whilst *Don Ferdinando* and *Cardenio* (fearing lest *Sancho* should find out the Deceit, whereto he was already come very near) resolv'd to hasten the Knight's Departure; and therefore calling the Inn-keeper aside, they commanded him to saddle *Roxinante*, and empannel *Sancho's* Beast, which he did with all expedition: And the Curate agreed with the Troopers for so much a Day to accompany him unto his Village. *Cardenio* hang'd at the Pummel of *Roxinante's* Saddle the Target on the one Side, and on the other the Bafon, and by Signs commanded *Sancho* to get up on his Afs and lead *Roxinante* by the Bridle; and afterwards placed on either side of the Cart two Troopers with their Firelocks.

But before the Cart departed, the Hostess, her Daughter, and *Maritornes* came out to bid *Don Quixote* farewell, feigning that they wept for sorrow of his Disaster; to whom *Don Quixote* said, My good Ladies, do not weep;

weep; for all these Mischances are incident to those which profess that which I do, and if these Calamities had not befallen me, I would never have accounted myself for a famous Knight-Errant; for the like Chances never happen to Knights of little Name or Renown, because there are none in the World that makes any Mention of them; but they often befall to the Valorous, who have Emulators of their Virtue and Valour, both many Princes, and many other Knights, that strive by indirect Means to destroy them: But, for all that, Virtue is so potent, as by herself alone (in despite of all the Necromancy that ever the first Inventor thereof *Zoroastes* knew) she will come off victorious from every Danger, and will shine in the World as the Sun doth in Heaven. Pardon me, fair Ladies, if by any Carelessness I have done you any Displeasure, for with my Will and Knowledge I never wrong'd any; and pray unto God for me, that he will please to deliver me out of this Prison, whereinto some ill-meaning Enchanter hath thrust me; for if I once may see myself at Liberty again, I will never forget the Favours which you have done me in this Castle, but greatly acknowledge and recompense them as they deserve. Whilst the Ladies of the Castle were thus entertain'd by *Don Quixote*, the Curate and Barber took Leave of *Don Ferdinando* and his Companions, of the Captain and his Brother, and of all the contented Ladies, 'specially of *Dorotea* and *Luscinda*; all of 'em embraced and promis'd to acquaint one another with their succeeding Fortunes, *Don Ferdinando* entreating the Curate to write unto him what became of *Don Quixote*, assuring him that no Affair he could inform him of should please him better than that, and, that he would in lieu thereof acquaint him with all Occurrences which he thought would delight him, either concerning his own Marriage or *Zoraida's* Baptism, or the Success of *Don Lewis*, and *Luscinda's* Return into her House.

The Curate offer'd willingly to accomplish to a Hair all that he had commanded him, and so they return'd once again to embrace one another, and to renew their mutual and complimentary Offers: The Inn-keeper came
also

also to the Curate, and gave him certain Papers, saying, that he had found them within one of the Linings of the Wallet wherein the Tale of *The Curious Impertinent* was had; and, that since the Owner did not return to fetch it, he bad him take 'em all with him; for seeing he could not read, he would keep 'em no longer. Master Curate yielded him many Thanks, and then opening 'em, found in the beginning thereof these Words, *The Tale of Riconnette and Cortadillo*; by which he understood that it was some History, and collected that it must be a good one, seeing that of the *Curious Impertinent*, contriv'd perhaps by the same Author, had prov'd so well; and therefore he laid it up, with an Intention to read it as soon as he had an Opportunity. Then he mounted on Horseback, with his Friend the Barber, and both of 'em putting on their Masques, that they might not quickly be known by Don *Quixote*, they travel'd after the Team, which held on in this Order: First went the Cart, guided by the Carter; on both sides thereof the Troopers rode with their Firelocks; then follow'd *Sancho* upon his Ass, leading *Rozinante* by the Bridle; and last of all came the Curate and Barber upon their mighty Mules, and with their Faces cover'd; all in a grave Gesture, and with an Alderman-like Pace, and travelling no faster than the slow Steps of the heavy Oxen permitted 'em. Don *Quixote* sat with his Hands ty'd, his Legs stretch'd out, and leaning against the Bar of the Cage, with such a Silence and Patience, as he rather seem'd a Statue than a Man. In this quiet and leisurely manner they travel'd for the space of two Leagues, when arriving to a Valley, it seem'd to their Conductor a fit Place to repose and bait his Oxen; and acquainting the Curate with his Purpose, the Barber was of Opinion that they should yet go on a little further, because he knew that there lay behind a little Mountain, which was within their view, a certain Vale, much better furnish'd with Grass than that wherein he meant to abide: The Barber's Opinion was allow'd, and therefore they continued on their Travel; when the Curate looking by chance behind him, saw coming after them six or seven
Men

Men on Horseback, and very well appointed, who quickly got Ground of them, for they came not the lazy and phlegmatick Pace of Oxen, but as Men that were mounted on Canons Mules, and prick'd forward with a Desire to pass over the Heat of the Day in their Inn, which was not much more than a League from thence. Finally, those diligent Travellers overtook our slothful ones, and saluted them courteously; and one of them, that was a Canon of *Toledo*, and Master of the rest, noting the orderly Procession of the Cart, Troopers, *Sancho*, *Roxinante*, the Curate and Barber, but chiefly the encaged Don *Quixote*, he could not forbear to demand what meant the Carriage of that Man in so strange a manner, altho' he did already conjecture, by observation of the Troopers, that he was some notable Robber, or other Delinquent, the Punishment of whom belong'd to the *Holy Brotherhood*. One of the Troopers, to whom the Demand was made, did answer in this manner: Sir, we know not wherefore this Knight is carried in this form, and therefore let he himself, who best may, tell you the Reason thereof.

Don *Quixote* had overheard their Discourse, and said, If, Gentlemen, you be conversant and skilful in Matters of Chivalry, I will communicate my Misfortunes with you; but if you be not, I have no reason to trouble myself to recount 'em. The Curate and Barber seeing the Travellers in Talk with Don *Quixote*, drew near to make an Answer for him, in such sort that their Invention might not be discover'd: The while the Canon reply'd to the Knight, and said, Truly, Brother, I am better acquainted with Books of Knighthood than with *Villapanda's* Logick; and therefore if all the Difficulty rest only in that, you may safely communicate whatsoever you will with me. In God's Name be it, quoth Don *Quixote*. You shall therefore understand, Sir Knight, that I am carried away enchanted in this Cage thro' the Envy and Fraud of wicked Magicians; for *Virtue is much more persecuted of the Wicked, than honour'd of the Good*: I am a Knight-Errant, but none of those whose Names are now recorded in the Books of Fame,

Fame, but one of those who in despite of Envy itself and of all the Magicians of *Persia*, the Brachmans of *India*, or of the Gymnosophists of *Æthiopia*, shall hang his Name in the Temple of Eternity, that it may serve as a Model and Pattern to ensuing Ages, wherein Knights-Errant may view the Steps which they are to follow if they mean to aspire to the Top and honourable Height of Arms. The Knight Sir Don *Quixote* saith true, quoth the Curate speaking to the Travellers, that he's carried away in this Chariot enchanted, not thro' his own Default or Sins, but thro' the malignant Treachery of those to whom Virtue is loathsome, and Valour odious. This is, good Sir, the *Knight of the sad Countenance* (if you have at any time heard speak of him) whose valorous Acts shall remain insculp'd in stubborn Brass and Time-surviving Marble, tho' Envy and Malice do labour never so much to obscure 'em.

When the Canon heard the imprison'd Man and the other three speak first in one Tenor, he was about to bless himself for wonder, and could not conjecture what had befallen him; and into no less Admiration were they brought that came with him: But *Sancho Panca* having in the mean time approach'd to hear their Speech, to plaster up the matter, added, Now, Sirs, whether you will love me well or ill for what I shall say, the very Truth of the Matter is, that my Lord Don *Quixote* is as much enchanted as my Mother, and no more, for his Judgment is whole and sound; he eats, and drinks, and doth his Necessities as other Men do, and as he himself did yesterday, and other Days before they encaged him: All which being so, how can you make me believe that he goeth enchanted, for I have heard many Persons avouch, that enchanted Persons neither eat, nor drink, nor speak; and yet my Lord, if he be not thwarted, will talk more than twenty Barristers? And then turning towards the Curate, he said, O Master Curate, Master Curate! do you think that I do not know you? And think you that I do not suppose, yea, and presage, whereto these new Enchantments are address'd? Well, know then that I know you well, altho' you cover
your

your Face never so much ; and, that I understand your Meaning, how deeply soever you smother your Drifts : But, in fine, where Emulation and Envy reigns, Virtue cannot live ; where Pinching sways, Liberality goes by. A Pox take the Devil ; for, but for your Reverence, my Lord had e're this time been wedded to the Princess *Micomicona*, and I myself had been created an Earl at least, for no less might be expected either from the Bounty of my Lord, or the Greatness of my Deserts : But now I perceive that to be true which is commonly said, that *The Wheel of Fortune turns about more swiftly than that of a Mill* ; and, that *they which were yesterday on the Top thereof, lie to-day all along on the Ground*. I am chiefly griev'd for my Wife and Children ; for whereas they ought and might hope to see their Father come in, at his Gates made a Governour or Viceroy of some Isle or Kingdom, they shall now see him return unto them no better than a poor Horseboy. All which I have urg'd so much, Master Curate, only to intimate to your Paternity how you ought to have Remorse, and make a Scruple of Conscience of treating my dear Lord as you do ; and look to it well, that God do not one Day demand at your hands, in the other Life, Amends for the Prison whereinto you carry him ; and that you be not answerable for all the Succours and good Deeds which he would have afforded the World in this Time of his Captivity. Snuff me those Candles, quoth the Barber, hearing him speak so : What, *Sancho*, art thou also of thy Master's Confraternity ? I swear by the Lord, I begin to see that thou art very like to keep him company in the Cage, and that thou shalt be as deeply enchanted as he, for the Portion which thou hast of his Humour and Chivalry. Thou wast in an ill Hour begotten with Child by his Promises, and in a worse did the Isle, which thou so greatly longest for, sink into thy Pate. I am not with Child by any body, said *Sancho*, nor I a Man of Humour to let any body get me with Child, no, tho' it were the King himself ; and altho' I be poor, yet am I a *Christian*, and owe nothing to any one ; and if I desire Islands, others there

are that desire worse Things; and every one is the Sir of his own Works: And under the Name of a Man I may become Pope, how much more the Governour of an Island, and chiefly seeing my Lord may gain so many, as he may want Men to bestow them on? And therefore, Master Barber, you should take heed how you speak, for all consists not in trimming of Beards, and there is some difference between *Peter* and *Peter*. I say it, because all of us know one another, and no Man shall unperceiv'd put a false Dye upon me. As concerning my Lord's Enchantment, God knows the Truth, and therefore let it rest as it is, seeing 'tis the worst for stirring in. The Barber would not reply unto *Sancho*, lest that with his Simplicities he should discover what the Curate and himself did labour to conceal: And the Curate doubting the same, had entreated the Canon to prick on a little forward, and he would discover to him the Mystery of the encaged Knight, with other Matters of Delight. The Canon did so, and taking his Men along with them, was very attentive to all that he rehears'd of the Condition, Life, Madness, and Fashions of Don *Quixote*. There did he briefly acquaint him of the original Cause of his Distraction, and all the Progress of his Adventures until his shutting up in that Cage; and their own Design in carrying him home to his Country, to try whether they might by any Means find out a Remedy for his Frenzy. The Canon and his Men again admir'd to hear so strange a History as that of Don *Quixote*; and as soon as the Curate had ended his Relation, the Canon said:

Verily, Master Curate, I do find by Experience, that those Books which are instituted of Chivalry or Knight-hood are very prejudicial to well-govern'd Commonwealths; and altho' (borne away by an idle and curious Desire) I have read the Beginning of almost as many as are imprinted of that Subject, yet could I never endure my self to finish and read any one of 'em through; for methinks that, somewhat more or less, they all import one Thing, and this hath no more than that, nor the other more than his fellow; And, in mine Opinion, this

this kind of Writing and Invention falls within the compass of Fables, call'd *Milefiæ*, which are wandering and idle Tales, whose only Scope is Delight, and not Instruction, quite contrary to the Project of those call'd *Fabulæ Apologæ*, which delight and instruct together. And tho' the principal End of such Books be Recreation; yet cannot I perceive how they can yield it, seeing they be forced with so many and so porportionless Untruths; for the Delight that the Mind conceives must proceed from the Beauty and Conformity which it sees or contemplates in such Things as the Sight or Imagination represents unto it; and all Things that are deform'd or discordant must produce the contrary Effect. Now then what Beauty can there be, or what Proportion between the parts and the whole, or the whole and the parts, in a Book, or Fable, wherein a Youth of sixteen Years of Age gives a Blow to a Giant as great as a *Jew's*, and with that Blow divides him in two, as easily as if he were a Pellet of Sugar? And when they describe a Battle, after that they have told us how there were at least a million of Men on the adverse side, yet if the Knight of the Book be against them, we must of force, and whether we will or no, understand that the said Knight obtain'd the Victory thro' the invincible Strength of his Arm. What then shall we say of the Facility wherewithal the Inheritrix of a Kingdom or Empire falls between the Arms of one of those Errant and Unknown Knights? What Understanding, if it be not altogether barren or barbarous, can delight itself, reading how a great Tower full of Knights doth pass through the Sea, as fast as a Ship with the most prosperous Wind? And, that going to Bed, a Man is in *Lombardy*, and the next Morning finds himself in *Prefter John's* Country, among the *Indians*, or in some other Region which never was discover'd by *Ptolemeus*, nor seen by *Marcus Paulus*? And if I should be answer'd, That the Inventors of such Books do write them as Fables, and therefore are not bound unto any respect of Circumstances, or observation of Truth, I would reply, That an Untruth is so much the more pleasing, by how much the nearer it resem-

files a Truth; and so much the more grateful, by how much the more it is doubtful and possible; for lying Fables must be suited unto the Reader's Understanding, and so written, as that facilitating impossible Things, levelling untrue Things, and holding the Mind in suspense, they may yield more Delight, and entertain such Manners, as Pleasure and Wonder may, step by step, walk together; all which Things he that writes not Likelihoods shall never be able to perform. And as touching Imitation (wherein consists the Perfection of that which is written) I have not seen in any Books of Knight-hood an entire Bulk of a Fable, so proportion'd in all the Members thereof, as that the Middle may answer the Beginning, and the End the Beginning and Middle, but rather they have compos'd 'em of so many Members, as it more probably seems that the Authors intended to frame Chimera's or Monsters, than to deliver proportionate Figures, most harsh in their Stile, incredible in Exploits, impudent in Love matters, absurd in Compliments, prolix in Battles, fond in Discourses, uncertain and senseless in Voyages, and, finally, devoid of all Discretion, Art, and ingenious Disposition; and therefore they deserve (as most idle and frivolous Things) to be banish'd out of all *Christian* Commonwealths.

Master Curate did listen to the Canon with very great Attention, and he seem'd unto him to be a Man of good Understanding, and that he had great Reason for what he had alledg'd, and therefore said, That in respect they did concur in Opinions, and that he had an old Grudge to the Vanity of such Books, he had likewise fired all *Don Quixote's* Library, consisting of many Books of that Subject: And then he recounted to him the Search and Inquisition he had made of them, and which he had condemn'd, and which reserv'd; whereat the Canon laugh'd heartily, and said, That notwithstanding all the Evil he had spoken of such Books, yet did he find one Good in them, to wit, the Subject they offer'd a good Wit to work upon, and shew itself in them; for they display'd a large and open Plain, through which the Pen might run without Lett or Incumbrances, describ-

bing of Shipwrecks, Tempests, Encounters, and Battles, delineating a valourous Captain, with all the Properties requir'd in him, as, Wisdom to frustrate the Designs of his Enemy; Eloquence, to perswade or dissuade his Soldier; Ripeness in Advice; Promptness in Execution; as much Valour in attending as in assaulting of an Enemy; decyphering now a lamentable and tragical Success, then a joyful and unexpected Event; there a most beautiful, honest, and discreet Lady, here a valiant, courteous and *Christian* Knight; there an unmeasurable barbarous Braggard, here a gentle, valourous, and wise Prince, representing the Goodness and Loyalty of Subjects, the Magnificence and Bounty of Lords. Sometimes he may shew himself an *Astrologian*, sometimes a *Cosmographer*, sometimes a *Musician*, sometimes a *Statist*, and sometimes, if he please, he may have Occasion to shew himself a *Necromancer*; there may he demonstrate the Subtilty of *Ulysses*, the Piety of *Aeneas*, the Valour of *Achilles*, the Misfortunes of *Hector*, the Treachery of *Sinon*, the Amity of *Eurialus*, the Liberality of *Alexander*, the Resolution of *Cæsar*, the Clemency and Truth of *Trajanus*, the Fidelity of *Zopirus*, the Prudence of *Cato*; and, finally, all those Parts that make a worthy Man perfect: One while, by placing them all in one Subject; another, by distributing them among many. And this being done, and set out in a pleasing Stile and witty Fashion, that approacheth as near as is possible unto the Truth, will questionless remain a Work of many fair Draughts, which being accomplish'd, will represent such Beauty and Perfection, as shall fully attain to the best End aim'd at in all Writing, that is, as I have said, jointly to instruct and delight; for the Irregularity and Liberality of those Books gives to the Author the Means to shew himself an Epick, Lyrick, Tragedian, and Comedian, with all other Things which the most graceful and pleasant Sciences of Poetry and Oratory include in themselves; for the *Epicks* may be as well written in Prose as in Verse.

CHAP. XXI.

*Wherein the Canon prosecutes his Discourse upon
Books of Chivalry, and many other Things
worthy of his Wit.*

SIR, you say very true, quoth the Curate; and for this very Reason are they which have hitherto invented such Books the more worthy of Reprehension, because they neither heeded the good Discourse, the Art, nor the Rules by which they might have guided themselves, and by that Means have grown as famous for their Prose as be the two Princes of the *Greek* and *Latin* Poetry for their Verse. I have for my Part, quoth the Canon, at least attempted to write a Book of Chivalry, observing therein all the Points by me mentioned; and in truth I have written above a hundred Sheets thereof: And, to the end that I might try whether they were correspondent to my Estimation, I did communicate them, both with certain skillful and wise Men that are marvellously affected to that Subject, and with some ignorant Persons that only delight to hear fantastical Inventions, and I have found in 'em all a grateful Approbation of my Labours; yet would I not, for all that, prosecute the Work, as well because it seem'd unfit for my Profession, as also because I find the Number of the Ignorant to exceed that of the Judicious: And tho' more Good come to a Man by the Praise of a few Wise Men, than Hurt by the Scoffs of a number of Fools, yet would I not willingly subject myself to the confus'd Judgment of the senseless Vulgar, who commonly give themselves most unto the reading of such Books. But that which most of all rid my Hands, yea, and my Memory, of all Desire to end it, was this Argument, drawn from our modern Comedies, and thus made to myself: If those (as well the Fictions as Historical ones) are all, or the most part of 'em, notorious Fopperies, and Things without either Head or Foot, and yet are by the Vulgar heard with such Delight, and held

held and approv'd for good; and both the Authors that compose 'em, and Actors that represent 'em, say, that they must be such as they be, for to please the People's Humours, and not more conformable to Reason or Truth, and that because those wherein *Decorum* is observ'd, and the Fable follow'd, according to the Rules of Art, serve only for three or four discreet Men (*if so many may be found at a Play*) which do attend unto them, and all the rest of the Auditors remain fasting, by reason they cannot conceive the artificial Contecture thereof; therefore 'tis better for them to gain good Money and Means by many, than bare Opinion or Applause by a few. The very same would be the End of my Book, after I had used all possible Industry to observe the afore-said Precept; and I should remain only for a Need, and as the Taylor that dwells in a Corner, without Trade or Estimation.

And altho' I have sundry times endeavour'd to persuade the Players that their Opinion was erroneous herein, and, that they would attract more People, and acquire more Fame by acting artificial Comedies, than those irregular and methodical Plays then used, yet are they so wedded to their Opinion, as no Reason can woo, nor Demonstration win them from it. I remember how dealing upon a Day with one of those obstinate Fellows, I said unto him, Do not you remember how, a few Years ago, were represented in *Spain* three Tragedies, written by a famous Poet of our Kingdom, which were such as delighted, yea, and amaz'd all the Auditors, as well the Learned as the Simple, the exact as the slight ones; and that the Players got more by these three alone, than by thirty of the best that were penn'd or acted since that Time? You mean, without question, quoth the Actor answering me, *Isabella*, *Phyllis*, and *Alexandra*. The very same, quoth I; and note whether in them were not rightly observ'd all the Rules and Precepts of Art; and yet thereby they neither wanted any part of their Dignity, nor the Approbation of all the World: So that I infer the Fault not to be in the Vulgar that covet idle Toys, but rather in those which know not how to pen or act any

other Thing; for no such fond Stuff was in the Comedy of *Ingratitude reveng'd*, nor found in *Numantia*, nor perceiv'd in that of the *Amorous Merchant*, and much less in the *Favourable Enemy*, nor in some others made by judicious Poets, which both redounded to their infinite Fame and Renown, and yielded unto these Actors abundant Gain. To these I added other Reasons, where-with I left him, in mine Opinion, somewhat perplex'd, but not satisfied, or desirous to forego his erroneous Opinion.

Truly, Master Canon, quoth the Curate, you have touch'd a Matter that hath rouz'd an ancient-Rancour and Heart-burning of mine against the Comedies now in request, the which is equal to the Grudge that I bear to Books of Knighthood: For seeing the Comedy, as *Tully* affirms, ought to be a Mirrour of Man's Life, a Pattern of Manners, and an Image of Truth, those that are now exhibited are Mirrours of Vanity, Patterns of Folly, and Images of Voluptuousness: For, what greater Absurdity can be in such a Subject, than to see a Child come out, in the first Scene of the first Act, in his Swaddling-clouts, and issue in the second already grown a Man, yea, a bearded Man? And what greater Vanity, than to present before us a valiant old Man, and a young Coward? a Layman become a Divine? a Page a Counsellor? a King a Scoundrel? and a Princess a Scourkettle? What should I say of the little Care had of the due Observation of Time for the succeeding of that they represent, other than that I my self have seen Comedies, whose first Act began in *Europe*, the second in *Asia*, and the third ended in *Africa*; and truly, if there had been a fourth, 'twould questionless have finish'd in *America*, and by consequence we should have seen a round Walk about the four Parts of the World: And feigning an Exploit perform'd in the Time of King *Pepin*, or of *Charlemagne*, they make the principal Actors thereof either *Heraclitus* the Emperor, that enter'd into *Jerusalem* bearing of the holy Cross, or *Godfrey of Bulloign*, that recover'd the *Holy Land*; many Years, yea, and Ages having occur'd between the Times of one and the other: Yea, and the Comedy being grounded

Grounded on a Fiction, to attribute unto it the Verities of a History, and mingle it, and patch it up with Pieces of others having relation to different Persons and Times, and this with no plausible Invention or Draught resembling the Truth, but rather with palpable, gross, and inexcusable Errors; and, which is worse, some Gulls are found to affirm, that all Perfection consists herein, and, that they are too dainty that look for any other.

Now, if we would pass further, to examine the divine Comedies that treat of God, or the Lives of Saints, what a multitude of false Miracles do the Composers devise? what a bulk of Matters Apocryphal, and ill understood, attributing to one Saint the Miracles done by another? Yea, and in human Comedies they presume to do Miracles (without farther Respect or Consideration, but that such a Miracle or Shew, as they term it, would do well in such a Place) to the end that the ignorant Folk may admire them, and come the more willingly to them: All which doth prejudice Truth, discredit Histories, and turn to the Disgrace of our *Spanish* Wits; for Strangers, which do with much Punctuality observe the Method of Comedies, hold us to be rude and ignorant, when they see such Follies and Absurdities 'scape us. And 'twill be no sufficient Excuse for this Error, to say, that the principal End of well-govern'd Commonwealths, in the permitting of Comedies, is only to entertain the Commonalty with some honest Pastime, and thereby divert the exorbitant and vicious Humours which Idleness is wont to engender: And seeing that this End is attain'd to by whatsoever Comedies, good or bad, 'twere to no Purpose to appoint any Laws or Limits unto them, or to tie the Composers to frame, or Actors to play 'em, as they should do; for hereunto I answer, that this End would, without all Comparison, be compass'd better by good Comedies than by evil ones; for the Auditor, having heard an artificial and well-order'd Comedy, would come away delighted with the Jest, and instructed by the Truths thereof, wondering at the Successes, grow discreeter by the Reasons, warn'd by the Deceits, become wise by others Example, incens'd against Vice, and enamour'd of

Virtue; all which Effects a good Comedy should stir up in the Hearer's Mind, were he never so gross or clownish. And it is of all Impossibilites the most impossible, that a Comedy consisting of all these Parts should not entertain, delight, satise, and content the Mind much more than another that should be defective in any of 'em, as most of our now-a-day Comedies be. Nor are the Poets that pen them chiefly to be blamed for this Abuse; for some of 'em know very well where the Error lurks, and know also as well how to redress it: But because that Comedies are become a vendible Merchandise, they affirm, and therein tell the plain Truth, that the Players would not buy them if they were of any other than the accustom'd kind; and therefore the Poet endeavours to accommodate himself to the Humour of the Player, who is to pay him for his Labour. And that this is the Truth, may be gather'd by an infinite number of Comedies, which a most happy Wit of this Kingdom hath compos'd with such Delicacy, so many good Jest, so elegant a Verse, so excellent Reasons, so grave Sentences, and finally, with so much Eloquence, and such a Loftiness of Stile, as he hath fill'd the World with his Fame: And yet, by reason that he was forced to accommodate himself to the Actors, all of them have not arriv'd to the height of Perfection which Art requires. Others there are that write without any Judgment, and with so little Heed of what they do, as after their Works have once been acted, the Players are constrain'd to run away and hide themselves, fearing to be punish'd, as often they have been, for acting Things obnoxious to the Prince, or scandalous to some Families.

All which Inconveniencies might be redress'd, if there were some understanding and discreet Person ordain'd at the Court, to examine all Comedies before they were acted, and that not only such as were play'd at the Court it self, but also all others that were to be acted throughout *Spain*, without whose Allowance under his Hand and Seal, the Magistrate of no Town should permit any Comedy to be play'd: By which Means the Players would diligently send their Plays to the Court, and might boldly afterwards

wards act 'em, and the Composers would with more Care and Study examine their Labours, knowing that they should pass the strict Censure of him that could understand them: And by this Means would good Comedies be written, and the Thing intended by them most easily attain'd to, *viz.* the Entertainment of the People, the good Opinion of the *Spanish* Wits, the Profit and Security of the Players, and the saving of the Care that's now employ'd in chastising their Rashness. And if the same Charge were given to this Man, or to some other, to examine the Books of Knighthood which should be made hereafter, some of 'em doubtless would be put forth adorn'd with that Perfection whereof you spoke but now, enriching our Language with the pleasing and precious Treasure of Eloquence, and being an Occasion that the old Books would become obscure in the bright presence of those new ones publish'd for the honest Recreation, not only of the idler sort, but also of those that have more serious Occupations; for, *'Tis not possible for the Bow to continue still bent*: Nor can our human and frail Nature sustain itself long, without some Help of lawful Recreation.

The Canon and Curate had arriv'd to this Point of their Discourse, when the Barber spurring on, and overtaking them, said to the Curate, This is the Place I lately told you was fit to pass over the Heat of the Day in, while the Oxen baited amidst the fresh and abundant Pastures. It likes me very well, quoth the Curate: And telling the Canon what he meant to do, he also was pleas'd to remain with them, as well invited by the Prospect of a beautiful Valley, which offer'd itself to their View; as also to enjoy the Curate's Conversation, towards whom he began to bear marvellous Affection; and lastly, with the Desire he had to be thorowly acquainted with *Don Quixote's* Adventures; therefore he gave Order to some of his Men, that they should ride to the Inn, which was hard by, and bring from thence what Meat they could find sufficient to satisfy 'em all, because he likewise meant to pass the hot time of the Day in that Place. To which one of his Men did an-

fewer, that their Sumpter-mule was by that time, as he thought, in the Inn, so copiously furnish'd with Provision of Meat, that, as he suppos'd, they needed not buy any thing there but Barley for their Mules. If it be so, quoth the Canon, let our Mules be carried thither, and the Sumpter one return'd hither.

Whilst this pass'd, *Sancho*, being free from the continual Presence of the Curate and Barber, whom he held as suspected Persons, thought it a fit time to speak with his Lord; and therefore drew near to the Cage wherein he sat, and said to him in this manner: Sir, that I may discharge my Conscience, I will reveal unto you all that hath pass'd in this Affair of your Enchantment, which briefly is, That those two which ride with their Faces cover'd are the Curate of our Village, and the Barber; and, as I imagine, they both are the Plotters of this your kind of carrying away, for meer Emulation that they see you surpass them both in atchieving famous Acts: This Truth being presuppos'd, it follows that you are not enchanted, but begull'd, and made a Fool; for the proof whereof, I will but demand of you one Question, and if you do answer me according to mine Expectation, as I believe you will, you shall feel the Deceit with your own Hands, and perceive how you are not enchanted, but rather have your Wits turn'd upside down.

Son *Sancho*, demand what thou wilt; quoth Don *Quixote*, and I will satisfy thee, and answer directly to thy Desire; but as touching thy Averment, that those which go along with us be the Curate and Barber, our Gossips and old Acquaintance, it may well befall that they seem to be such; but, that they are so really and in effect, I would not have thee believe in any manner; for that which thou art to believe, and shouldst understand in this matter is, that if they be like those our Friends, as thou say'st, it must needs be that those which have enchanted me have assum'd their Semblance and Likeness (for 'tis an easie thing for Magicians to put on any Shape they please) thereby to give thee Occasion to think that which thou dost, to drive thee into such a
Laby-

Labyrinth of Imaginations, as thou shalt not afterwards know how to fall out, altho' thou hadst the Assistance of *Theseus's* Clew, and withal to make me waver in mine Understanding, to the end I may not conjecture from whence this Charm is derived unto me; for, if thou on the one side doth affirm that the Barber and Curate of our Village do accompany me, and I on the other side find myself incaged, and am so assur'd of mine own Force, that no human Strength, be it not supernatural, is able thus to incage me, what wouldst thou have me say or think, but that the manner of mine Inchantment exceeds as many as ever I read throughout all the Histories, intreating of Knights-Errant which have been enchanted? Wherefore thou may'st very well appease and quiet thyself in that Point of believing them to be those thou say'st; for they are those as much as I am a *Turk*. And as touching thy Desire to demand somewhat of me, speak, for I will answer thee, altho' thou puttest me Questions until To-morrow Morning.

Our Lady assist me! quoth *Sancho* (as loud as he could) and is it possible that you are so Brain-sick and hard-headed, as you cannot perceive that I affirm the very pure Truth, and that Malice hath a greater Stroke in this your Disgrace and Employment than any Inchantments? But seeing it is so, I will prove evidently, that you are not enchanted; if not, tell me, as God shall deliver you out of this Tempest, and as you shall see yourself, when you least think of it, in my Lady *Dulcinea's* Arms.—Make an end of conjuring me, said Don *Quixote*, and ask me what Question thou wilt; for I have already told thee that I will answer with all Punctuality. That is it I demand, quoth *Sancho*; and the Thing I would know, is, that you tell me, without adding or diminishing ought, but with all Truth used or looked for of all those which profess the Exercise of Arms as you do, under the Title of Knights-Errant. — I say, answer'd Don *Quixote*, that I will not lye a Jot; make therefore a Beginning or an End of these Demands, for in good sooth, thou dost weary me with so many Salutations,

ons, Petitions, and Preventions. *Sancho* reply'd, I say that I am secure of the Bounty and Truth of my Lord, and therefore because it makes to the Purpose in our Affair, I do with all Respect demand, whether your Worship, since your engagement, and, as you imagine, enchantment in that Coop, have not had a Desire to make greater or less Water, as Men are wont to say? I don't understand, good *Sancho*, that Phrase of making Water, and therefore explicate thy self, if thou wouldst have me to answer thee directly. And is it possible, reply'd he, that your Worship understands not what it is to make great or little Waters? Then go to some School and learn it of the Boys, and know that I would say, Have you had a Desire to do that which cannot be undone? O! now, now I understand thee, *Sancho*; Yes, very many times, yea, and even now I have; wherefore, I pray thee, deliver me from the Extremity thereof; for, I promise thee, I am not altogether so clean as I would be.

C H A P. XXII.

Whercin the discreet Discourse that passed between Sancho Panca, and his Lord Don Quixote, is expressed.

HA, quoth *Sancho*, have I caught you at last? This is that which I desir'd to know, as much as my Soul or Life. Come now, Sir, tell me, can you deny that which is wont to be said, when a body is ill disposed, I know not what ails such a one, for he neither eats nor drinks, nor sleeps, nor answers directly to that which is demanded of him, so as it seems that he is enchanted? By which may be collected, that such as neither eat, drink, sleep, nor do the other natural Things you wote of, are enchanted; but not those which have a Desire as you have, and eat Meat when they get it, and drink Drink when it is given them, and answer to all that is propounded unto them. Thou sayest true, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*: But I have told thee already,

ready, that there are divers sorts of Enchantments, and perhaps they change with the Times from one kind into another; and, that now the Enchanted use to do all that which I do, altho' they did not so in Times past; and therefore there is no disputing or drawing of Conclusions against the Customs of the Time. I know, and do verily persuade my self, that I am enchanted, and that is sufficient for the Discharge of my Conscience, which would be greatly burthen'd if I thought that I were not enchanted, and yet permitted my self to be borne away in this Cage idly, and like a Coward with-holding the Succour I might give to many distressed and needy Persons, which, even at this Hour, be like enough to have extreme want of mine Aid and Assistance. Yet say I notwithstanding, reply'd *Sancho*, that for more abundant Satisfaction, you Worship might do well to attempt the getting out of this Prison, the which I do oblige myself with all my Power to facilitate, yea, and to get you out, and then you may remount estfoons on the good *Roxinante*, who also seems enchanted, so sad and melancholy he goes: And this being done, we may again essay our Fortune of seeking Adventures, which, if it have no good Success, we have Time enough to return to our Cage, wherein I promise, by the Faith of a good and loyal Squire, to shut up my self together with you, if you should prove so unfortunate, or I so foolish, as not to bring our Designs to a good Issue. I am content to do what thou say'st, Brother *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and when thou see'st Opportunity offer'd to free me, I will be ruled by thee in every thing, but yet thou shalt see how far thou art over-wrought in the Knowledge thou wilt seem to have of my Disgrace.

The Knight-Errant and the ill-errant Squire beguiled the Time in these Discourses, until they arrived unto the Place where the Canon, Curate, and Barber expected them; and then *Sancho* alighting, and helping to take down the Cage, the Wain-man unyoked his Oxen, permitting them to take the benefit of Pasture in that green and pleasant Valley, whose Verdure invited not such to enjoy

joy it as were enchanted like Don *Quixote*, but rather such heedful and discreet Persons as was his Man, who entreated the Curate to license his Lord to come out but a little while; for otherwise the Prison would not be so cleanly as the Presence of so worthy a Knight as his Lord was, requir'd. The Curate understood his Meaning, and answer'd, that he would satisfy his Request willingly, but that he feared, that when he saw himself at Liberty, he would play them some Prank or other, and go whither no body should ever set Eye on him after. I will be his Surety that he shall not fly away, quoth *Sancho*. And I also, quoth the Canon, if he will but promise me, as he is a Knight, that he will not depart from us without our Consent. I give my Word that I will not, said Don *Quixote* (who heard all that they had said) and the rather, because that enchanted Bodies have not free Will to dispose of themselves as they list; for he that enchanted them, may make them unable to stir from one Place in three Days; and if they make an Escape, he can compel them to return flying: And therefore, since it was so, they might securely set him at liberty, especially seeing that it would not redound so much to all their Benefits; For if they did not free him, or get further off, he protested that he could not forbear to offend their Noses. The Canon took his Hand (altho' it were bound) and by his Faith and Word that he would not depart, and then they gave him Liberty; whereat he infinitely rejoic'd, especially seeing himself out of the Cage. The first Thing that he did after, was to stretch all his Body, and then he went towards *Roxinante*, and striking him twice or thrice on the Buttocks, he said, I hope yet in God, and his blessed Mother, O Flower and Mirrour of Horses! that we two shall see our selves very soon in that State which our Hearts desire; thou with thy Lord on thy Back, and I mounted on thee, and exercising the Function for which God sent me into this World. And saying so, Don *Quixote*, with his Squire *Sancho*, retir'd himself somewhat from the Company, and came back soon after a little more lightned, but, greatly desiring to execute his Squire's Designs.

The Canon beheld him very earnestly, and with Admiration, wondering to see the strangeness of his fond Humour, and how that he shew'd, in whatsoever he utter'd, a very good Understanding, and only left the Stirrups (as is said before) when any mention was made of Chivalry; and therefore, moved to Compassion, after they were all laid down along upon the Grass, expecting their Dinner, he said unto him, Gentleman, is it possible that the idle and unfavoury Lecture of Books of Knighthood hath so much distracted your Wit, as thus to believe that you are carried away enchanted, with other Things of that kind, as much wide from Truth as Untruths can be from Verity itself? Or, how is it possible that any human Understanding can frame it self to believe, that in this World there have been such an Infinity of *Amadis'es*, such a Crew of famous Knights, so many Emperors of *Trapisonda*, such a number of *Felix Martes* of *Hircania*, so many Palfreys, Damsels-Er-rant, Serpents, Robbers, Giants, Battles, unheard-of Adventures, sundry kinds of Enchantments, such unmeasurable Encounters, such bravery of Apparel, such a multitude of enamour'd and valiant Princesses, so many Squires, Earls, witty Dwarfs, Virago's, Love-letters, amorous Dalliances, and, finally, so many so unreasonable and impossible Adventures, as are contain'd in the Books of Knighthood? Thus much I dare avouch for my self, that when I read them, as long as I do not think that they are all but Toys and Untruths, they delight me; but when I ponder seriously what they are, I throw the very best of 'em against the Walls, yea, and would throw 'em into the Fire, if they were near me, or in my Hands, having well deserv'd that Severity as false Impositions, and Seducers of Common Sense; as Broachers of new Sects, and of uncouth Courses of Life, as those that give Occasion to the ignorant Vulgar to believe in such exorbitant Untruths as are contain'd in them; yea, and are withal so presumptuous, as to dare to confound the Wits of the discreet and best-descended Gentlemen; as we may clearly perceive by that they have done to your self, whom they have brought to such

such Terms, as it is necessary to shut you up in a Cage, and carry you on a Team of Oxen, even as one carries a Lion or Tyger from Place to Place, to gain a Living by the shewing of him. Therefore, good Don *Quixote*, take Compassion of yourself, and return into the Bosom of Discretion, and learn to employ the happy Talent of Understanding, and abundance of Wit, wherewith bountiful Heaven hath enriched you; get some other Course of Study, which may redound to the Profit of your Soul, and Advancement of your Credit and Estate; And if, born away by your natural Disposition, you will yet persist in the reading of warlike, and knightly Discourses, read in the holy Scripture the Acts of Judges, for there you shall find surpassing Feats and Deeds, as true as valorous: *Portugal* had a *Viriate*, *Rome* a *Cæsar*, *Carthage* an *Hannibal*, *Greece* an *Alexander*, *Castile* an Earl *Fernan Gonzales*, *Valencia* a *Cid*, *Andalusia* a *Gonzalo Fernandez*, *Estremadura* a *Diego Garcia de Paredes*, *Xerex* a *Garci Perez de Vargas*, *Toledo* a *Garci Lasso*, *Seville* a *Don Manuel de Leon*: The Discourses of whose valorous Acts, may entertain, teach, delight, and make wonder, the most sublime Wit that shall read them. Yea, this were indeed a Study fit for your sharp Understanding, my dear Sir Don *Quixote*; for by this you should become learned in Histories, enamour'd of Virtue, instructed in Goodness, better'd in Manners, valiant without Rashness, bold without Cowardise; and all this to God's Honour, your own Profit, and Renown of the *Mancha*, from whence, as I have learnt, you deduce your Beginning and Progeny.

. Don *Quixote* listen'd with all Attention unto the Canon's Admonition, and perceiving that he was come to an End of them, after he had look'd upon him a good while, he said, Methinks, Gentleman, that the Scope of your Discourse hath been address'd to persuade me, that there never were any Knights-Errant in the World; and that all the Books of Chivalry are false, lying, hurtful, and unprofitable to the Commonwealth; and that I have done ill to read them, worse to believe them, and worst of all to follow them, by having thus taken on me the most austere

austere Profession of wandering Knighthood, whereof they entreat; denying, moreover, that there were ever any *Amadis's*, either of *Gaul* or *Greece*, or any of all the other Knights, wherewith such Books are stuff'd. All is just as you have said, quoth the Canon. Whereto Don *Quixote* replied thus: You also added that such Books had done me much Hurt, seeing they had turn'd my Judgment, and immur'd me up in this Cage; and that it were better for me to make some Amendment, and alter my Study; reading other that are more authentical, and delight and instruct much better. It is very true, answered the Canon.

Why then, quoth Don *Quixote*, I find by mine Accounts, that the enchanted and senseless Man is yourself, seeing you have bent yourself to speak so many Blasphemies against a thing so true, so current, and of such Request in the World, as he that should deny it, as you do, merits the same Punishment which, as you say, you give to those Books when the reading thereof offends you: For to go about to make Men believe, that *Amadis* never lived, nor any other of those Knights, wherewith Histories are fully replenish'd, would be none other than to persuade them, that the Sun lightens not, the Earth sustains not, nor the Ice makes any Things cold. See what Wit there is in the World so profound, that can induce another to believe, that the History of *Guy of Burgundy*, and the Prince *Floripes*, was not true? Nor that of *Fierabras*, with the Bridge of *Mantible*, which befell in *Charlemaine's* Time, and is, I swear, as true, as that it is Day at this Instant? and if it be a Lye, so must it be also, that ever there was an *Hector*, *Achilles*, or the War of *Troy*, the twelve *Peers of France*, or King *Arthur of Britain*, who goes yet about the World in the Shape of a Crow, and is every foot expected in his Kingdom. And they will as well presume to say, that the History of *Guarino Mexquino*, and of the Quest of the holy *Sangriall*, be Lyes; and that for the Love between Sir *Trifram* and *La Belle Yonde*, and between Queen *Guenevor* and Sir *Lancelot Dulak*, who have no sufficient Authority; and yet there be certain Persons alive,

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which almost remember that they have seen the Lady *Quintaniona*, who was one of the best Skinkers of Wine that ever *Great Britain* had; and this is certain, as I remember, that one of my Grandmothers of my Father's side was wont to say unto me, when she saw my Matron, with a long and reverend Kerchief or Veil, My Boy, that Woman resembles very much Lady *Quintaniona*: From which I argue, that either she knew her herself, or, at the least, had seen some Pourtraitures of hers. Who can moreover deny the Certainty of the History of *Peter of Provence* and the beautiful *Magolona*, seeing that until this very Day one may behold, in the King's Armoury, the Pin wherewith he guided and turn'd any Way he list'd the Horse of Wood whereupon he rode thro' the Air; which Pin is a little bigger than the Thrill of a Cart; and near unto it is also seen *Babieca's* Saddle. And in *Roncesvals* there hangs *Rowland's* Horn, which is as big as a very great Joist: Whence is infer'd, that there were twelve Peers; that there was a *Pierres* of *Provence*; that also there were *Cids*, and other such Knights as those which the World terms Adventurers; if not, let them also tell me, that the valiant *Lusitanian*, *John de Melo*, was no Knight-Errant, who went to *Burgundy*, and in the City of *Ras* fought with the famous Lord of *Charni*, call'd *Mosen Pierres*, and after with *Mosen Henry* of *Ramestan* in the City of *Basilea*, and bore away the Victory in both the Conflicts, to his eternal Fame; and, that there were no such Curs as the Adventures and single Combats, begun and ended in *Burgundy* by the valiant Spaniards *Pedro Barba* and *Guttierre Quixada* (from whom I my self am lineally descended) who overcame the Earl of Saint Paul's Sons. They may also aver unto me, that Don *Ferdinando de Guevara* went not to seek Adventures in *Germany*, where he fought with *Micer George*, a Knight of the Duke of *Austria's* House. Let them likewise affirm, that *Suero de Quinonnes of the Passage*, his Jufts were but Jest; as also the Enterprize of *Mosen Lewis de Falses* against Don *Gonzalo de Guzman*, a Gentleman of *Castille*, with many other renowned Acts, done as well by *Christian*.

Span Knights of this Kingdom, as of other foreign Lands, and so authentical and true, as that I am compel'd to reiterate what I said before, That whosoever denies them is defective of Reason and good Discourse.

Fall of Admiration remaind the good Canon, to hear the Composition and Medley that *Don Quixote* made of Truths and Fictions together, and at the great Notice he had of all Things that might any way concern his Knighthood-Errant; and therefore he shaped him this Answer: I cannot deny, Sir *Don Quixote*, but that some part of that which you have said is true, 'specially touching the *Spanish* Adventurers of whom you have spoken; and will likewise grant you, that there were twelve Peers of *France*, but I will not believe that they have accomplish'd all that which the Archbishop *Turpin* hath left written of them; for the bare Truth of the Affair is, that they were certain Noblemen chosen out by the Kings of *France*, whom they call'd *Peers* because they were all equal in Valour, Quality, and Worth; or if they were not, 'twas at least presum'd that they were; and they were not much unlike the military Orders of *St. James* or *Calatrava*, then in request, wherein 'tis presuppos'd that such as are of Profession, are or ought to be valorous and well-descended Gentlemen; and as now they say, a Knight of *Saint John*, or *Alcantara*, so in those Times they said, a Knight of the *Twelve Peers*, because they were twelve Equals, chosen to be of that military Order. That there was a *Cid*, and a *Bernard of Carpio*, is also doubtless: That they have done the Acts recounted of them, I believe there is a great cause to doubt. As touching the Pin of the good Earl *Pierres*, and that it is by *Babieca's* Saddle in the King's Armoury, I confess that my Sin hath made me so ignorant or blind, that altho' I have view'd the Saddle very well, yet could never get a Sight of that Pin, how great soever you affirm it to be.

Well, 'tis there without question, said *Don Quixote*, and, for the greater confirmation thereof, they say it is laid up in a Case of Neats-leather, to keep it from rusting. That may very well so be, said the Canon; yet.
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by the Orders that I have receiv'd, I do not remember that ever I saw it: And altho' I should grant it to be there, yet do I not therefore oblige myself to believe the Histories of all the *Amadis's*, nor those of the other Rabblement of Knights, which Books do mention unto us; nor is it Reason that so honourable a Man, adorn'd with so many good Parts, and endow'd with such a Wit, as you are, should believe, that so many and so strange Follies, as are written in the raving Books of Chivalry, can be true.

C H A P. XXIII

Of the discreet Contention between Don Quixote and the Canon, with other Accidents.

THAT were a Jest indeed, quoth Don *Quixote*, that Books which are printed with the King's Licence, and Approbation of those to whom their Examination was committed, and that are read with universal Delight and Acceptance, and celebrated by great and little, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, Plebeians and Gentlemen; and finally, by all kind of Persons of what State or Condition soever, should be so lying and fabulous, 'specially seeing they have such Probability of Truth; seeing they describe unto us the Father, Mother, Country, Kinsfolk, Age, Town, and Acts of such a Knight, or Knights, and that so exactly, Point by Point, and Day by Day. Hold your Peace, and never speak again such a Blasphemy, and believe me, for I sincerely counsel you, what you, as a discreet Man, ought to do therein; and if not, read them but once, and you shall see what Delight you shall receive thereby; if not, tell me what greater Pleasure can there be, than to behold (as one would say) even here, and before your Eyes, a great Lake of Pitch, boiling hot, and many Serpents, Snakes, Lizzards, and other kinds of cruel and dreadful Beasts swimming athwart it, and in every Part of it, and that there issues out of the Lake a most lamentable Voice, saying, *O thou Knight, whatsoever thou art, which dost behold the fearful Lake, if thou desirest*

*To obtain the Good conceal'd under these horrid and black Waters, shew the Valour of thy strong Breast, and throw thyself into the midst of this sable and inflamed Liqueur ; for if thou dost not so, thou shalt not be worthy to discover the great Wonders hidden in the seven Castles of the seven Fates, which are seated under these gloomy Waves ; and that scarce hath the Knight heard the fearful Voice, when, without entering into any new Discourses, or once considering the Danger whereinto he thrusts himself, yea, or easing himself of the Weight of his ponderous Armour, but only commending himself unto God, and his Lady Mistress, he plunges into the midst of that burning Puddle, and when he neither cares nor knows what may befall him, he finds himself in the midst of flourishing Fields, with which the very *Elysian* Plains can in no sort be compared ; there it seems to him that the Element is more transparent, and that the Sun shines with a clearer Light than in our Orb : There offers itself to his greedy and curious Eye, a most pleasing Forest, replenish'd with so green and well-spread Trees, as the Verdure thereof both joys and quickens the Sight ; whilst the Cares are entertain'd by the harmonious, tho' artless Songs of infinite and enamell'd Birds, which traverse the intricate Boughs of that shady Habitation : Here he discovers a small Stream, whose fresh Waters resembling liquid *Chrystal*, slides over the small Sands, and white little Stones, which resemble sifted Gold wherein oriental Pearls are enchased : There he discerns an artificial Fountain wrought of motly Jasper and smooth Marble ; and hard by it another, rudely and negligently framed, wherein the sundry Cockle-shells, with the wreathed white and yellow Houses of the Perwinkle, and Snail intermingled, and plac'd after a disorderly Order (having now and then Pieces of clear *Chrystal*, and counterfeit *Emeralds* mingled among them) do make a Work of so graceful Variety, as Art, imitating Nature, doth herein seem to surpass her. Suddenly he discovers a strong Castle, or goodly Palace, whose Walls are of beaten Gold, the Pinnacles of *Diamonds*, the Gates of *Jacintbs*. Finally, it is of so exquisite Workmanship, as altho' the*

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the Materials whereof 'tis built are no worſe than *Diamonds, Carbuncles, Rubies, Emeralds, Pearls, and Gems*, yet is the Architecture thereof of more Eſtimation and Value than they. And is there any more to be ſeen after the ſeeing hereof, then to ſee ſalley out of the Caſtle-gates a goodly Troop of lovely Damſels, whoſe brave and coſtly Attire, if I ſhould attempt to deſcribe as 'tis laid down in Hiſtories, we ſhould never make an end; and ſhe that ſeems the chiefſt of all, to take preſently our bold Knight, that threw himſelf into the boiling Lake, by the Hand, and carry him into the rich Caſtle or Palace without ſpeaking a Word, and cauſe him to ſtrip himſelf as naked as he was when his Mother bore him, and bathe him in very temperate Waters, and afterward anoint him all over with precious Ointments, and put on him a Shirt of moſt fine, odoriferous, and perfum'd Sendal; and then another Damſel to come ſuddenly and caſt on his Back a rich Mantle, which they ſay is wont to be worth at the very leaſt a rich City, yea, and more? Then what a Sport it is, when they tell us after, that after this he's carried into another Hall, where he finds the Tables cover'd ſo orderly, as he reſts amaz'd? What, to ſee caſt on his Hands Water diſtill'd all of Amber, and moſt fragrant Flowers? What, to ſee him ſeated in a Chair of Ivory? What, to ſee him ſerv'd by all the Damſels with marvelous Silence? What, the ſetting before him ſuch variety of Aceates, and thoſe ſo excellently drefs'd, as his Appetite knows not to which of 'em it ſhall firſt addreſs his Hand? What, to hear the Muſick which ſounds whiſt he is at Dinner, without knowing who makes it, or whence it comes? And after that Dinner is ended, and the Tables taken away, the Knight to remain leaning on a Chair, and prehaps picking of his Teeth, as the Cuſtom is, and on a ſudden to enter at the Hall-door another much more beautiful Damſel than any of the former, and to ſit by his Side and begin to recount unto him what Caſtle that is, and how ſhe his enchanted therein, with many other Things that amaz'd the Knight, and amaz'd the Readers, I will not enlarge my ſelf any more in this Matter, ſeeing that you may collect out of that which I have

have said, that any Part that is read of any Book of a Knight-Errant, will delight and astonish him that shall peruse it with Attention : And therefore, I pray you, believe me, and, as I have said already, read these kind of Books, and you shall find that they will exile all the Melancholy that shall trouble you, and rectify your Disposition, if by Fortue it be depriv'd ; for I dare affirm of myself, that since I am become a Knight-Errant, I am valiant, courageous, liberal, well-manner'd, generous. gentle, bold, mild, patient, an endurer of Labours, Imprisonments, and Inchantments : And altho' it be but so little a while since I was shut up in a Cage, like a Mad-man, yet do I hope, by the Valour of mine Arm (Heaven concurring, and Fortune not crossing me) to see myself, within a few Days, the King of some Kingdom, wherein I may shew the Bounty and Liberality included within my Breast ; for, in good Truth, Sir, a poor Man is made unable to manifest the Virtue of Liberality towards any other, altho' he virtually possess it himself in a most eminent degree : And the Will to gratify, which only consists of Will, is as a dead Thing, as Faith without Works. For which Cause I do wish that Fortune would quickly present me some Occasion whereby I might make myself an Emperor, that I may discover the Desire I have to do Good unto my Friends, but especially to this my poor Squire *Sancho Panca*, who is one of the honestest Men in the World, on whom I would fain bestow the Earldom which I promis'd him many Days past, but that I fear he will not be able to govern his Estate.

Sancho, overhearing those last Words of his Master's, said, Labour you, Sir *Don Quixote*, to get me that Earldom, as often promis'd by you, as much long'd for by me, and I promise you that I will not want Sufficiency to govern it ; and tho' I should, yet have I heard say, that there are Men in the World who take Lordships to farm, paying the Lord so much by the Year, and undertaking the Care of the Government thereof, whilst the Lord himself, with out-stretched Legs, doth live at his Ease, enjoying the Rents they bring him, and caring for nothing else. And so will I do, and will not

stand racking it to the utmost, but presently desist from all Administration, and live merrily upon my Rent, like a young Duke, and so let the World wag and go how 'twill. That, Friend *Sancho*, is to be understood, quoth the Canon, of enjoying the Revenues; but, as concerning the Administration of Justice, the Lord of the Signiory is bound to look to it, in that is requir'd a Sufficiency and Ability to govern, and, above all, a good Intention to deal justly, and determine rightly; for if this be wanting when we begin, our Means and Ends will always be subject to Error: And therefore is God wont as well to further the good Designs of the Simple, as to disavour the bad ones of those that be wittily wicked.

I understand not those Philosophies, quoth *Sancho Panca*, but this I know well, that I would I had as speedily the Earldom as I could tell how to govern it, for I have as much Soul as another, and as much Body as he that hath most; and I would be as absolute a King in my Estate as any one would be in his; and being such, I would do what I liked; and doing what I liked, I would take my Pleasure; and taking my Pleasure, I would be content; and when one is content, he hath no more to desire; and having no more to desire, the Matter were ended; and then come the Estate when it will, or farewell it, and let us behold ourselves, as one blind Man said to another. They are no bad Philosophies which thou comest out with, kind *Sancho*, quoth the Canon, but yet for all that, there's much to be said concerning this Matter of Earldoms. To that Don *Quixote* reply'd, I know not what more may be said, only I govern myself by the Example of *Amadis de Gaul*, who made his Squire Earl of the *Firm Island*; and therefore I may without Scruple of Conscience make *Sancho Pancho* an Earl, for he is one of the best Squires that ever Knight-Errant had. The Canon abode amaz'd at the well-compacted and orderly Ravings of Don *Quixote*; at the Manner where-with he had decypher'd the Adventure of the *Knight of the Lake*; at the Impression which his lying Books had made into him; and, finally, he wonder'd at the Simplicity of *Sancho Panca*, who so earnestly desir'd to be made

made an Earl of the Country his Lord had promised him.

By this time the Canon's Servingmen, which had gone to the Inn for the Sumpter-mule, were return'd; and making their Table of a Carpet, and of the green Grass of that Meadow, they sat down under the Shadow of the Trees, and did eat there, to the end that the Wainman might not lose the commodity of the Pasture, as we have said before; and, as they sat at Dinner, they suddenly heard the Sound of a little Bell issuing from among the Briers and Brambles that were at hand; and instantly after, they saw come out of the Thicket a very fair she-Goat, whose Hide was powder'd all over with black, white, and brown Spots. After her follow'd a Goat-herd crying unto her, and in his Language bidding her stay, or return again to the Fold; but the fugitive Goat, all affrighted and fearful, ran towards the Company, and as it were seeking in her dumb manner to be protected, stray'd near unto them. Then did the Goat-herd arrive, and laying hold of her Horns (as if she had been capable of his Reprehension) said unto her, O ye wanton Ape, ye spotted Elf! how come you to halt with me a-late Days? What Wolves do scare your Daughter? Will you not tell me, fair, what the Matter is? But what can it be, other than that you are a Female, and therefore can never be quiet? A foul Evil take your Conditions, and all theirs whom you so much resemble: Turn back, Love, turn back, and tho' you be not so content withal, yet shall you at least be more safe in your Fold, and among the rest of your Fellows; for if you, that should guide and direct them, go thus distracted and wandering, what then must they do? What will become of them?

The Goat-herd's Words did not a little delight the Hearers, but principally the Canon, who said unto him, I pray thee, good Fellow, take thy Rest here awhile, and do not hasten that Goat so much to her Fold; for seeing she is a Female, as thou say'st, she will follow her natural Instinct, how much soever thou opposeth thy self unto it: Take therefore that Bit and drink a Draught wherewithal thou may'st temper thy Choler, and the Goat will

rest her the whilst : And saying so, he gave him the hinder Quarter of a cold Rabbet ; which he receiving, render'd him many Thanks, and drinking a Draught of Wine, did pacify himself, and said presently after, I would not have you, my Masters, account me simple, altho' I spoke to this Beast in so earnest a fashion, for in Truth, the Words which I used unto her were not without some Mystery : I am indeed rustick, and yet not so much, but that I know how to converse with Men, and with Beasts . I believe that easily, quoth the Curate, for I know already by Experience that the Woods breed learned Men, and the Sheepcoats contain Philosophers. At the least, Sir, reply'd the Goat-herd, they have among them experienc'd Men : And that you may give the more Credit to this Truth, and as it were, touch it with your own Hands (altho', till I be bidden, I may seem to invite myself) I will, if you please to hear me but a while, relate unto you a very true Accident, which shall make good what this Gentleman (pointing to the Curate) and myself have affirm'd. To this Don *Quixote* answer'd, Because the Case doth seem to have in it some shadow of Knightly Adventures, I will, for my part, listen unto thee with a very good Will ; and I presume that all these Gentlemen will do the like, so great is their Discretion and Desire to know curious Novelty, which amaze, delight, and entertain the Senses, as I do certainly believe thy History will ; therefore begin it, Friend, and all of us will lend our Ears unto it. Aye, accept mine, quoth *Sancho*, for I will go with this Pasty unto that little Stream, where I mean to fill myself for three Days ; for I have heard my Lord Don *Quixote* say, that a Knight-Errant's Squire must eat when he can, and always as much as he can, because that oftentimes they enter by Chance into some Wood so intricate, as they cannot get out of it again in five or six Days : And if a Man's Paunch be not then well stuffed, or his Wallet well stored, he may there remain, and be turn'd, as many times it happens, into Mummy. Thou art in the right of it, *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*, go therefore where thou wilt, and eat what thou may'st, for I am already satisfied, and only

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want Reflection for my Mind, which now I'll give it by listening to this good Fellow. The same will we also give unto ours, quoth the Canon, who therewithal intreated the Goat-herd to keep Promise, and begin his Tale. Then he stroking once or twice his pretty Goat (which he yet held fast by the Horns) said thus; Lie down, py'd Fool, by me, for we shall have Time enough to return home again. It seem'd that the Goat understood him, for as soon as her Master sat down, she quietly stretch'd herself by him, and looking him in the Face, gave him to understand that she was attentive to what he was saying; and then he began his History in this manner:

C H A P. XXIV.

Relating that which the Goat-herd told to those that carry'd away Don Quixote.

THERE is a Village, distant some three Leagues from this Valley, which, albeit it be little is one of the richest of this Commark: Therein some time did dwell a wealthy Farmer of good Respect, and so good, as, altho' Reputation and Riches are commonly joined together, yet that which he had was rather got him by his Virtue, than by any Wealth he possess'd: But that which did most accumulate his Happiness (as he himself was wont to say) was, that he had a Daughter of so accomplish'd Beauty, so rare Discretion, Comeliness, and Virtue, that as many as knew and beheld her, admir'd to see the passing Endowments wherewith Heaven and Nature had enrich'd her. Being a Child, she was fair, and increasing daily in Feature, she was at the Age of sixteen most beautiful, the Fame whereof extended itself over all the bordering Villages: But why say I the bordering Villages alone, if it spread itself over the farthest Cities, yea, enter'd into the King's Palace, and into the Ears of all kind of People, so that they came from all Parts to behold her, as a rare Thing, and Pattern of Miracles? Her Father did carefully keep her, and she like-

wife heeded herself, for there's neither Guard, Lock, nor Bolt able to keep a Maiden better than is her own Wariness and Care. The Wealth of the Father, and Worth of the Daughter, mov'd divers, as well of his own Village as Strangers, to demand her to Wife, but he (as one whom the Disposal of so rich a Jewel most nearly concern'd) was much perplex'd, and unable to determine on whom, among such an infinite number of importunate Wooers, he might bestow her. Among others that bore this Goodwill towards her, I my self was one, to whom she gave many and very great Hopes of good Success; the Knowledge that her Father had of me, my Birth in the same Village, my Descent honest, and Blood untainted, flourishing in Years, very rich in Goods, and no less in Gifts of the Mind. Another of the same Village and Qualities was also a Suitor unto her, which was an Occasion to hold her in suspense, and put his Will in the Ballance, deeming as he did, that she might be bestow'd on either of us two: And, that he might be rid of his Doubt, he resolv'd to tell it to *Leandra* (for so do they call the rich Maid which hath brought me to extreme Misery) nothing discreetly, that seeing we both were Equals, 'twould not be amiss to leave in his dear Daughter's Power the making choice of whether she liked best, *a Thing worthy to be noted by all those Parents that would have their Children marry*: Wherein my Meaning is not, that they should permit 'em to make a bad or a base Choice, but that they propound certain good ones, and refer to their liking which of them they will take. I know not what was the Liking of *Leandra*, but only know this, that the Father Posted us off, by alledging the overgreen Years of his Daughter, and using general Terms, which neither obliged him, nor discharged us. My Rival was call'd *Anselmo*, and my self *Eugenio*; that you also may have some Justice of the Persons which were Actors in this Tragedy, whose Conclusion is yet depending, but threatens much future Disaster.

About the very same Time arriv'd to our Village one *Vincent of the Rose*, Son to a poor Labourer of the same Place,

Place, which *Vincent*, return'd as then from *Italy*, and divers others Countries wherein he had been a Soldier ; for being of some twelve Years of age, a certain Captain, that with his Company pass'd along by our Village, did carry him away with him ; and the Youth, after a dozen Years more, came back again attir'd like a Soldier, and painted with a hundred Colours, full of a thousand Devices of Chrystal, fine Steel Chains : To-day he would put on some gay Thing, the next Day some other, but all of 'em slight painted, and of little Weight, less Worth. The clownish People, which are naturally malicious, and if they have but ever so little Idleness or Leisure, become Malice itself, did note and reckon up all his Braveries and Jewels, and found that he had but three Suits of Apparel of different Colours, with Garters and Stockings answerable to them ; but he used so many Disguisements Varieties, Transformations, and Inventions, which they, as if they had not counted them all, some one would have sworn that he had made shew of more than ten Suits of Apparel, and more than twenty Plumes of Feathers : And let not that which I tell you of the Apparel be counted impertinent, or from the Matter, for it makes a principal Part in the History. He would sit on a Bench that stood under a great Poplar-tree in the midst of the Market-place, and there would hold us all with gaping Mouths listening to the gallant Adventures and resolute Acts he recounted unto us : There was no Land in all the World whose Soil he had not trodden on, no Battle wherein he had not been present : He had slain more *Moors* than the Kingdoms of *Morocco* and *Tunis* contain'd, and undertaken more single Combats, as he said, than ever did either *Gaunt*, *Luna*, or *Diego Garcia de Paredes*, and a thousand others whom he named, and yet he still came away with the Victory, without having ever left one drop of Blood. On the other side, he would shew us Signs of Wounds, which altho' they could not be discern'd, yet would he persuade us that they were the Marks of Bullets, which he receiv'd in divers Skirmishes and Wars. Finally, he would tho' his Equals, and those which knew him very well, with

marvellous Arrogancy, and said, that his Arm was his Father, his Works his Lineage, and that beside his being a Soldier, he ow'd not a Whit to the King. To these his Arrogancies was annex'd some superficial Skill in Musick, for he could scratch a little on a Gittern, and some would say that he made it speak : But his many Graces made not a stop there, for he had likewise some Shadows of Poetry, and so would make a Ballad of a League and a half long upon every Toy that happen'd in the Village.

This Soldier therefore, whom I have decypher'd, this *Vincent of the Rose*, this Braggard, this Musician, this Poet, ey'd and beheld many times by *Leandra*, from a certain Window of her House that look'd into the Market-place, and the golden Shew of his Attire enamour'd her, and his Ditties enchanted her, for he would give twenty Copies of every one he compos'd : The Report of his worthy Acts, beautified by himself, came also unto her Ears ; and, lastly (for so 'tis likely the Devil had order'd it) she became in love with him, before he presumed to think once of solliciting her ; and as in Love-Adventures no one is accomplish'd with more Facility than what is favour'd by the Woman's Desire, *Leandra* and *Vincent* made a short and easy Agreement, and e're any one of her Suitors could once suspect her Desires, she had fully satisfy'd them, abandon'd her dear and loving Father's House (for her Mother lives not) and running away from the Village with the Soldier, who departed with more Triumph from that Enterprize than from all the others which he had arrogated to himself. The Accident amaz'd the whole Town ; yea, and all those to whom the Rumour thereof arriv'd, were astonish'd, *Anselmo* amaz'd, her Father sorrowful, her Kinsfolk asham'd, the Ministers of Justice careful, and the Troopers ready to make Pursuit ; all the Ways were laid, and the Woods and every other Place nearly search'd ; and at the End of three Days, they found the lustful *Leandra* hidden in a Cave within a Wood, naked in her Smock, and despoil'd of a great Sum of Money, and many precious Jewels, which she had brought away with her. They return'd her to her doleful Father's Presence ; where asking how she

she became so despoil'd, she presently confess'd, That *Vincent of the Rose* had deceiv'd her; for having pais'd his Word to make her his Wife, he perswaded her to leave her Father's House, and made her believe that he would carry her to the richest, and most delightful City of the World, which was *Naples*; and, that she, thro' Indiscretion, and his Fraud, had given Credit to his Words; and robbing her Father, stole away with him the very same Night she was miss'd; and, that he carried her to a very rough Thicket, and shut her up in that Cave wherein they found her. She also recounted how the Soldier, without touching her Honour, had robb'd her of all that she carried; and leaving her in that Cave, was fled away: Which Success struck us all into greater Admiration than all the rest, for we could hardly be induc'd to believe the young Gallant's Continency; but she did so earnestly protest it, as did not a little comfort her comfortless Father, who made no reckoning of the Riches he had lost, seeing his Daughter had yet reserv'd that Jewel, which being once gone, could never again be recover'd. The same Day that *Leandra* appear'd she also vanish'd out of our Sight, being convey'd away by her Father, and shut up in a Nunnery at a certain Town not far off, hoping Time would obliterate some part of the bad Opinion already conceiv'd of his Daughter's Facility: *Leandra's* Youth serv'd to excuse her Error, at least with those who gain'd nothing by her being good or ill; but such as knew her Discretion and great Wit did not attribute her Sin to Ignorance, but rather to her too much Lightness, and the natural Infirmary of her Sex, which, for the most part, is inconsiderate and slippery. *Leandra* being shut up, *Anselmo's* Eyes lost their Light, or at least beheld not any Thing that could delight 'em; and mine remain'd in Darkness without Light, that could address them to any pleasing Object in *Leandra's* Absence. Our Griefs increas'd, our Patience diminish'd, we curs'd the Soldier's Ornaments, and abhorr'd her Father's want of looking to her. To be brief, *Anselmo* and myself resolv'd to abandon the Village, and come to this Valley, where he feeding a great Flock of Sheep of his own, and

I as copious a Herd of Goats of mine. we pass our Lives among these Trees, giving Vent to our Passions, either by singing together the beautiful *Deandra's* Praises or Dispraises, or by sighing alone, and alone communicating our quarrellsome Complaints with Heaven. Many others of *Leandra's* Suitors have since, by our Example, come to these intricate Woods, where they use our very Exercise: and they are so very many, as it seems that this Place is converted into the pastoral *Arcadai*; tis full of Shepherds and Sheep-folds, and there's no one part thereof wherein the Name of the beautiful *Leandra* resoundeth not: There one doth curse her, and termeth her Humours inconstant and dishonest; another condemns her of being so facile and light; some one absolves and pardons her, another contemns and despises her, and celebrates her Beauty; another execrates her Disposition; and, finally, all blame, but yet adore her, and the raving Distraction of them all doth so far extend itself, as some one complains of Disdain that never spoke Word unto her, and some one laments, and feels the enrag'd Fits of Jealousy, tho' she never administer'd any Occasion thereof, for, as I have said, her Sin was known before her Desires. There is no Clift of a Rock, no Bank of a Stream, nor Shadow of a Tree, without some Shepherd or other that breaths out his Misfortunes to the silent Air. The Echo repeats *Leandra's* Name wheresoever it can be form'd; the Woods resound *Leandra*; the Brooks do murnier *Leandra*, and *Leandra* holds us all perplex'd and enchanted, hoping without Hope, and fearing without knowledge what we fear.

And among all this flock of frantick Men, none shews more or less Judgment than my Companion *Anselmo*; who having so many other Titles under which he might plain him, only complains of Absence, and doth to the Sound of a Rebeck (which he handles admirably well) sing certain doleful Verses, which fully discover the Excellency of his Conceit. I follow a more easie and (in my Opinion) a more certain Way, to wit, I rail on the Lightness of Women, on their Inconstancy, Double dealing, dead Promises, crack'd Trust, and the small Discretion
they

they shew in placing of their Affections; and this, Sir, was the Occasion of the Words and Reasons I lately used to this Goat, whom I do esteem but little, because she's a Female, altho' she be otherwise the best of all my Herd. And this is the History which I promis'd to tell you, wherein if I have been prolix, I will be altogether as large in doing you any Service, for I have here at hand my Cabin, and therein store of fresh Milk and savory Cheese, with many sorts of excellent Fruit, no less agreeable to the Sight than pleasant to the Taste.

C H A P. XXV.

Of the Falling out of Don Quixote and the Goat-herd; with the Adventure of the Disciplinants, to which the Knight gave End to his Cost.

THE Goat-herd's Tale bred a general Delight in all the Hearers, but 'especially in the Canon, who did very exactly note the Manner wherewithal he deliver'd it, as different from the Stile or Discourse of a rude Goat-herd, as approaching to the Discretion of a perfect Courtier; and therefore he said, that the Curate had spoken very judiciously, in affirming that the Woods bred Learned Men. All of 'em made bountiful Tenders of their Friendship and Service to *Eugenio*, but he that enlarg'd himself more than the rest, was Don *Quixote*, who said unto him, Certes, friend Goat-herd, if I were at this time able to undertake any Adventure, I would presently set forward, and fall in hand with it to do you a good Turn; and I would take *Leandra*, out of the Monastery (wherein, without doubt, she is restrain'd against her Will) in despite of the Lady Abbess, and of all those that should take her part, and would put her into your hands, to the end you might dispose of her at your pleasure, yet still observing the Laws of Knighthood, which command that no Man do any Wrong, and offer Violence unto a Damself; yet I hope in our Lord God, that the Skill of a

malicious Enchanter shall not be of such Force, but that the Science of a better-meaning Wizzard shall prevail against him; and whensoever that shall befall, I do promise you my Help and Favour, as I am bound by my Profession, which chiefly consists in assisting the Weak and Distressed.

The Goat-herd beheld him, and seeing the Knight so ill-array'd, and of so *ill-favour'd a Countenance*, he wonder'd, and question'd the Barber, who sat near to him, thus: I pray you, Sir, who is this Man, of so strange a Figure, and that speaks so oddly? Who else should he be, answer'd the Barber, but the famous Don *Quixote* of the *Mancha*, the Righter of Wrongs, the Redresser of Injuries, the Protector of Damsels, the Affrighter of Giants, and the Overcomer of Battles. That which you say of this Man, answer'd the Goat-herd, is very like that which, in Books of Chivalry, is written of Knights-Errant, who did all those Things which you apply to this Man; and yet I believe that either you jest, or else that this Gentleman's Head is void of Brains.

Thou art a great Villain, said Don *Quixote*, and thou art he whose Pate wants Brains; for mine is fuller than the very, very Whore's that bore thee. And saying so, and snatching up a Loaf of Bread that stood by him, he wrought the Goat-herd so furious a Blow withal, as it beat his Nose flat to his Face; but the other, who was not acquainted with such jests, and saw how ill he was handled, without having Respect to the Carpet, Napkins, or those who were eating, he leap'd upon Don *Quixote*, and taking hold of his Collar with both his Hands, would certainly have strangled him, if *Sancho Panca* had not arriv'd that very Instant, and taken him fast behind, had not thrown him back on the Table, crushing Dishes, breaking Glasses, and shedding and overthrowing all that did lie upon it. Don *Quixote*, seeing himself free, return'd to get upon the Goat-herd, who, all besmear'd with Blood, and trampled to pieces under *Sancho's* Feet, groped here and there, groveling as he was, for some Knife or other to take a bloody Revenge withal, but the Canon and Curate prevented his Purpose; and yet, by
the

the Barber's Assistance, he got under him *Don Quixote*, on whom he rain'd such a shower of Buffets, as he pour'd as much Blood from the poor Knight's Face as he had done from his own. The Canon and Curate were ready to burst for Laughter, the Troopers danced for Sport, every one hiss'd, as Men use to do when Dogs fall out and quarrel together, only *Sancho Panca* was Wood, because he could not get from one of the Canon's Serving-men, who withheld him from going to help his Master. In conclusion, all being very merry, save the two Buffetants, who tugg'd one another extreemly, they heard the Sound of a Trumpet, so doleful, as it made them turn their Faces towards that Part from whence it seem'd to come: But he who was most troubled at the Noise thereof, was *Don Quixote*, who, altho' he was under the Goat herd, full sore against his Will, and by him exceedingly bruise'd and batter'd, yet said unto him, Brother Devil (for it is impossible that thou canst be any other, seeing thou hast had Valour and Strength to subject my Forces) I pray thee let us make a Truce for only one Hour, for the dolorous Sound of that Trumpet, which reaches our Ears, does (methinks) invite me to some new Adventure. The Goat-herd, who was weary of buffeting, and being beaten, left him off incontinently; and *Don Quixote* stood up, and turn'd himself towards the place from whence he imagin'd the Noise proceeded, and presently he 'spy'd, descending from a certain Height, several Men apparell'd in white, like Disciplinants. The Matter indeed was, that the Clouds had that Year deny'd to bestow their Dew on the Earth, and therefore did they institute Rogations, Processions, and Disciplines throughout all that Country, to desire Almighty God to open the Hands of his Mercy, and to bestow some Rain upon them. And to this effect, the People of a Village near unto that place came in procession to a devout Hermitage built upon one of the Hills which inviron'd that Valley.

Don Quixote noting the strange Attire of the Disciplinants, without recalling his Memory how he had often
seen

seen the like before, did forthwith imagine that it was some new Adventure, and; that the trial thereof only appertain'd to him, as to a Knight Errant: And this his Presumption was fortified the more by believing that an Image which they carried, all cover'd over with Black, was some principal Lady, whom those Miscreants and discourteous Knights did bear away per force. And as soon as this fell into his Brain, he leap'd lightly towards *Roxinante*, that went feeding up and down the Plains, and dismounting from his Pummel the Bridle, and his Target that hang'd thereat, he bridled him in a trice. and taking his Sword from *Sancho*, got instantly upon his Horse, and then embracing his Target, said in a loud Voice to all those that were present, You shall now see, O valorous Company? how important a Thing it is to have in the World such Knights as profess the Order of Chivalry-Errant: Now, I say, you shall discern, by the freeing of that good Lady, who is there carried Captive away, whether Knights adventurous are to be held in price. And saying so, he struck *Roxinante* with his Heels (for Spurs he had none) and making him to gallop, for it is not read in any part of this true History that *Roxinante* did ever pass one formal and full Career) he posted to encounter the Disciplinants, altho' the Curate, Canon, and Barber did what they might to withhold him, but all was not possible; and much less could he be detain'd by these Outcries of *Sancho*, saying, Whither do you go, Sir Don *Quixote*? What Devils do you bear in your Breast, that incite you to run thus against the Catholick Faith? See, Sir, unfortunate that I am, how that is a Procession of Disciplinants, and that the Lady whom they bear is the blessed Image of the immaculate Virgin, Look, Sir, what you do, for at this time it may well be said, That you are not, you know what. But *Sancho* labour'd in vain, for his Lord rode with so greedy a Desire to encounter the white Men, and deliver the mourning Lady, as he heard not a Word? and altho' he had, yet would he not then have return'd back at the King's Commandment. Being come at last near to the Procession, and stopping *Roxinante* (who had already

ready a great Desire to rest himself a while) he said with a troubled and hoarse Voice, O you that cover your Faces, perhaps because you are not good Men / give ear and listen to what I shall say. The first that stood at this Alarm were those which carried the Image ; and one of the four Priests which sung the Litanies, beholding the strange Shape of *Don Quixote*, the Leanness of *Rosinante*, and other Circumstances worthy of Laughter, which he noted in our Knight, return'd him quickly this Answer : Good Sir, if you would say any thing to us, say instantly, for these honest Men as you see are toil'd extremely, and therefore we cannot, nor is it Reason we should, stand lingering to hear any thing, if it be not so brief as it may be deliver'd in two Words. I will say it in one, said *Don Quixote*, and 'tis this ; That you do forthwith give Liberty to that beautiful Lady, whose Tears and pitiful Semblance clearly denote that you carry her away against her Will, and have done her some notable Injury ; and I, who was born to right such Wrongs, will not permit her to pass one step forward until she be wholly possess'd of the Freedom she doth so much desire and deserve. All those that overheard *Don Quixote* gather'd by his Words that he was some distracted Man and therefore began to laugh very heartily, which laughing seem'd to add Gunpowder to his Cholar ; for, laying his Hand on his Sword without any more Words, he presently assaulted the Image-carriers, one whereof leaving the charge of the Burthen to his Fellows, came out to encounter the Knight with a wooden Fork (whereon he supported the Bier whensoever they made a Stand) and receiving upon it a great Blow which *Don Quixote* discharg'd at him, it parted the Fork in two ; and yet he, with the Piece that remain'd in his Hand, return'd the Knight such a Thwack upon the Shouldier, on the Sword side, as his Target not being able to make resistance against that rustical Force, poor *Don Quixote* was overthrown to the Ground, and extremely bruised.

Sancho Panca (who had follow'd him, puffing and blowing, as fast as he could) seeing him overthrown cryd,

cry'd to his Adversary, that he should strike him no more, for he was a poor enchanted Knight, who had never, all the Days of his Life, done any Man Harm : But that which detain'd the Swain was not *Sancho's* Outcries, but to see that Don *Quixote* stirr'd neither Hand nor Foot ; and therefore, believing he had slain him, he tuck'd up his Coat to his Girdle as soon as he could, and fled away thro' the Fields like a Deer. In the mean while, Don *Quixote's* Companions hasten'd to the place where he lay, when those of the Procession seeing them (but principally the Troopers of the *Holy Brotherhood* with their Cross-bows) run towards them, did fear some disastrous Success, and therefore they gather'd together in a Troop about the Image, and lifting up their Hoods, and laying fast hold on their Whips, and the Priests on their Tapers, they attended the Assault, with Resolution both to defend themselves, and offend the Assailants, if they might : But Fortune dispos'd the Matter better than they expected, for *Sancho* did nothing else than throw himself on his Lord's Body, making over him the most dolorous and ridiculous Lamentation of the World, and believing he was dead. The Curate was known by the other Curate who came in the Procession, and their Acquaintance appear'd the conceiv'd Fear of the two Squadrons. The first Curate, in two Words, told the other who Don *Quixote* was ; and therefore he, and all the Crew of the Disciplinants went over to see whether the poor Knight was dead or alive, and then might hear *Sancho Panca*, with the Tears in his Eyes, bewailing him in this manner : O Flower of Chivalry, who hast with one Blow alone ended the career of thy so well bestow'd Peers ! O Renown of this Lineage, the Honour and Glory of all the *Mancha*, yea, and of all the World beside, which, seeing it wanteth thee, shall remain full of Miscreants, secure from being not punish'd for their Misdeeds ! O liberal beyond all *Alexanders*, seeing thou hast given me, only for eight months Service, the best Island that the Sea doth compass or ingirt ! O humble to the proud, and stately to the humbled, Undertaker of Perils, Endurer of Affronts, enamour'd without cause,

Imi.

Imitator of good Men, Whip of the evil, Enemy of the wicked ; and, in conclusion, Knight-Errant; than which no greater Thing may be said !

Don *Quixote* was call'd again to himself by *Sancho's* Outcries ; and then the first Word he ever spake was, He who lives absented from thee, most sweet *Dulcinea*, is subject to greater Miseries than this. Help me, Friend *Sancho*, to get up into the enchanted Chariot again ; for I am not in plight to oppress *Roxinante's* Saddle, having this Shoulder broken all into pieces. That I will do with a very good Will, my dear Lord, reply'd the Squire, and let us return to my Village in company of those Gentlemen, who desire your Welfare so much ; and there we will take Order for some other Voyage, which may be more profitable and famous than this has been. Thou speak'st reasonably, *Sancho*, reply'd Don *Quixote*, and it will be a great Wisdom to let overpass the cross Aspect of those Planets which reign at present. The Canon, Curate, and Barber commended his Resolution ; and so, having taken Delight enough in *Sancho Panca's* Simplicity, they plac'd Don *Quixote*, as before, in the Team. The Processioners returning into their former Order, did prosecute their Way : The Goat-herd took Leave of them all. The Troopers would not ride any farther, and therefore the Curate satisfy'd them for the Pains they had taken. The Canon intreated the Curate to let him understand all that succeeded of Don *Quixote* ; to wit, whether he amended of his Frenzy, or grew more distracted ; and then he took Leave to continue his Journey. Lastly, all of 'em departed, the Curate, Barber, Don *Quixote*, *Sancho Panca*, and the good *Roxinante* only remaining behind. Then the Wain-man yok'd his Oxen, and accommodated the Knight on a Bottle of Hay ; and afterward follow'd on his slow wonted manner that Way which the Curate directed. At the end of two Days they arriv'd at Don *Quixote's* Village, into which they enter'd about Noon : This besel on a Sunday, when all the People were in the Market-stead, through the middle whereof Don *Quixote's* Cart did pass : All of them drew near to see what came in it,
and

and when they knew their Countryman, they were marvellously astonish'd : The whilst a little Boy ran home before, to tell the old Wife and the Knight's Niece that their Lord and Uncle was return'd very lean, pale, disfigur'd, and stretch'd all along on a Bundle of Hay.

'Twould have mov'd one to Compassion, to have heard the Lamentation and Outcries then rais'd by the two good Women, the Blows they gave themselves, and the Curses and Execrations which they pour'd out against all Books of Knighthood ; all which was again renew'd when they saw Don *Quixote* himself enter'd in at their Doors. At the News of this his Arrival, *Sancho Panca's* Wife repair'd also to get some Tidings of her good Man, for she had learnt that he was gone away with the Knight to serve him as his Squire ; and as soon as ever she saw her Husband, the Question she ask'd him was, Whether the As's were in Health, or no ? *Sancho* answer'd, That he was come in better Health than his Master. God be thanked, quoth she, who hath done me so great a Favour : But tell me now, Friend, what Profit hast thou reap'd by this Squireship ? what Petticoat hast thou brought me home : what shoes for thy little Boys ? I bring none of these Things, good Wife, quoth *Sancho*, altho' I bring other Things of more moment and estimation. I'm very glad of that, quoth his Wife ; shew me those Things of more moment and estimation, good Friend, for I would fain see 'em, to the end that this Heart of mine may be cheer'd, which hath been so swoln and sorrowful all the time of thine Absence. Thou shalt see 'em an home, quoth *Sancho*, and therefore rest satisfied for this time, for an't please God that we travel once again to seek Adventures, thou shalt see me shortly after an Earl, or Governor of an Island, and that not every ordinary one neither, but one of the best in the World. I pray God, Husband, it may be so (reply'd she) for we have very great need of it : But what means that Island, for I understand not the Word ? Honey is not made for the As's Mouth, quoth *Sancho* ; Wife, thou shalt know it in good time, yea, and shalt wonder, to hear the Title of *Ladyship* given thee by all thy Vassals. What's that
thou

thou speak'st, *Sancho*, of Lordships, Islands, and Vassals, answer'd *Joan Panca* (for so she was call'd, altho' her Husband and she were no Kinsfolk, but by reason that in the *Mancha* the Wives are usually call'd after their Husband's Sirname) ? Don't busie thyself, *Joan*, quoth *Sancho*, to know those things on such a sudden, let it suffice that I tell thee the Truth, and therewithal sow up thy Mouth : I will only say thus much unto thee, as 'twere by the way, That there's nothing in the World so pleasant, as for an honest Man to be the Squire of a Knight-Errant that seeks Adventures : 'Tis very true, that the greatest number of Adventures found out succeeded not to a Man's Satisfaction so much as he would desire ; for, of a hundred that are encounter'd, the ninety and nine are wont to be cross and untoward ones : I know it by Experience, for I have come away myself out of some of 'em well canvas'd, and out of others well beaten ; but yet, for all that, 'tis a fine thing to expect Events, traverse Groves, search Woods, tread on Rocks, visit Castles, and lodge in Inns at a Man's pleasure, without paying the devil a-cross.

All these Discourses pass'd between *Sancho Panca* and his Wife *Joan Panca*, whilst the old Woman and Don *Quixote's* Niece did receive him, put off his Cloaths, and lay him down in his ancient Bed. He look'd upon them very earnestly, and could not conjecture where he was. The Curate charg'd the Niece to cherish her Uncle very carefully, and that they should look well that he made not the third Escape, relating at large all the Ado that they had to bring him home. Here both the Women renew'd their Exclamations ; their Execrations of all Books of Knighthood here came to be reiterated : Here they besought Heaven to throw down into the very centre of the bottomless Pit, the Outcries of so many I yes and Ravings : Finally, they remain'd perplex'd and timorous that they should lose again their Master and Uncle, as soon as he was any thing recover'd ; and it befell just as they suspected. But the Author of this History, altho' he have with all Diligence and Curiosity enquir'd after the Acts achiev'd by Don *Quixote* in his Third Salley.

Salley to seek Adventures, yet could he never attain (at least by authentick Writings) to any Notice of them : Only Fame has left in the memories of the *Mancha*, that Don *Quixote*, after his third Escape, was at *Saragossa*, and present at certain famous Justs made in that City ; and, that therein befel him Events most worthy of his Valour and good Wit ; but of his End he could find nothing, nor ever should have known aught, if good Fortune had not offer'd to his View an old Physician, who had in his custody a leaden Box, which, as he affirm'd, was found in the Ruins of an old Hermitage, as 'twas repairing, in which Box were certain Scrolls of Parchment written with *Gothical* Characters, but containing *Castilian* Verses, which comprehended many of his Acts, and specified *Dulcinea* of *Toboso* her Beauty ; decypher'd *Roxinante*, and treated of *Sancho Panca's* Fidelity ; as also of Don *Quixote's* Sepulchre ; with sundry Epitaphs and Elogies of his Life and Manners ; and those that could be read, and copy'd out thorowly, were these that are here set down by the faithful Author of this new and unmatched Relation : Which Author demands of the Readers no other Guerdon, in regard of his huge Travel spent in the search of all the old Records of the *Mancha* for the bringing thereof unto light, but that they will design to afford it as much credit as discreet Men are wont to give unto Books of Knighthood, which are of so great Reputation now a-days in the World ; for herewith he will rest most fully contented and satisfy'd, and withal encourag'd to publish and seek out for other Discourses, if not altogether so true as this, at least of as great both Invention and Recreation. The first Words written in the Scroll of Parchment, that was found in the leaden Box, were these :

*The Academicks of Argamasilla, a Town of
the Mancha, on the Life and Death of the
Valorous Don Quixote of the Mancha :
Hoc scripserunt.*

*An Epitaph of Moncingo, the Academick of
Argamasilla, to Don Quixote's Sepulchre.*

THE clatt'ring Thunderbolt that did adorn
The Mancha with more Spoils than Jason, Crete :
The Wit, whose Weather-cock was sharp as Thorn,
When somewhat flatter it to be was meet.

The Arm, which did his Power so much dilate,
As it Gaeta and Cathay did reach.
The dreadfulst Muse, and eke discreetest, that
In brasen Sheets did Praises ever stretch,

He that the Amadis's left behind,
And held the Galaors but in small Esteem,
Both for his Bravery, and his loving Mind :
He that dumb made Don Belianis to seem.

And he that far on Rozinante err'd,
Under this frozen Stone doth lie interr'd.

*Paniagando, an Academick of Argamasilla,
in Praise of Dulcinea of Toboso.*

A S O N N E T.

SHE which you view with triple Face and Sheen,
High-breasted, and couragious like a Man,
Is tall Dulcinea of Toboso Queen,
Of great Quixote well-belov'd then.

H.

*He for her sake treads th' one and th' other side
Of the brown Mountain, and the famous Fields
Of Montiel and Aran Jous so wide,
On foot all tir'd, loaden with Spear and Shield.*

*(The Fault was Rozinante's :) O hard Star!
That this Manchegan Dame and worthy Knight,
In tender Years, when People strongest are,
She lost by Death the glimpse of Beauty bright.*

*And he, altho' in Marvel richly done,
Yet Love's Wrath and Deceits she could not shun.*

*Caprichioso, the most ingenious Acade-
demick of Argamasilla, in praise of Ro-
zinante, Don Quixote's Steed.*

A S O N N E T . .

I N T O the proud erected Diamond Stock,
Which Mars with bloody Plants so often bored,
Half wood with Valour, the Manchegan stuck
His wav'ring Standard, and his Arms restored,

*For them thereon he hung, and his bright Sword,
Wherewith he backs, rends, parts, and overthrows ;
(New Prowesses) to which Art must afford
New Stiles on this new Palatine to gloze*

*And if Gaul much her Amadis does prize,
Whose brave Descendants have illustred Greece,
And fill'd it full of Trophies and of Fame :
Much more Bellona's Court doth solemnize
Quixote ; whose like in Gaul nor Grecia is.*

*So honour'd none, as in Mancha his Name.
Let no Oblivion his Glory stain.*

*Seeing in swiftness Rozinante, his Steed,
Even Bayard doth, and Brillador exceed.*

Burlador,

*Burlador, Academick of Argamasilla, to
Sancho Panca.*

A S O N E T.

THis Sancho Panca is of Body little ;
But yet, O Miracle ! in Valour great :
The simplest Squire, and sooth to say least subtle
That, in this World, I swear, ever lived yet.

From being an Earl he scarce was a Thread's breadth,
Had not at once conspir'd to cross his Guerdon
The Malice of the Times, and Men misled,
Which scarce an Ass encount'ring would him pardon.

Upon the like he rode, O ! give me leave
To tell how this meek Squire, after the Horse
Mild Rozinante, and his Lord did drive :
O then, vain Hopes of Men, what Thing is worse ?

Which proves us desired Ease to lend,
Yet do, at last, in Smokes our Glories end.

*Cachidiablo, Academick of Argamasilla,
on Don Quixote's Tomb.*

An E P I T A P H.

TH E worthy Knight lies there
Well bruis'd, but evil-andant,
Who, borne on Rozinante,
Rode Ways both far and near.

Sancho, his faithful Squire
Panca, ycleep'd also,
Lieth beside him too,
In his Trade without Peer.

Tiquitor,

*Tygitoc, Academick of Argamasilla, on
Dulcinea of Toboso's Tomb.*

AN EPI TAPH.

DUlcinea here beneath
Lies, tho' of Flesh so round,
To Dust and Ashes ground
By foul and ugly Death.

*She was of gentle Breath,
And somewhat like a Dame;
Being great Quixote's Flame,
And her Town's Glory eath.*

These were the Verses that could be read; as for the rest, in respect that they were half consumed and eaten away by Time, they were deliver'd to 'a Scholar, that he might by Conjectures declare their Meaning; and we have had Intelligence, that he has done it with the Fatigue of many Nights watching, and other great Pains, and that he means to publish 'em; and also gives Hope of a third Salley made by Don Quixote.

The End of the Second Volume.



